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1889–1910

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THE MEMOIRS

OF

THE GEMINI GENERALS

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BY LIEUT.-GENERAL McLEOD INNES, R.E., V.C.

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THE MEMOIRS

OF THE

GEMINI GENERALS

PERSONAL ANECDOTES
SPORTING ADVENTURES, AND SKETCHES
OF DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL OSBORN WILKINSON, C.B.

AND

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHNSON WILKINSON

LONDON
A. D. INNES AND CO.
BEDFORD STREET
1896

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The Gordon Boys' Home

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PREFACE

EXCEPTING amongst my particular friends and relations, I am not vain enough to suppose that the story of the twin brothers in the merry days of their youth—as recorded in the opening chapter—will arouse any great interest. What reliable proofs we gave of never rising in the world, or, when the military profession was chosen, of never exceeding the ordinary level of two Brummagem General Officers, will be amply evident in the following pages. But I have set myself a task to perform: my book, such as it is, is published for the benefit of an institution which I think has claims on us all.

The sporting stories will appeal to a larger circle; while the sketches of distinguished men, with whom I have been more or less associated, will, I think, have some attraction for the general reader. It has been my good fortune to come in contact with many officers who have won for themselves and their country an imperishable renown, and I must ask pardon if I have not always quoted the authorities on which I have worked out my account of their military services. I have written at considerable intervals, in the odds and ends of leisure time, and have culled my materials from any historian whom I have happened to come across, such as Malleson, Kaye, Hunter, Escott, Laurie, Low, Napier, Durand, Taylor, Innes, Adye, Laurence, &c., &c.

I must apologize for the egotism that pervades so many pages of my book, but inasmuch as the play of *Hamlet* cannot exist without Hamlet, neither can my personal reminiscences

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exist without me. I feel that I am laying myself open to a suspicion of courting notoriety, but I do not see how I can avoid illustrating my puny self, if I am to carry out my purpose. By the proceeds of a lecture I delivered a few years ago, I was able to make over a useful contribution to the Gordon Boys' Home, and my success on that occasion has prompted me to make another attempt, by somewhat different means, for the benefit of the same deserving object.

O. W.

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PART I

GENERAL OSBORN'S STORY

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GENERAL OSBORN'S STORY

CHAPTER I

ABOUT MYSELF

Eton days—Juvenile recitations—"Mistaking the Twins"—Roll-call at Eton—My resemblance to strangers—Eton floggings—Private tutor days—My first romance and its unfortunate ending—"A credit to Cambridge"—Sudden attack of military fever—Cornet instead of curate—Farewell to Christ's College.

As far as my recollection serves me, in looking back to the days of my youth, I do not think that I have any just reason to be proud of them. I assuredly enjoyed great advantages, for I was at Eton, then at a private tutor's, and finished up at Cambridge, where I spent two pleasant but not profitable years.

My father was not a rich man, and he must have made many personal sacrifices in order that he might send his six sons to Eton, and four to Cambridge. The two eldest did him credit, for they became good scholars, reached the top of the school, and eventually became Fellows of King's College. I believe Gladstone was next below my eldest brother, and eventually went over his head, but no one else below my brother ever displaced him, as far as I know. Bishop Trollope said no one could beat my brother at verse-making "off his own bat." Abraham, afterwards Bishop of New Zealand, was next below my second brother, who had, as he told me, to work hard to prevent the Bishop superseding him. Both were in the Eton and Cambridge eleven, and the eldest had a son, captain of the Eton eleven, who met a soldier's death in the Zulu War. My second brother was distinguished in all athletic pursuits; and I believe I am justified in saying that two handsomer young men were seldom seen. But, alas! they are now both

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past all praise or dispraise. We, Gemini, were not long enough at Eton to have made any mark one way or the other. Our father's death, and the consequent want of means, rendered it necessary that we should be removed.

Before our Eton days we must have been rather funny little imps, for there is a tradition in the family that we never entered a room without either dancing or spouting. I fear that accomplishments like these are not indicative of intellectual or physical distinction in after life; but I suppose it was interesting to those near and dear to the twins, to watch them capering "on the light fantastic toe," or proudly exhibiting a precocious aptitude for declamation, which each sought to display to any one who would have the exceptional patience to listen to him. There was in fact no hour in the day, in which we conceited little brats were not prepared to declare that "our name was Norval," and "that it was on the Grampian Hills that our father fed his flock."

Or we would solemnly discuss the all-important question "whether it was nobler to be, or not to be," taking into consideration the numerous ills that may come upon us, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. How "the curfew tolled the knell of parting day," and "how the lowing herds wound slowly o'er the lea," it was our pride and pleasure to expound, and before any Etonian we delighted to invoke "Those distant spires, those antique towers that crown the watery glade, where grateful science still adores her Henry's holy shade," and so on. As I proceed it will be seen that we both have made some financial use, for charitable purposes, of our faculty of reciting which we cultivated in our youth, and this is why I have dwelt on the subject. That we were wonderfully alike in our youth will be gathered from our stories further on; but I believe my Twin had rather the advantage of me, as his features were more regular; but being my elder brother, of course he put my *nose* out of joint. In feats of activity my Twin ran away from me altogether, for he was fleet as any deer, and could leap over *anything*. I might perhaps have had some "vaulting ambition" myself, but *that*, as we know, is apt "to overleap itself," and to fall on the "other side." I will now tell two or three curious stories testifying to our remarkable resemblance to each other.

I went one night to a theatre. Just as I was ascending the top of the stairs, I caught sight of my Twin, and as I had not

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expected to meet him, in my astonishment I involuntarily exclaimed, "Hulloa, there's Johnson!" but on advancing one step further, I found myself in front of a large mirror erected on the landing-place, and facing me!

On another occasion, as I was walking along Regent Street, I met Horrocks (as I thought) of my brother's regiment (the 15th Foot), whom I knew very well. He too had a twin brother in some other regiment, with whom I was not acquainted, but whom my brother knew well. We chatted together for some little time when, in consequence of some remark he made, I said, "Surely you are in the 15th Regiment, are you not?"

"No," he replied, "I am *not*, but surely *you* are?" It seemed that we each had got hold of the wrong twin brother—a comedy of errors and no mistake.

At Buxton one day my brother went to see what progress an artist was making with my portrait. On entering the room, the artist, surveying my brother very carefully, remarked that he must make some slight alteration in the hair, as it was not quite right. At the same place, an old woman described our resemblance by a rather coarse simile, viz. that "we were as like as two spits." Once more: A doctor, who had been attending me (this also occurred at Buxton), happened to meet my brother, and on seeing him, decided that some change was required to be made in the medicine he had been giving him, until my brother informed him that he required no treatment, that he was particularly well, and that he was not his patient.

At Eton I was "Wilkinson minor."

I once tried to answer at roll-call for my brother, Wilkinson major, who I knew was absent, but my heart failed me at the critical moment, and I only gave a very faint answer when my brother's name was called. The fact was, I thought the master's eye was fixed upon me, and that he suspected my attempt. Upon his immediately calling out again "Wilkinson major," I dared not reply, and I kept silence. Then he called Wilkinson minor, to which I at once sang out boldly and loudly, "Here, sir." He looked at me sternly for a second. "You had better take care, sir. I am nearly sure you were trying to answer for your brother." As soon as the roll has been all called over, a second roll is called of the absentees, in case some of them may have been late just when the names were

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first called. When it came to my brother's name, Wilkinson major, I came running up from a distance (the roll was being called in the playing field) with my coat off and a bat over my shoulder, as if I had just arrived, and I sang out lustily, and as if I was completely out of breath, "Here, sir! Here, sir!" The master again assumed a very severe aspect, and solemnly addressing me, said—

"Wilkinson major, I have a very strong suspicion that your brother, Wilkinson minor, was trying to answer for you at the first roll. Now, sir, you two are so alike, that for the future when either of you is late, ***both*** of you must attend at the second roll. By this means there can be no mistake."

I have had perpetually to submit to familiar digs in the ribs from my brother's friends, who are legion. "How are you, old fellow?—just the same as ever, I see—not changed a bit," and so on, but on my venturing to suggest that although I am just the same as ever, not changed in any way, yet, I cannot honestly claim the honour of the gentleman's acquaintance, I am met with the question—"Why, surely you are Wilkinson, are you not?" "Yes, I ***am*** Wilkinson, sure enough, I believe." "And you are ***General*** Wilkinson?" "Yes, I am that too." "Well, do you mean to say that you ***forget*** me?" (Smith or Brown as the case may be).

Once an officer at the club, when ascending the stairs, addressed me, as he passed me, standing at the foot of the same, and on reaching the landing at the top of the stairs, there stood my brother about to descend. My wondering friend asked him how on earth he had got there, as he had just passed him at the bottom of the stairs!

I will give another curious instance how my identity was mistaken one day. It happened at Delhi, during one of the camps of exercise. I was riding in the early morning when I happened to meet Lord Mark Kerr, whom I knew very slightly, but my brother knew him very well, as he had served for some time under his lordship, when the latter was commanding as Brigadier-General at Bombay, or Poonah. Lord Mark Kerr joined me, and we rode for some little distance together; and whilst so engaged, we came across my brother, upon which Lord Mark turned to me in the greatest astonishment, and exclaimed, "My goodness! I thought I was talking to your brother all this time!" Now, as I was accoutred in the uniform of the Bengal Cavalry, and my brother was an infantry officer, it appears to me that although

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his lordship recognized our likeness, he must have been singularly unobservant of my dress on this occasion.

When we were infants my father had not the smallest idea which was which, and we had red and blue ribbons tied round our wrists to distinguish us; and it is said that this precaution was considered necessary, as I was one day forced to swallow a nasty and very black dose that was intended for my brother, who sorely needed it. *I* did not.

When I returned from India, after between thirteen and fourteen years' absence, instead of being received with gushing affection by my dear mother, as I rushed eagerly into her arms, and told her that I was Osborn, her long-exiled Osborn, she coldly pushed me aside, and reproached me for attempting to deceive her, for the more she scanned me the more certain she was that I was Johnson, and she thought, no doubt, the attempted hoax was a cruel and inexcusable one. However, I am glad to say that I finally succeeded in proving my identity to her complete satisfaction. I cannot remember now how I managed this—perhaps my brother Johnson himself appeared on the scene. I remember a curious incident connected with a day's hunting I had when I was staying with my Twin many years ago. He rigged me out in his entire hunting costume, including cap, boots, and breeches, and, I think, a red coat, and mounted me on his horse. The nag was a real good one, and I certainly acquitted myself to my own satisfaction; and I must have gone pretty well, as not one of my brother's friends who shared in that day's sport, and who knew well how straight *he* was accustomed to go across country, had, I believe, an idea that I was not my Twin. Several of them spoke to me, and were astonished to find that I was a stranger to them. I think it was about the same time when I was staying with my brother, that a sergeant of the 15th Regiment, soon after my arrival, came up to me, and after making the usual military salute, presented me with some official document, and upon my telling him that it was not for me, he replied—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I was ordered to give it to you."

"But," I said, "*I* am not your Colonel," to which he answered with a half-surprised and half-amused smile, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I think you *aire*." Just at this moment my Twin appeared on the scene, and the sergeant's astonishment can hardly be described. He was so flabbergasted that he did not know what to do or say.

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I do not know whether it happens to other people, but besides being mistaken for my brother, I am constantly being mistaken for *somebody else*. No less than three times I have been supposed to represent Sir Frederick Haines, who is considerably taller and bigger framed than I am. When I told him this, after surveying me carefully, and perhaps a little scornfully, he said, "I had no idea that you were considered such a fine man!" I suspect I felt rather *small* on that occasion! Sir Frederick certainly had right and might on his side. I have also more than once been told that I in some way resembled the great C. Gordon. As there was nothing at all striking, rather the reverse, in the appearance of this great Christian soldier, I suppose there is no harm in my telling this story. I once stopped a gentleman—a stranger—in the street, and asked him to kindly give me change for half-a-crown to pay my cab, from which I had just alighted, "Cabby" professing to have no change, and he promptly proceeded to respond to my request, and having done so, asked me, "Have I not the honour, sir, of addressing Sir John Adye?" It has occurred to me more than once that I may after all be the senior partner in the Gemini fraternity. For who knows, that—

> Before our names were fixed,
> Whilst we were getting washed by Nurse,
> We weren't completely mixed?

And in this case, my poetic soul says—

> I might, for aught my wife can tell,
> Be now the elder boss;
> And fancy what an awful sell
> If she has wedded Jos![1]

It is curious how invariably at school we kept next to each other. It was always Wilkinson major and Wilkinson minor, no one ever intervened between us, and in our punishments we were not divided, for we were flogged together at the same time, and for the same offence. Old Etonians will understand this story. It was considered rather good fun—the fact of the Gemini being birched together; and a great many of our dearest friends came to see the interesting operation. I am under the impression that the chastisement I received on that memorable occasion was not in exact proportion to that which was inflicted on my brother, although our offence was originally precisely the same. I can explain this apparent injustice. I had always been told that the ordinary flogging caused very little pain; and I

[1] My brother Johnson is known to his family as "Jos."

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believed it implicitly in theory, but in practice I entirely disagreed. I was immensely surprised when I felt the effect of the first stroke, and I could not help giving vent to my astonishment by an agonized expression of "O! sir," as much as to say, "My eyes! how it does hurt!" The next stroke stung me still more keenly, and I quite unintentionally gave expression to another pitiful ejaculation of "O! sir," and this went on to the end, till I was released from my torments. Only my sensitive organs found utterance in a higher and higher key as each remorseless cut left "behind" it a mark so deeply "seated," that I dare say if I could only see it, the scar remains to the present day! I may forgive it, but I can never forget it. However, I believe the kind-hearted master, Dr. Hawtrey, who of course tortured me for my ultimate good—for we are told that punishment is a process intended to promote the moral benefit of the sufferer—thoroughly appreciated the innocent nature of my remonstrances, and he did not exceed the ordinary amount of flagellation, which by the laws of discipline he was bound to inflict. My Twin, like myself, had foolishly laboured under the same ridiculous idea, that a moderate "swishing" was merely a slight stimulating process, which an Eton boy was rather proud of undergoing, at some time or other; for not to have been flogged certainly cast a stigma on an Eton lad in after life; at least it was so in my days.

My Twin was therefore inclined to treat the whole operation as rather a joke than otherwise, and he was, perhaps, unbecomingly jaunty in his attitude when he presented himself to the executioner. However, bitter, *very* bitter, experience quickly undeceived him, and such a revulsion of lacerated feelings shot through the posterior part of his mortal frame that, in his intense amazement, just as the swooping birch descended on the devoted spot particularly aimed at, he, quite involuntarily, hissed out something like a suppressed anathema, between his tightly clenched teeth; but everybody heard it. The very next stroke evoked louder and still louder denunciations, and the result was that his incautious and irreverent interjections en-"tailed" on him a double dose of birching, which, I suppose, served him right; for to spare the rod under such apparently defiant circumstances might have spoilt the child. But I must, on my brother's behalf, say I think it was rather hard upon him, for I am sure he did not intend to consign the master to perdition, or wish that a hair of his head should suffer in any way—he solely and

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only swore at the instrument by which the punishment was inflicted, and which he thought must have been "pickled," from the sharp and tingling sensations it so suddenly produced. If my Twin should tell you that I have been dreaming, and that he never gave way to any such unmannerly conduct on the occasion in question, then I beg of you to give *me* your ear, and not to him. My memory is particularly retentive on these "retrospective" points; besides, boys whose tongues are unruly are quite unconscious to what hasty sentiments they commit themselves when they are on the "block."

I do not know whether we are unlike other twins, but in addition to being flogged at the same time, it is a singular fact that if one suffered from any bodily ailment, the other was sure to follow suit soon afterwards, and this peculiarity continued after we were separated. When I, for instance, was ill in India, I constantly heard that my Twin had been sick and sorry, about the same time, in England. Then I have noticed that we were often engaged in similar pursuits and doing the same sort of things, though we were thousands of miles apart. For illustration of this, it will have been seen from our stories of ourselves when in the dawn of manhood, that we were both desperately wounded in our tenderest affections about the same time.

Apropos of the subject of swishing, as we Etonians called it, an old school-fellow told me the other day an anecdote which will, I think, fetch old Etonians!

One of the boys was sentenced to be flogged; but knowing well his father's abhorrence of the system of corporal punishment, he declined firmly to submit to the operation. Upon this he was promptly sent away from the school. On reaching home he announced to his astonished parents the cause of his sudden appearance. His father said it was most unfortunate, as he had just secured for him a commission in the Guards, and that having been expelled he would not now be eligible to serve her gracious Majesty. The boy was distracted, as he had long aspired to become a soldier. His father, overwhelmed at the sight of his son's despair, recommended him to hasten back to Eton, and humbly beg that he might be allowed to undergo the prescribed punishment. This he did, but unfortunately, the vacation had begun, and the master had just started off to the Continent. The boy followed him, and overtaking him at Paris, explained the whole circumstance, and implored the master to flog him. But the master, whilst feeling for the boy's distress,

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said it was quite impossible, as he had no instrument by which the chastisement could be administered. But the boy was equal to the occasion, and at once produced a birch-rod, with which he had provided himself in case of necessity. The master, on this manifest proof of the boy's sincerity, withdrew the sentence of expulsion, and forgave him, without further penalty.

After leaving Eton, I was sent to a private tutor's to prepare for Cambridge, as I was destined for the Church, in which I should most likely have ended in being either an archbishop or a curate on £80 per annum all told. At my tutor's, I do not think that I laid in store a wealth of knowledge. The fact is, there were two circumstances absorbing both day and night that militated against the successful prosecution of my studies. In the first place, I was passionately fond of chess, and was very nearly a match for my tutor, and we used to play till any hour of the night, and *that* interfered with all my evening studies. Then there was an attraction in the day-time, which devoured every faculty of mind and body. I do not think that I should have unveiled this tender episode in my young life, had I not been aware that my Twin's poor heart was torn in pieces at the same time; and in order to show how unbroken was the chain that seemed to bind our destinies together in those days, it was necessary that I should confess that we were two love-sick (very sick) swains, at about the same youthful age, and under the same hopeless, twin-like circumstances. I was then about eighteen years of age. It was the old, old story, "that makes the world go round." The Vicar had a charming daughter, a few years older than myself; but half a century ago she was quite young, and so fresh and blooming. In those days we formed a striking contrast. I was rather delicate, dark, and lean, whilst my beloved was fair, blue-eyed, and inclined to be rather substantial, with that rich development of "buxom health and rosy hue" which are so refreshing in youth. She had met, just before my advent, with some cruel reverse, which had almost broken her poor heart, and she poured her sorrows into my sympathetic ear, and of course all this told on the steadiness and regularity of my studies. Just as I was beginning to feel rather desperate, another young swain stepped in between me and my adored one. He met her at a ball. He came, he saw, and he *was* conquered, but he was a little premature in his professions, for she did not quite respond, upon which he one day waylaid her in her parents' garden, and drawing a pistol from his bosom,

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threatened to lay himself a corpse at her feet if she did not at once agree to leave her father and mother forthwith. She got rid of him, however, for the time at least, with some evasive answer. Later on she communicated to him the painful intelligence that she was not quite inclined to forsake all others and stick to him. How far this decision was influenced by feelings in which I had any share, I cannot safely say; but I rather fancy that I was only regarded as a boyish lover; that had I been in or out of the way at that particular time, the answer would have been the same. On receiving this disastrous message, he determined to fly far far away, and try and "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth;" that is to say, he applied for a cadetship, and went off as a soldier to India, and I went off to Cambridge in view of qualifying, as I said before, for the Church. I saw my angel once again, and only once, and I am bound to confess that although time had not altogether disenchanted me, nor obliterated the tender memories of my younger days, yet prudence, experience, and perhaps some worldly wisdom had crept silently in, and diverted me from my fond delusions. My rival proved steadfast and faithful. After three years' absence in India, his hope, so long deferred, had made him very sick, so he obtained leave, came home, and went straight to his lady-love, and again offered her his hand and heart. On this further proof of his unalterable fidelity, she consented, and became his wife, and they were wedded and returned to India together. In this interval my whole course of life had changed. I, too, had decided to adopt the military profession, and having secured a cavalry cadetship, I had gone to India, and was quartered at the very station (Mhow) where my first love and her husband were proceeding to join his regiment, and I was looking with some natural curiosity for their advent, but *en route*, alas! he got into some difficulties, the nature of which I never quite knew, which proved fatal to his future prospects, and he and his wife disappeared. I never saw them again from the day I parted with them, when I was emerging into manhood, over fifty odd years ago.

Before closing my reminiscences of my private tutor days I must relate a very strange episode which occurred at that time, and which I think will not be without interest to some of my readers. In those days the Great Western Railway was in course of construction, and a great many of the "navvies" lodged in our little village, which was on the line. It can easily be imagined that

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the presence of scores of these rough, hard-drinking, swearing, dare-devil fellows in every little cottage was most demoralizing, and the effects of it in one instance most tragical. As one now travels smoothly and luxuriously by this splendid railway we little think of the character of some of these navvies who made the line, and of the havoc they created in the social circle in which they spent their careless and, I fear in many cases, immoral lives.

Of course had they been permanent residents or natives of the village it would have been very different, as their wives and families would then have been living with them. But flocking in as perfect strangers, many of them quite young men, into a little village with high wages, and under no control, and in the long winter evenings with much spare time, their ways and habits were most dangerous amongst the simple village peasants, who had never before been associated with such independent, rollicking, coarse companions. It was naturally a temptation to these rustic labourers to receive these navvies as lodgers, for they paid them handsome rents, and were not particular how they were accommodated, provided they fared sumptuously, and were in handy communication with the public-house.

One day I was walking along the high-road, when I happened to encounter two or three of these unpleasant-looking navvies. I fancy they had emerged from the "public" hard by, judging by their strange conduct and bearing—for on passing me, without the slightest provocation or reason of any kind, they deliberately and grossly insulted me (but in language only). Their impudence was gratuitous, but as their insult was unaccompanied by any personal violence, I took no notice of them, and I passed on with pretended unconcern.

I had only advanced a few yards when a man, apparently a labourer, certainly not a navvy, with a rather forbidding aspect, gruffly accosted me, and said, "Is your gun loaded, sir?" (I was carrying one), and I replied, "Yes, why do you ask?" Upon which he said, "If you will lend it to me I will shoot one of those d——d fellows." The request seemed to me at the time a most extraordinary one, and nothing, as far as I knew, could have justified such a penalty on the men for their affront to me, nor did I for a moment suppose that my self-imposed advocate and friend had any intention of carrying out his threat. He might possibly, I thought, have known me as a student living with the

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clergyman of the parish, and had therefore as a parishioner some sort of sympathy with me. At any rate the whole circumstance made no lasting impression on my mind, and it soon passed completely out of my recollection. Some short time afterwards I was passing a cottage, when I was told a murder had just been committed there. I immediately entered the cottage, and found a man sitting on the table with a wound in his throat, which he had abortively attempted to cut after having shot dead his poor young wife, who was lying on the bed in an adjoining room. The murderer seemed perfectly cool, collected, and indifferent. I recognized at once that he was the very man who had offered to shoot one of the navvies who had insulted me. I endeavoured to bring the wretched fellow to a sense of his cruelty and of his awful position, and with a view of emphasizing my efforts to awaken him to the hideousness of his crime, I went with him into the room where his poor hapless, ruined victim of revenge was sleeping the sleep of death. There she lay, poor, dumb thing, "fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair; who could then think of the stains of her—all that remained of her then was pure womanly." I felt at least that I could "make no deep scrutiny into her mutiny rash and undutiful; past all dishonour, death had left on her only the beautiful." We took her up tenderly, and showed the murderer the gaping wound he had made. He was standing at the foot of the bed, and walked round to the head of it in order that he might better examine what his guilty hand had done. Scornfully gazing at the wound, he said, without any apparent remorse or emotion of any kind, though he was defiled with the blood of his young wife, "Yes, it served you right, you have got what you merited." He then walked doggedly away, but before quitting the room he turned round, and addressing that poor bleeding piece of earth said, "I see you have not got Jack's handkerchief on now." And those were the last words I heard him utter, and that was the last time I ever saw him. In due course he was tried and executed, exhibiting, as I was told, sickening levity, singing at the foot of the gallows some verses of *Jim Crow*, a ribald song then much in vogue.

I need not explain that jealousy "with rankling tooth" it was that "inly gnawed his secret heart." That was the teeth and forehead of offence which maddened him, and led him to commit the terrible crime which brought him and his poor young wife to their miserable end. I have no clue to connect the navvy

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who insulted me with the navvy on account of whom the murderer slew his poor wife; but it has occurred to me, considering the inexplicable hostility which the murderer displayed on the spur of the moment on that occasion, that it was possible that the very navvy who had dishonoured him was one of the party who assailed me. The only other solution I can give is the one I have already suggested, viz. that he had reason to be suspicious in consequence of the licentious attentions of some of the navvies, and that, burning with indignation at the whole race, he was eager to be avenged on any one of them. This is perhaps a far-fetched idea, but it occurs to me, and so I venture to submit it without intending to be responsible for its accuracy. I merely relate the strange coincidence, and you must draw your own conclusions.

I will now hark back to my University experience. I was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, as that college was endowed with an unusual number of valuable scholarships, to one of which, it was taken for granted, I should, after my two years' coaching by my private tutor, be sure to succeed; and I sorrowfully confess that I did not do what I ought to have done. In truth, I did precisely the reverse, and I disappointed all who cared for me, as many wild young men have, I suppose, done before, and as many will, I fear, do again!

I am afraid that I sowed no seed at Cambridge that could possibly produce any scholarly fruit. I was shamefully idle and indolent, and squandered my precious time in pleasures and frivolous amusements.

Most men retain a delightful recollection of their University days. I can only say that the retrospect leaves no such gratifying impressions on my mind, for I know that I dissipated my academic days in a careless disregard of all the obligations for the fulfilment of which I was embarked in a University career. If I was endowed with any natural talent I am quite certain I lavished it on anything rather than on my studies. During my University career I paid one or two visits to my twin brother, who was now an ensign in H. M. 15th Regiment, and I naturally caught the military fever, and became eventually a dashing cornet instead of a sombre curate, and prepared to fight the Cossack instead of donning the cassock!

In my Cambridge days, people who had not been to India knew little or nothing about that country. This was peculiarly the case in my family, no member of which, until I was

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expatriated, had been in the East. So profoundly ignorant were they that I believe my brothers and sisters all thought I should come back a black man, and I grieve to say I shared in the family ignorance. In illustration of this I must tell a story. Whilst I was an undergraduate at Christ's College it happened, during a wine party I was giving in my college rooms, a letter was put into my hand. It came direct from Mr. Astell, one of the East India Directors, and it informed me that he, Mr. Astell, had nominated me to a cavalry cadetship in Bengal, and when I announced the fact to my astonished guests, with one voice they all exclaimed—"Bengal! Bengal! where on earth is Bengal?" I confess I could not enlighten them, so we referred to the map, but alas! we searched in vain for Bengal; and I fancy some of my guests thought it was all a hoax. Remember, this occurred more than half a century ago, so some excuses must be made for us.

By the way, one incident connected with my Cambridge days occurs to me, and I think it is worth repeating. On my approaching departure from the University for India a farewell supper was given in my honour by my particular friends, and the chairman in a most touching speech, constructed with great care, after having expressed the deep regret which all felt at the prospect of so soon parting with one for whom they entertained such sincere regard, called upon the assembled company to fill their glasses, and to drink to the health and happiness of their departing guest; "and since," he went on feelingly to say, "he is going to 'that bourn from which no traveller returns—'" But here he was met with such a shower of dissent that he fairly broke down, and he admitted that the effect of his flowery language, on which he rather plumed himself, had not struck him at the moment in the same light that it had occurred to others. That was my very last entertainment at Cambridge. The words of our chairman were, as it happened, very nearly realized on the very threshold of my career, for no sooner had I reached Calcutta than I was seized with a dangerous fever, and I was in imminent peril of my life. I remember that the friend with whom I was staying (an old Etonian comrade) used to sit by my bedside, and sadly recount the number of "old pals" who had died from the effects of the very same illness from which I was so sorely suffering. I did not die, but *he* did, some years afterwards. I remember staying with him again for a few days when I was on my way home, and he came on board the steamer to see me off. The very next day he was seized with confluent small-pox. He

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recovered after being at death's door, but lost an eye, and was fearfully pitted.

I have mentioned in the early part of this chapter that I was addicted to reciting when a small boy. I will now explain how I came to revert to the practice of my youth. Well, I was staying with my brother of the 15th Regiment, when I heard him reciting to his soldiers at one of their penny readings. His efforts to amuse his men seemed to be eminently successful, and the idea then crossed my mind, that if my brother was endowed with this talent, surely I, his twin brother, ought to have some share in it. Accordingly I repaired to my books, and to my surprise and satisfaction I found that the pieces I had learnt in my boyhood were still clinging tenaciously to my memory. Upon this I determined to utilize this gift for the benefit of military charities; and the very first entertainment I got up, with the aid of my brother and some musical friends, I cleared £150 for the Royal School for Officers' Daughters, of which I was honorary secretary, and of which I am now vice-president, and I have since been successful on other occasions for the same and other kindred military charities.

I may mention that the very last time I ever recited in India was when I was with Lord Roberts' force in the Kurum Valley, during the Afghan War in 1878-79. His camp was then pitched at Ali Khil. One night after dinner, Lord Roberts and his Staff, and a lot of officers and men, collected in a circle round a large log fire, and I stood in the midst and held forth. One of the pieces I recited was, if I remember right, "The Fight of Tom Sayers and Heenan," being a parody of Macaulay's *Horatius*, which naturally fetched the soldiers not a little.

I may mention that I have made elocution my study, and I once had the audacity to give in London a lecture on that subject, and I was able to send a cheque of fifty pounds to "our Young Men's Institute." Of course not a little of any success I may have attained on that occasion was largely due to the fact of Lord Napier of Magdala being in the chair. I selected elocution for the subject of my lecture, as I believed it to be an art comparatively little known, and I felt that in attempting to instruct those who had not taken the same trouble that I had done to master the art, I should be able to hold my own against the majority of my hearers, however far I might lag behind them in other accomplishments; and I followed Emerson's advice in this respect, for he said, if a man should attempt to instruct in that

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which they already know he will fail; but making them wise in that which he knows he has the advantage of the assembly every moment.

The next and last time I appeared on the public platform, I gave a lecture on behalf of the charity in the hope of benefiting which I am now writing these reminiscences. On that occasion Sir George Higginson was in the chair, and I was assisted by my twin brother, who illustrated my views by suitable recitations. I then luckily realized the same pecuniary success as had attended my previous efforts in another direction, and if I can only contrive to crown this my present enterprise with an equally favourable result, I shall be amply repaid for any labour it has cost me to carry out my design.

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CHAPTER II

IN THE SIKH CAMPAIGN OF 1848-9

I join Sir Hugh Wheeler's force—The camp colour escapade—With Lord Gough's army—Battle of Ramnuggur—An unhorsed dragoon's predicament—The dragoons' recognition—"Shoulder high"—A risky ride from the field of battle—Death of my charger—Campaign rewards—Sir Patrick Grant's generosity.

WHEN the Sikh War of 1848-9 broke out I was quartered at Kurtarpore, then one of the newly-established stations in the Punjab. Like all young officers with a spark of spirit, I was naturally fired with a burning desire to share in the glories of the campaign then about to commence, under that fine, fiery old warrior, Lord Gough. I see him now, the grand, brave, handsome old fellow, every inch a soldier, and I think the poet must have had some one very like him in his mind when he wrote those graphic lines depicting the man of war—

> "In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
> As mild behaviour and humility:
> But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
> Then imitate the action of the tiger;
> Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
> Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
> Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
> Let it ply through the portage of the head,
> Like the brass cannon."—SHAKESPEARE.

Before proceeding to join Lord Gough's army, I determined to try my luck with General Sir H. Wheeler, who was then operating with the Jullunder Field Force against Ram Sing, one of the powerful insurgent Sikh leaders. I may mention in passing, that this General Wheeler was the same unfortunate officer who, with his whole garrison, was massacred at Cawnpore during the Mutiny of 1857 by the diabolical orders of Nana Sahib. I have every reason to retain a grateful remembrance of that hapless General, for he was our Brigadier in the days I am speaking of, and he was most considerate and forbearing

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to me when he might have come down upon me with a heavy hand, for I was sometimes unruly, but I think he liked me all the more because I was wild and somewhat troublesome. He knew I had a crop of wild oats to sow, and that I must sow them. Before we parted he promised to take me with him to Burmah if he was employed in the war then about to be declared; but he was not selected for a command, as we had expected he would be. As I said above, before joining Lord Gough I thought I would try and have a cut in with Sir H. Wheeler. He was not, if I recollect rightly, more than about forty or fifty miles distant from my station. Accordingly I obtained a few days' leave from the Colonel of my regiment to visit the district. This old commander of mine was always ready to promote my interests, and meet my wishes in any and every way, for I happened to be a great favourite of his, and I subsequently became his Adjutant. Although I did not reveal to the Colonel what little game I was after, fearing that he might not be able, without the General's sanction, to give me the required leave, yet I felt sure that the kind old fellow penetrated my design, and had shut his eyes to all official objections!

I mounted my little Arab, and, scarcely drawing rein, I galloped straight into General Wheeler's camp. I was in the wildest spirits, and in the exuberance of my excitement I charged with my spear, which I always carried in those days, full tilt at a little flag-staff, which was called a camp colour. It was just like one of our cavalry lances, excepting that the shaft was made of bamboo, and about the same thickness as the lance. This flag-staff was erected in front of one of the tents which happened to cross my headlong course; I made a good shot, and split the shaft, carrying it off on my spear-head, to which it had stuck, and I could not shake it off. At the same moment a little infuriated man rushed out of the tent and shouted to me to stop; but I, now recognizing to my horror the peppery little General, and thinking that he had failed to identify me, the more vociferously he shouted after me to stop, the more resolutely I determined *not* to stop until I had galloped well out of sight. Of course I feared that I should be found out, and that it was all up with me, and that I should be sent back to my regiment in disgrace, with my tail between my legs; and I wished from my heart that that particular "camp colour," which, I suppose, represented "the

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meteor flag of England," had been at the bottom of the deep, deep sea, for there it certainly could not "terrific burn."

However, I heard no more of my delinquency that day, and I began to breathe again, and fondly hugged the hope that I had escaped discovery. Sad delusion,—"I clasped the phantom and found it air," for the next morning we were on the march, and I was riding with one of the troops of the native cavalry, disguised, as I thought, as a suwar, when the awful little General and Staff came careering along, and as they passed by me they halted. Then the little General, regarding me closely with a portentous sternness of manner and threatening voice, demanded whether I had not the previous day carried off on the point of my spear the camp colour opposite to his tent. Any one can imagine what "darts of agony" transfixed my poor palpitating heart at that dread moment. There was nothing for it but to confess my most unintentional fault, pleading earnestly at the same time that I had not the remotest idea when I charged that symbol of his power that I was *lowering* his flag! And I assured the insulted little General, that ever since I committed that rash act, and uprooted the emblem of his authority, I had been mentally biting the dust, to which I felt I must soon return if he did not forgive me. The outraged little General, though so very small, seemed to swell visibly as he cast his gory eyes at me. He certainly looked "daggers," and I thought he was going to "use" them; but suddenly there was a sort of playful twinkle that scintillated in his dexter orb, and evidently sympathizing in my distressed condition, he said, "Well, young man, I must admit your performance was one that evinced matchless skill; but please don't do it again." I took care that I never infringed *that* order!

I remained with General Wheeler's camp for some little time, whilst he was engaged in destroying some of the strongholds, and in breaking up the band of Sikh insurgents which their leader, Ram Sing, had collected in the "Jullunder Doab." It was at this period that I came across the famous cavalry leader, Hodson, who was standing with me under a tree watching the effects of our artillery on one of Ram Sing's mud-forts. I have described the curious transaction in my sketch of Hodson.

I soon became impatient of the comparatively tame operations of General Wheeler's force, which, of course, were dwarfed by the events just then opening out with Lord Gough's army.

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So one fine day, without saying a word to any one, I mounted my steed and slipped quietly away, making straight for Lord Gough's head-quarters. Upon arrival there I applied to be allowed to do duty with some cavalry regiment, but to my great disappointment I was officially informed that this could not be permitted, as the services of my own regiment might any day be required. I was therefore directed to take advantage of the first escort proceeding to the rear and rejoin my regiment. However, I had made up my mind that until I had seen some service I would, by hook or by crook, stand fast, no matter what might be the consequences; and as I had a relative, then Captain Gall, in the 14th Dragoons, I tacked myself on to him,—he, good fellow, nothing loth to receive me,—and I remained with him, *perdu*, all the time. After some days' marching and counter-marching we encountered the enemy, and had a stiff cavalry action at Ramnuggur, where we met with doubtful success: we lost heavily. Both General Cureton and Colonel Havelock and several other officers were killed and wounded, and if I remember rightly, we had to abandon a gun and some wagons in the heavy sand, but these were afterwards recovered. I was fortunate enough to contribute to the escape of a dragoon, who was unhorsed and left on the field when the regiment retired. I happened to look back, and saw the dragoon (he was unwounded, I think) plodding through the heavy sand of the dry bed of the river Chenab. I galloped back, and tried to get him on to my horse; but failing in this, I made him catch hold of my stirrup-leather, and as I was not pressed by the enemy I was able thus to escort him out of harm's way. I do not pretend that I incurred more than the minimum of danger, as no one attempted to oppose me, but I was struck in the side by a spent bullet whilst I was retiring, so I suppose I was within reach of the enemy, who were about, and handy in cutting up the disabled, and might possibly have overtaken the dragoon. Those who knew of the transaction gave me the credit of having assisted their comrade at a critical juncture, and I dare say they thought I had incurred more personal risk than I could justly claim! That the British soldiers are not unmindful of officers who endeavour to lend them a helping hand, whether in peace or war, I may mention that a year or two after this occurrence I happened to be a visitor at Lahore, where the 14th Dragoons were quartered, and I attended a ball given by the sergeants; I suddenly found myself hoisted

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on the shoulders of the dragoons and carried round the ball-room. I am bound to say that I think the sergeants had taken a very exaggerated view of the services I had rendered to their comrade at Ramnuggur; but their hearty recognition of my humble self on that festive occasion was most gratifying, and repaid me a thousand times for anything I had done.

But to return to my story. Not long after the affair at Ramnuggur it was discovered that I was still in camp, and I received a peremptory order to rejoin my regiment at once, failing which I was threatened with arrest. I dare say it would surprise Sir Patrick Grant, who was the Adjutant-General at the time, to hear that my military ardour received this cruel check at his hands. It has probably long since faded from his memory, but it will never be effaced from mine. Although between forty and fifty years have passed since the incident occurred, it comes back to me whilst I am writing as fresh as ever. I thought the Adjutant-General a very harsh, uncompromising man at the time, but I have quite forgiven him. I know him better now—a kinder-hearted old soldier does not live, and long may he yet be spared to enjoy the honours which he has so nobly won. I dare say he would be inclined to again threaten me with instant arrest if he discovered that I was publishing the following fact that was so characteristic of his generous nature. He found the funds to pay for the greater part of the regimental outfit for a young cousin of mine whose father was a great friend of his, but was endowed with only a very moderate share of this world's goods. As regards myself, I am quite sure that, had it not been necessary in the interests of discipline that I should rejoin my regiment, he would have been the last man to have willingly deprived me of the chance of seeing some more service.

If this narrative should by any chance meet the eye of Sir Patrick Grant, he will have the satisfaction of knowing, that by his insisting on my returning to my regiment he probably saved me from the misfortune of sharing in the disaster which overtook the 14th Dragoons at the battle of Chillianwallah not many days after.

There was now no alternative for me but to obey orders, and to go back whence I came. This involved a ride of about one hundred miles on one horse, with no escort, and a liability of being intercepted by the enemy. As a matter of fact I did meet a party of horsemen, who or what they were I know

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not to this day; but I suppose they were friends, for on my going straight at them they opened out at once and let me pass through unmolested, an impunity for which I was thankful. And I certainly did not stop to ask any questions. I reached my destination in safety, but my poor horse, a valuable charger which I had ridden at Ramnuggur, succumbed to his gallant exertions, and fell dead not long after entering his stable. I was, however, more than recompensed for this loss, as Government, more generous than it was years afterwards in the Afghan War of 1878-9, granted me the medal and *batta*, despite my disobedience of orders. This was followed a short time afterwards by an offer of the command of the Guide Cavalry by the Governor-General, and the adjutancy of my regiment by the Commander-in-Chief. I preferred the latter appointment, as I could not bear to leave my regiment, and held it for five years with pride and pleasure to myself, and with, I trust, some advantage to my corps. And thus concluded my experiences in the Sikh campaign.

[NOTE.—Since writing the above, that fine old soldier, Sir Patrick Grant has passed away.]

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CHAPTER III

MUTINY DAYS

Ordered out to India—Some heroes of the Mutiny—Disparity of stature between the Indian regiments and the newly-arrived corps—Mosquito-bitten Highlanders—Inspiring bagpipes—Supposed cause of the Mutiny—Military, not a popular, revolt—Metcalfe's warning—General Innes' views—Previous fidelity of the native army—Chances against a repetition of revolt—Effects of agitation—Sir J. Adye's views—My own opinion of the discussion.

I SUPPOSE that there are very few indeed in these enlightened times, even amongst the lower orders, who have not heard of the great Indian revolt, when the whole Bengal army, with a few exceptions, broke out suddenly into open mutiny; which was not finally quelled until England had put forth her full strength, and had expended thousands of valuable lives and millions of treasure in a war which extended over a period of two years.

The very bravest stood aghast when the first tidings of the revolt, with all its horrible and atrocious accompaniments, reached them. Of Lord Lawrence even it was said, "that his feeling was momentarily like that of sailors on the outbreak of fire at sea, or on the crash of a collision. But if the good ship reeled under the shock, he steadied her helm, and his men stood to their places." The above is what Sir R. Temple writes of Lord Lawrence's dauntless attitude, when the telegram flashed to him within a few hours of its occurrence, that at Meerut, the largest military station in India, the Sepoys had broken out into open mutiny, had hurled defiance at the British authority, and had massacred all the helpless Europeans that fell in their way. It was well for England that she had in the Punjab at that appalling crisis, such glorious men as Lawrence, Montgomery, and Edwardes, on the spot to face the tempest. The first-named instantly took measures to baffle the mutineers, before they could have time to communicate with their comrades in the Punjab.

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Mr. Montgomery, the chief civil officer at Lahore, at once took counsel with the military commanders at that station, and the Sepoys were disarmed with consummate skill and success—and all danger at the Punjab capital was thus splendidly averted. The account of these masterly proceedings will be found in detail in my sketch of Richard Lawrence. How little Lord Lawrence anticipated the storm that burst over India may be gathered from the fact that he was contemplating a visit to Cashmere. It seemed as if Lord Canning was not without some disquietude, as he induced Sir J. Lawrence to forego his purpose, telling him that his services might be required nearer home.

There had been a mutinous spirit displayed amongst several regiments at more than one station at the beginning of the year. The chupatties, the meaning of which no one seemed to know, had been distributed all over the towns and villages. Placards proclaiming the Jehad, or Holy War in the name of God, had been nailed to the Jumma Musjid at Delhi, under the very noses of the British authorities, and there had been weird prophecies telling of coming disaster to the Feringhees. There had, also, been incendiary fires blazing forth frequently in the cantonments. (See *Bosworth Smith* and *Temple*.) I have shown further on that some of the officials were aware of the existence of the chupatty mystery—which they thought implied some impending danger—but the nature of the same they did not apprehend. Curious enough, Lord Dalhousie wrote a minute scarcely a year before the outbreak to this effect—"Hardly any circumstance of the condition of the Sepoy is in need of improvement!"

Those were terrible days. The sufferings of our kith and kin, not only men, but poor hapless women and children, before succour could reach them, were awful; and though nearly forty years have come and gone since those fearful times, I almost fancy that the agonizing cries for help which resounded throughout the country are still ringing in our ears!

I had just arrived in England after thirteen years' exile when the storm burst forth. My duty—and of course my inclination—required me to return at once to India, and take my share with those who were upholding England's majesty and England's might. Never perhaps in the annals of English history has any event more transcendently displayed the dauntless tenacity and bull-dog pluck and endurance of the British soldier than was shown during the Mutiny. I myself reached the scene of war just as the tide had begun to turn in our favour; I was therefore

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spared the uncertainty and suspense which the officers serving with native regiments had endured, not knowing for an hour whether their men would remain faithful or not. A little more than a month before the outbreak, I was passing through the ill-fated station of Cawnpore on my way home, and was dining at a large party—between thirty and forty officers—at the mess of the 2nd Light Cavalry, and excepting myself, I do not believe that one of them survived the massacre; and out of a great company of 900 Christian souls at Cawnpore, only two officers and two soldiers escaped from the slaughter on that dreadful occasion. The two officers were Captain Mowbray Thompson and Captain Delafosse. I cannot remember where or when I met Thompson after his miraculous escape; I also came across one of the soldiers. The latter was a little dark, insignificant man, marked, if I recollect aright, with small-pox, very unlike a hero to look at, but doubtless a lion's heart beat in that ill-favoured frame. I think he belonged to the 84th Regiment, and that he was in hospital when I saw him. Mowbray Thompson, to the best of my recollection, was a tall, fair, and rather a slight but well-made man, and put me in mind of Hodson, but not so powerful. I dare say he was active, and assuredly he must have been resolute and daring. These four heroes must indeed have been "strong, and quitted themselves like men." From a casual glance at Mowbray Thompson, I doubt whether any one would have picked him out for the forlorn and desperate deeds which carried him safely through the appalling trials such as few men in this or in any other age have ever encountered.

I also came across Dr. Brydon, the only survivor of the Cabul massacre. There was nothing either in his personal appearance to indicate the marvellous endurance and firmness with which he must have been endowed; and do not the ways of Providence seem inscrutable to us when we remember, that this same man, after having been protected through all the horrors of the Afghan disasters, should be required to go through another fearful ordeal in the Residency of Lucknow?

But to return to the Mutiny. Everywhere our poor countrymen and women were beleaguered by myriads of fanatical foes; all were too well aware of the perils that environed them, but they were sustained in their awful trials by the conviction that no effort would be spared to rescue them without a moment's delay.

I reached Calcutta just as the relieving regiments were

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arriving, and so continuous was the stream of soldiers pouring in day by day, that the natives thought that our Government was practising a trick of sending out to sea ship-loads of men at night which returned in the morning. The regiments that had been in the Crimean campaign could bear no comparison with the old Indian-European corps, by which I mean the corps that had been long in India.

These latter were giants by the side of the lads who had replaced their fellow Crimean comrades. But the Highlanders were an exception to all other corps as regards physique and stature, as they had suffered very little in the Russian campaign. I can distinctly call to mind the splendid appearance that the 42nd Highlanders made on their arrival. It was not without pride that I watched these fine, stalwart fellows stepping ashore, and thought of the reception the Pandies would meet with at their hands if ever they ventured to confront them. My namesake, Fred Green Wilkinson, an old Etonian and contemporary of mine, was their commander. Although I greatly admired their uniform, I could not but think that the bonnet and kilt were most unsuitable to an Indian climate, and I was told that their bare legs proved a rare feast for the mosquitoes that first night. The poor fellows were tormented beyond endurance, and could get no rest. The mosquitoes literally "smote them hip and thigh," but did not stop there, for their calves were all swelled and raw from the ceaseless scratching that went on day and night. I came across them again during the final siege of Lucknow, and by this time they had revenged themselves pretty handsomely on the Pandies for all that they had suffered when they first came into the country. As I am a thorough Cockney, I never was enamoured of the Scotch bagpipe until I heard its shrill notes screeching in the gardens surrounding the Kaiserbagh at Lucknow, where the day before the rebels in their thousands had been defying Lord Clyde and his avenging army. Exulting in our triumph, I was inclined to think that there was after all, just then, some glorious and inspiriting music in the Highlanders' national instrument, but I am bound to confess that its sweetness has since those events considerably abated, if not vanished altogether, according to my taste and uncanny ear.

So many able men having told the story of the great Indian rebellion, it may seem presumptuous in me to attempt to add anything fresh to what has been written on this subject. I do not expect to be able to contribute anything new to the various

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historical narratives, but having spent a lifetime in India, and having taken a part, not a conspicuous one I admit, in the great struggle which restored to us our supremacy in India, I of course formed my own opinion, derived from a personal experience of the country and conflict, and I venture to commit to paper shortly the result of my impressions and convictions. I certainly believed that the greased cartridges, though a factor in the revolt, did not originate it. There had been for some time a feeling of restlessness and impatience of control existing in the native army. The Sepoys, inflated probably with the consciousness of their physical superiority, had got hold of the idea, as I have before stated, that the British rule was coming to an end. Agitators had been assiduously at work fanning this insubordinate and independent spirit, and when the greased cartridge question cropped up, the traitors at once took advantage of it, adducing it as a proof of the British designs on their religion, a subject on which natives of all creeds are most sensitive and jealous. This was enough: the cry of "Deen! Deen!" resounded far and wide. It was, as Lord Lawrence said (see Temple's *Life of the Viceroy*), "the spark that fell upon and so ignited a combustible mass." I am referring, as far as my own personal experience goes, to the infantry branch of the service, and have on my mind the conduct of several regiments about that time which displayed a mutinous disposition. But I cannot pretend to have observed any such symptoms in my own regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry, which was always particularly well-behaved, and apparently a contented corps; and yet it was unable at last to resist the example set by its comrades, and eventually broke out into open revolt, though it stood staunch and faithful, and actually took an active part against the mutineers, in the first instance. There cannot, I think, be a doubt that the dissemination of the chupatties throughout the length and breadth of the land had some close connection with the revolt, but the marvellous feature in the rebellion was that it was confined mainly to the native army, for the people of the country, excepting perhaps in Oude, did not generally share in it, unless by compulsion; and this might also be said of a considerable number of the native soldiers, who had no desire to desert their colours, but had not the moral courage to resist the torrent raging against us.

To show that some of the Government authorities were aware of the chupatty circulation, and regarded it with some apprehension, I may mention that on my way home, a little more than

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a month before the outbreak, I was staying the day with Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, the magistrate of Delhi, and I had some discussion with him on Indian affairs; and on my taking leave of him his last words to me were prophetic. "Good-bye, old fellow," he said; "you are lucky in going home, for we shall soon be kicked out of India, or we shall have to fight to the death for our existence." Those were very nearly his farewell words to me, if my memory serves me fairly. I did not, however, quite appreciate their force at the time, and perhaps they fell on incredulous ears, but they came back to me in earnest directly the news of the Mutiny reached England.

Such were the views regarding the Mutiny and its probable causes that I have always entertained, but within the last week General Innes' book has fallen into my hands. It is quite the most interesting, and, to my humble judgment, the ablest account of the Lucknow campaign that I have read, and just what I should have expected from the talented and scientific author and gallant soldier. It confirms some of my ideas, such, for instance, as to the existence of a feeling of discontent and restlessness throughout the country; and I have no doubt the disproportion of the numerical strength of the native army and the British soldiers was not overlooked by the agitators, who were silently and secretly watching their opportunity to create in the native mind a lively sense of the predominant physical power which the Sepoys possessed; and this conviction gaining strength from the seditious influences always at work, would not tend to their fidelity.

General Innes seems to think that a good deal of the ill-feeling and distrust that prevailed was due to the continual absorption of the native states by the British rulers. This would, he says, naturally excite at first widespread enmity amongst those who had lost their power, influence, and positions, and had been brought under the forcible subjection of the Britishers.

We have, however, before us a most convincing proof that annexations were not always regarded with hostility, for the Sikhs were a tower of strength to us in the Mutiny. I would willingly ascribe, to some extent, the adherence of the Sikhs to our cause "to the liberal policy and genial demeanour of Sir Henry Lawrence," but this could hardly account for their unswerving devotion to us. I am sure Sir J. Outram was not less conciliatory and considerate in his treatment of the Oude people after the annexation of their county, and yet this did not deter them from opposing us to the death.

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There was undoubtedly an apathy on the part of the Government which is difficult to understand, especially as they must have known of the existence of the disaffection. General Innes thinks the abstention from all precautionary measures probably arose from fear of precipitating the crisis, and the hope that if let alone the ferment would die out of itself.

There is one observation which I should like to make, as it now occurs to me, relative to the defection of the Sepoys, which, as far as I know, has never been noticed elsewhere,—at least I have never seen it mentioned,—and I think it is well worthy of consideration. It is this—that whilst it is admitted that the Sepoys were always treated with justice and kindness, and with all possible respect for their habits and prejudices, and that therefore their turning against us was, I admit, an act of treachery and base ingratitude; yet it must not be forgotten that we are aliens to them, differing from them in colour and creed, customs and feelings, and, in fact, in every sentiment that animates our humanity; and therefore it has always struck me that it is not so astonishing they should have attempted to throw off their allegiance as that they should have remained faithful (the Velore tragedy excepted, and that was a local affair) for about a hundred years. No other country in the world, I firmly believe, could have secured such a result, for none of them possess the colonizing specialities which so generally characterize the Englishman. The logical conclusion to this argument would, I suppose, be, that we must always expect sooner or later a repetition of the Mutiny on the part of our native army. I do not go so far as this—local circumstances are vastly different to what they were in the Mutiny days. The rapid communication with England, likely to be still more accelerated, the telegraphic wire, the numerous railways intersecting the length and breadth of the land, giving such unlimited means and facilities for concentrating troops on any point showing the slightest signs of disaffection, and above all, the mutual goodwill subsisting between us and our native allies, who are now, consequent on our previous triumphs over overwhelming difficulties, more alive than ever to the irresistible nature of our power, and the importance of cultivating our friendship, these are some of the advantages that scarcely existed when the Indian rebellion broke out. But I should still say, Beware! beware! any serious reverse to our army in any part of the globe would have a prejudicial effect on our prestige; we simply exist in our almost miraculous position by prestige; and any loss in that moral supremacy will be pregnant with

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dangers; and by this token I would venture to lift up a warning voice against those who, with a most superficial knowledge of the East, give ear to the reckless agitators who are constantly patting the natives on the back, and encouraging them to consider themselves quite equal to us, and perfectly capable of relieving us of all the responsibilities of Government. I believe the Indian Congress, with all its aspirations,—albeit they have toned down very considerably since their inception—is ridiculously premature; a hundred years hence, if so soon, when education has done its work amongst the Sikhs and Ghoorkhas, the Mahomadans and Hindoos of the North-west, the Rajpoots, Rohillahs, Dogras, Pathans, Afghans, and all such manly races, you may then begin to introduce some of the radical reforms now chiefly demanded by the long-headed but chicken-hearted Bengalese, the most effeminate people on the face of the earth. It is bad enough, from my point of view, to see the least educated of our own countrymen led astray by unprincipled agitators, and told by them that they are quite the best class of legislators, and suggesting all sorts of impracticable and selfish schemes, which if admitted must end in the ruin of old England! It is a thousand times more dangerous when such wild, revolutionary measures are propagated in a conquered country like India. My opinion as an old soldier may not be worth much, especially as it is some years since I left India, but officers, both civil and military, serving in very high positions, who know the native character intimately, tell me that these agitators are doing infinite harm wherever they go. Is it likely, I ask, that Messrs. Hume and Wedderburn, gentlemen holding extremely advanced and visionary views, as always understood, and both of whom I used to know, though probably they have no knowledge of me, who I believe (of course I am open to correction) have been the chief European originators of the Congress, should be safer exponents of the wants of the natives of India than the whole body of their civilian comrades, who, if I am not greatly misinformed, are almost unanimous in their condemnation of the Congress agitators? Such men as the late Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Webb I believe, and those who think like them, spend a few months in India, and then return, satisfied that they know everything, and tell their countrymen that the Government civilians who administer the laws, and who are supposed to further the prosperity of the people, are prejudiced, puffed up with their own self-importance, and actuated entirely by selfish motives, and are not to be trusted, &c., &c. Although I am a soldier, I have been thrown a

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great deal with civilians, and have seen their worth, and I have watched with admiration their unwearied, self-denying labours in behalf of those over whom they preside, and I am convinced that there never existed in the whole world a nobler, a more honourable, more reliable set of officials than the gentlemen who compose the Civil Service in India.

Since I wrote the above I have been reading General Sir J. Adye's book, which refers to the Government of India, and that ardent reformer appears to me to think that but scant justice is done to the natives both by the civil and military departments. Although Sir J. Adye does not refer to Sir C. Napier, I imagine this great soldier, and Radical of Radicals, as he was called, must have held opinions considerably in advance of Sir J. Adye, for I noticed when reading his life by his brother, Sir William, or Bruce, that Sir Charles advocated the cause of the natives to the extent of their being placed on an equality with Europeans, both as regards rank and honours, and that not prospectively, but immediately, educated or uneducated, with all their native ideas thick upon them; at least that is what I believed the old soldier to think and say! In support of his views, Sir J. Adye quotes Sir Thomas Munro's condemnation of his countrymen, which is couched in the following scathing words, written, I may mention, some seventy or eighty years ago :—

"There is perhaps no example of any conquest in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share in the government of their country as in British India."

But surely General Adye does not intend to imply that this is the present condition of things in India? I was so struck by the charge, that I took the opportunity to discuss the question with one of the very ablest and most experienced of our Indian civilians, a gentleman by no means hostile to the reasonable demands of the natives; and I have his authority for saying, that it may be fairly asserted that there is perhaps no example of an Eastern country conquered by Europeans in which the natives of the country are allowed so great a share in its government as British India! In regard to the civil administration, they are eligible for the highest posts. The covenanted civil service is open to them, if they qualify themselves by training in England, and the number is increasing yearly. The uncovenanted civil service, from which nineteen-twentieths of the administrative posts are filled, is almost entirely composed of natives of the country. The highest judicial posts are open to

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natives, and the subordinate judicial agency, which deals with the great bulk of the judicial work of the country, is largely, very largely composed of natives.

They are largely engaged in the educational service, and in increasing numbers on the engineering service. They compose the great bulk of the subordinate medical agency, and the highest civil medical appointments are open to them, if qualified to fill them. As regards local government, I should say that nineteen-twentieths of the members of municipal and district committees are natives. Natives are engaged in all but the highest posts in the police department, and they are not ineligible for these. The only department in which there is any marked exclusion of the natives from high posts is the army. If you compare the government of India with the Dutch government of Java, the Russian government in Tartary and Central Asia, the French government in Tonquin, the Spanish government of the Philippines, the Portuguese in India and other Asiatic countries, I think you will find that nowhere are natives allowed so effective a share in the government of the country as in British India. So much for the civil administration of government in India.

As regards the army, I do not quite understand how far Sir J. Adye's advanced opinions will carry him. He has cited the recorded views of Sir J. Malcolm, Sir T. Munro, Sir J. Kaye, Sir H. Lawrence, and Mr. Gleig, all tending to show the gradual deterioration of the native army—a result which was considered attributable to the system of withholding power and position from the natives—that is to say, making them subordinate to British officers. If the great men whom General Adye quotes could rise from their graves, I do not think that any of them would now have much to complain of as regards the present state of the native army, either as to its efficiency or to its loyalty; and I do not believe that the original levies to which Sir J. Malcolm refers, and praises, would bear any comparison whatever with the native regiments of the present day. They had then, as I gather, only two European officers, viz. a captain and an adjutant, all the rest were natives, including the Commandant; and although these European officers were probably much below the standard of our present officers, both by education and birth, yet they were the ruling spirits in the native corps, to whom all questions of discipline and difficulty appealed for advice and assistance, showing thereby, as it appears

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to me, the great value that was, as I believe, attached by the natives to the European element, from the very first establishment of the native army in its so-called palmiest days.

I am free to admit that as native officers become more civilized, under the enlightening influence of education, they will be more self-reliant and independent; but the day is still very remote when the *warlike races* will be qualified to supply the place of the European officers. The aspirants for rank and power in the army must come to England, must pass through our Military College, must get rid of all their superstitions and prejudices, and in fact be transformed altogether before English gentlemen will be content to serve on equal terms with them.

I suppose the question of having some regiments composed entirely of native officers and men has been carefully considered by competent military authorities. I myself should have deemed it a very dangerous experiment to try at present. With my knowledge of the native character—founded on a life-long experience, and with a very high appreciation of their many admirable qualities as soldiers—I cannot help feeling that it is fatally premature to encourage the natives with the idea that they are fast rivalling us. This is what the Congress and the advanced reformers in England, who really know little or nothing of the people of India, are endeavouring to do; and as it seems to me they are thus rendering it daily more difficult to conduct the government of the country. The agitators' schemes, if not checked, will probably result in accelerating the chances of another revolt, with the certainty of the Congress aspirations being indefinitely retarded. I am under the impression that Russians do serve with and under Asiatic leaders in Central Asia. But, in the first place, I believe such Russians come from a very inferior class amongst their own countrymen; and secondly, I suspect that there is not the vast difference between Russians and Tartars that there is between an Englishman and a native of India. Every one is, of course, aware that we shall have some day to retire from the scene of our labours, but not at the dictation of the Congress. When civilization and education have, as I have said before, done their work; when the native has attained to the level of the Britisher in moral fibre and endowments—then will be the time for us to acknowledge their right to govern themselves, but that consummation happily will not be reached till one or two centuries have passed away and it seems to me wicked to try and anticipate it!

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CHAPTER IV

INCIDENTS OF THE MUTINY

Capture of a rebel suwar—A hot pursuit and an obliging surrender—Prize-money and a tender conscience—"Annexing" a horse and spear—A bullet in the kummerbund—A night attack—Nearly stabbed by a friend—A narrow escape—Silence in the enemy's camp—Caught napping—Their surrender and flight—A "clean sweep"—Fatalities amongst my friends during the Mutiny.

DURING the final siege of Lucknow, or just before it (I cannot now remember which), I was one day out reconnoitring, accompanied by my orderly, when I happened to catch sight of two suwars far in the distance. As soon as they recognized me they put spurs to their horses, and galloped away as fast as their steeds could carry them. I at once pursued them; one of them soon outstripped his companion, and I lost sight of him altogether, but the other was apparently not so well mounted, and I from the first began to reduce the distance between us. He had a long start of me, but I was able to keep him well in view in the open country, and after several miles' pursuit, through corn and ploughed fields, I at last came up to him. As he was armed to the teeth, I supposed he fully intended to make a brave use of his weapons and fight to the death, but, fortunately perhaps for me, his heart must have failed him at the critical moment, for just as I dashed into him, he threw himself off his horse, as if to avoid me, and whilst he was in the very act of doing this I managed to seize his "tulwar," and holding it high above his head, called upon him to surrender, which, to my satisfaction, he obligingly did, without attempting to resist me.

Having first carefully relieved him of his pistol, which, by the way, was loaded up to the brim, and must, I think, have burst in his hands had he attempted to discharge it, I made him walk by my side, I still holding his naked tulwar in pretty close proximity to his head. In retracing our steps to camp we had

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a long way to go, and I could not, of course, exceed a walking pace. Whilst thus trudging along, my prisoner several times asked me to allow him to sit down, with a view of adjusting his dress. Of course I suspected he was up to some tricks, and I therefore very cautiously prepared for any sudden emergency that might arise; but my captive was evidently neither of a heroic nor of an adventurous disposition, for he never made the least sign of daring or doing anything, except that he evinced a certain restless anxiety as regarded the condition of that part of his dress which pertained to what we should call our trousers, or in Hindostani "pyjamahs," which he was constantly hitching up, as any one would do who had forgotten to fasten securely his braces. He seemed to me therefore to be alarmed lest his pyjamahs should slip down beyond their legitimate boundaries; but happily nothing untoward occurred calculated to shock his modesty or mine. Well, side by side, as if we were bosom friends, saving for the threatening appearance of the tulwar, which I still kept suspended over his devoted head, on we wended our now rather monotonous way, till we at length reached an Artillery Quarter Guard, when, summoning the sergeant, I committed my prisoner to his custody. About two hours afterwards the same sergeant came to my tent, and asked me how he was to dispose of the rupees. I, greatly surprised at his question, asked him to what money he referred; he replied—

"I mean, sir, the rupees I found in the prisoner's breeches."

I then ascertained that a sum of 250 rupees was enfolded in the man's "kummerbund," and this at once accounted to me for the repeated efforts that the suwar had made to prevent any of the rupees oozing out of that same kummerbund. In Colonel Mackenzie's *Memoirs*, I see, he found some rupees folded in his adversary's kummerbund, but I think he had a fight with his man and killed him. As I was sitting in stern judgment on myself, and considering the correct course to take in the disposal of my hard-won prize-money, I decided, after a slight conflict with my tender conscience, that I would make a present of fifty rupees to the sergeant in return for his honesty, and in recompense for the peril and danger I *might* myself have encountered had my opponent been endowed with a stouter heart, I resolved to annex the balance of the rupees, which no doubt I spent most profitably amongst my mess comrades, as beer and spirits of all kinds were exceptionally scarce and expensive about that time, when most of us were naturally thirsty.

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As for my prisoner, whom I left certainly a poorer if not a wiser man, I am unable to depose as to his ultimate fate. Considering all things, I hope no further misfortune happened to him, as I marched away the next day, and never heard anything more about him.

If any one amongst my readers were to ask me to describe exactly what my sensations were like just at the critical moment when I was getting into close quarters with the suwar, I should, in honesty, be inclined to admit that my pluck, though apparently so unimpeachable, was not quite above suspicion, for, if I remember rightly, a suggestive thought *did* flash across my mind for an instant, that if my assailant should unfortunately prove the better man I should be in an awkward predicament, for there was no friendly soul to lend me a helping hand. My orderly had disappeared long before, unable, I suppose, to keep up with me, so I was absolutely alone. However, it was too late to falter. I felt it was now or never, so at him I went, impelled, I suppose, with the same sort of desperation that actuated Macbeth when, challenging his deadly enemy to the mortal combat, he exclaimed—"Lay on, Macduff; and damned be he that first cries 'Hold, enough.'"

I had another adventure during the Jugdeespore campaign; of the same kind, but it was not attended with the same successful result, inasmuch as I failed to capture my man on that occasion. One day when riding by myself down a narrow and winding road in the middle of the jungle, I caught sight of a horseman, and directly he viewed me he turned and bolted. I followed him, but I did not see him again. I must, however, have been pretty close at his heels, for on reaching a barricade constructed across the road by the enemy, I found a horse standing quietly on the road with a spear lying by its side. I suppose the suwar found a difficulty in getting past this barricade, and in his haste and alarm he quitted his steed; that is the only solution that occurs to me—at any rate, whoever he was, I annexed the horse and spear. I had, as far as I could judge, one very narrow squeak whilst in the Jugdeespore jungles. A bullet passed through my kummerbund,—it must have almost grazed my stomach,—and then passed through one of the side pockets of my coat. If I remember rightly, the holes in the folds of my pocket-handkerchief first attracted my attention to the matter. I knew nothing of it at the time, but I had no difficulty in tracing the course of the bullet afterwards.

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During the Mutiny I very nearly met my death at the hands of a friend instead of a foe. The Field Force with which I was serving was operating in the Khymore range of hills. Having received some very definite information of a Pandy encampment within a few hours' marching distance, our General, my very dear friend, the late Sir John Douglas, determined to try and surprise the rebels by a sudden night attack. Accordingly, with a small body of men specially selected, we started off between 8 and 9 p.m., carefully calculating our movements so that we should reach the enemy's camp soon after midnight. It was at first a pitch-dark night, and it would have been very difficult to steer our way by the hill paths had we been encumbered with impedimenta of any kind, but excepting some mules carrying spare ammunition, we had no transport whatever. Every soldier was ordered to observe the strictest silence, and not a sound was heard beyond the tramp of our footsteps as we stole away on our enterprise. I was the Deputy Quartermaster-General of the force, and as we began to get near the enemy's camp I crept, by virtue of my office, a little way in advance of the column, with a view of trying to ascertain the position of the enemy's camp. So noiseless was our march, that when forging my way slightly ahead, I was constantly obliged to pull up and listen, in order that I might make sure that I was not diverging from the line of march. We were then pushing through some long grass, and the rustling of the same was the only sound I could hear. Just about this time the moon began to rise, thereby making the darkness faintly visible, and this probably saved my life, for an officer at the head of the column, observing something crawling ahead, thought I was a Pandy, and began to stalk me, and just as he had got within striking distance, and was in the act of running me through with his sword, he happily recognized me. So stealthily did the officer creep towards me, that I had no idea I was being tracked, until all of a sudden, with one bound and sword in hand, he was nearly atop of me. The officer who so nearly stabbed me was then Captain Davis, of the, I think, 37th or 35th Regiment, and is now General Davis, C.B., commanding at Portsmouth. He himself recalled the circumstance to me not long ago, and added that my providential escape on that eventful night had occurred oftener to his mind than any other thing connected with the Mutiny.

After this escape I continued on my course. We were getting nearer and nearer to the enemy's camp, and were still undis-

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covered. They seemed to have no look-out of any kind, and all were apparently fast asleep. We could see one or two lights twinkling here and there, but still not a vestige of a man was seen, nor a voice nor sound was heard. A few minutes later up jumped a muffled figure, which stood for a moment and as suddenly vanished, then another spectre arose in the dim light and disappeared. Then suddenly off went a rifle, from their side or ours I know not, but which served as a signal for our onslaught, and in another instant, with a tremendous yell—for it reverberated again and again through the surrounding hills, and was the more terrifying from the deadly silence which had till that moment prevailed—our men, wild with excitement, rushed like an avalanche at the startled foe, who never stood for a moment, but fled precipitately in all directions, at least those who were quick enough to get away. But so complete was the surprise, so close were we upon them, that some were bayoneted on the ground where they lay, and the whole of their arms, piled in companies, were captured as they stood.

Many of the fugitives fled into a belt of jungle hard by. This was at once surrounded, and when the daylight broke, the Pandies who had sought this refuge in their panic attempted now and then to escape, and were shot down or missed as they bolted like rabbits from the cover. Never was there a more successful night surprise, for we captured every mortal thing that their camp contained. I myself in the rush and in the darkness went headlong into the bed of a dry nullah, and slap on the top of some one; it proved to be a young fellow who had concealed himself there, and who was far too frightened to offer any resistance. He was quite a lad, and of course I spared him, merely requiring him to show me the way out of the nullah, which he did. Thus ended gloriously and successfully our night surprise, and we marched back in triumph to our camp the next day, having made a clean sweep of the Pandies' encampment.

I do not suppose that in the whole course of the Mutiny the Pandies were ever before or afterwards so completely caught napping. If I remember rightly, it was a cold night in the hills, and probably their sentries, if they had any posted, which I doubt, were all wrapped up and enveloped in their blankets, and so failed to see or hear us; and I may remark that a native invariably muffles up his head, even though he be a sentry, if he is not checked. I cannot otherwise account for their entire want of precaution on that eventful night.

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When I wrote the above story I thought the night surprise was rather unique in its completeness, but within the last month a friend has sent me Mackenzie's *Memoirs*, and there I observe a very similar surprise to ours is described. My account was roughly written some years ago.

With the mention of Colonel Mackenzie's *Memoirs*, I would advise all who have not read this gallant officer's reminiscences to do so at once. They have interested me more than any account of the Mutiny that I have ever seen. His personal exploits were wonderful, and I regret to learn that such a fine, gallant fellow is, under certain existing rules of the service, whilst in the prime of life, unfortunately shelved. I sincerely hope it is only a temporary lull, and that he will soon be again in active employment.

I have mentioned in my sketch of Lord Clyde that he determined that regiments coming fresh out from England for the Mutiny should, if possible, have experienced officers of the Indian army, who were acquainted with the customs, the habits, and language of the country, attached to them, in order that they might assist officers and men in their march to the scene of operations. I was selected to look after the Queen's Bays.

I do not really know what our official designations were: we were a sort of hybrid functionaries, having sole charge of the commissariat and traffic arrangements; we were, besides, interpreters and advisers, and, in fact, were expected to make ourselves generally useful!

I do not think that the "Bays" had ever been on service before, at any rate not for many, many years, and certainly never in India. But one or two of the officers had been in the Crimea, for I remember quite well Seymour, then a captain, now General Seymour, C.B., having the medal with four clasps; and I used to envy him his decorations won; not as some have been earned of late years in the "picnic" campaigns, but in the sternest, hardest, and bloodiest fighting against foes worthy of their steel, and under trials by deprivations, and climate, and sickness, such as troops have rarely been exposed to. It was at such a war as that that men would "stand on tiptoe when its name is mentioned." It was at such a war as that "that gentlemen of England would hold their manhoods cheap, and think themselves accursed they were not there."

At the very outset I was unlucky enough to come into collision with the officer commanding the regiment; but *that* breeze, though stiff for a few minutes, subsided very quickly,

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and as I succeeded in getting my own way entirely, I was of course quite satisfied. I have reason to believe that the commanding officer absolutely misunderstood my position, and the nature of my duties; and with reference to this, perhaps I may here mention, that I rather think that other officers, fresh from England in the Mutiny days, were inclined at first to hold Indian officers somewhat cheap. For I remember well a General commanding a division, on whose staff I served for nearly a year during the rebellion, and who was a very dear and staunch friend of mine, telling me in confidence that he had no idea there were so many real gentlemen in the Indian army. He had been under the impression that our pedigrees would not generally establish a claim to gentle birth. Now as regards my own service, viz. the cavalry, of which I can best speak, I can only say our officers are generally the sons of officers of the army, clergymen, and professional men of some standing. In olden times our habits and ways were, I admit, rough and jungly, consequent on our protracted absence from home; and when we did reappear in the bosoms of our family circles in England, we were at first wanting in those refinements which are found in more civilized life; but these unpolished manners could not corrupt the current and colour of our blood. That remained unchanged.

In dress we often made guys of ourselves, fancying we were as smart as paint, and advertisements for all the tradesmen we employed. Just when I thought I had reached the exquisite stage, my twin brother would perhaps ask me where I had bought my hat. "My hat," I said; "why, at Lincoln's & Bennet's, of course, eight years ago." "Ah! I understand, it is a little out of fashion, that's all." Then I would meet this same Twin the next day, and he would ask me who was my shoemaker. "I get my shoes," I said proudly, "from the same shop as the Prince of Wales, unless the tradesman lied." "I dare say," he curtly remarked, "but you should have them properly cleaned before you put them on next time. Your neck-tie," he would say, "is no doubt very handsome, but rather gaudy; it is worn a good deal by the book-makers who attend the races." I now began to feel that the tie that so fondly linked us together was being cruelly broken. And so he went on criticizing my "get-up," and putting me down, picking me to pieces in a merciless manner. Such was the result of my first effort to dress like a gentleman on my return from India. It was a cruel "dressing" to get from one's twin brother.

My first difficulty was caused by the guard over the rum

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being very thirsty, helping themselves freely, and all getting more or less drunk. I was rather disgusted at this faithless disregard of their duties on the part of the dragoons; I fancied they were above that sort of thing, but it so happened that the very next regiment I served with—a Hussar corps—committed precisely the same offence. The fact is, the British soldier, as far as my experience goes, can be trusted with anything but grog. That temptation, if it comes in his way, he cannot resist. We were always obliged to substitute a native guard over the liquor after this "bitter" experience. Whether such weakness still exists in the British army I know not; and by this token rather an amusing and suspicious mistake was made by me whilst I was marching with the Bays. One day I received a six dozen case of beer. The man who brought it said he had been ordered by an officer to make it over to my charge. I knew the sender, but so slightly that I thought it surprisingly kind of him for having made me such a delicious present, for beer was a luxury scarcely known in our camp. However, I managed to dismiss all doubts, and I pitched into it every day, and enjoyed it immensely, and I am sure it agreed with me. Some little time after I had drained to the last drop the contents of the six dozen chest, I received a letter from the donor, inquiring whether I had forwarded the beer to the officer for whom it was intended. That was the last taste of malt that I had for many a long day. I do not suppose that the officers of the regiment junior to Captain Hutchinson were aware that they might possibly have got a step but for my intervention. Hutchinson and I were riding together one morning, when his horse either stumbled or became restive, I forget which, and he was thrown. But the details of this story will be found further on (p. 79).

It is a strange coincidence that the only boy, as far as I can remember, that ever laid violent hands, or I should rather say *toes*, on me at Eton, I found amongst the officers of the 2nd Dragoon Guards during this march. I had never met him since we were at Eton together. For some unknown reason he had evidently taken a dislike to me, and by way of giving a practical proof of his aversion, it was his custom, whenever we happened to meet, to administer to me what we Eton boys called a "toe-behind." Now I know that it is a sublime thing to suffer, and to love him that kicketh you, but somehow I never could quite identify myself with these maxims, much as I might

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have admired the principle, and heartily approved of their adoption on the part of others. Besides, I never was treated in the same manner by any other boy in the school; in fact, I never was bullied by any one before or since. My opponent was much higher up in the school than I was—for he was in the fifth form whilst I was only a lower boy—I was therefore not entitled by the rules of the school to resent this unkind treatment. However, one day, when I had gone through the usual ordeal by my tormentor, my feelings were, I suppose, exceptionally ruffled, and I must have evinced some disposition to rebel against the habitual affront, for my aggressor, observing my pugnacious attitude, instead of claiming the privilege of exemption from retaliation by virtue of his superior position, cried out, "Hulloa, do you want to fight, youngster?" and he at once squared up to me. "Yes," I said, "fighting is exactly what I do want," and I in turn squared up to him, upon which we went in at each other with a will. My adversary was stouter and sturdier than I was, but I had the advantage of him in quickness with my little fists! After a few rounds I had certainly the best of it, for I drew first blood, and I rather fancy I blackened one of his eyes, whilst I escaped with trifling damage. At length by some sort of mutual agreement we brought our fight to an amicable conclusion. It was, I believe, tacitly understood as we shook hands, that our encounter should be kept a profound secret, but this was too much for me. So jubilant was I over my success, that to the first boy I met I bragged of my victory. I couldn't help it. I should be heartily ashamed of my treachery if it were not so very long ago. However, I never was kicked again. 'Tis said that the offender never pardons; I can only say that my opponent was more magnanimous; he did entirely forgive me, and we were friends from that day forth, and we renewed and retained our friendship from the time we began campaigning together till we parted at Allahabad, never to meet again. I believe he died some few years ago!

In concluding this narrative of my association with the "Queen's Bays," I have only to say that the regiment soon acquired a knowledge of the ways and customs of the country, and became efficient campaigners without assistance from outsiders. I retain a grateful recollection of the reception I met with from the officers. I was admitted an honorary member of their mess, and enjoyed all its privileges. I parted with the regiment on its arrival at Allahabad, having been transferred to the cavalry marching for Lucknow.

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CHAPTER V

A LONG DEATH-ROLL

KILLED IN ACTION—Sir H. Wheeler—General Cureton—General Havelock—Captain Havelock—Captain Hamilton—Mr. Venables—Captain Douglas—Captain Travers—Colonel Wale—Captain Shafto—Major Percy Smith—Major Hodson.

OTHER FATALITIES.—Captain Hicks—the "A" family—the Colonel—Major Martin—Colonel Mackeson—Lord Mayo—Sir Donald McCleod—Sir Henry Durand.

THERE seemed to have been a sad and extraordinary fatality attending my friends, with whom I had been allied on the eve of their deaths, or a very short time before they fell. To begin with, I was passing through Cawnpore a little more than a month before the Mutiny broke out, where my old and ill-fated friend, General Sir Hugh Wheeler, was commanding. I was on my way home, and I stayed a few days in the station. Those who have read my memoirs will remember that General Wheeler was the same officer who commanded the Jullunder Doab in 1848-9 when I was under him. He took, as I have stated, a great fancy to me, simply, I believe, because I gave him more trouble than any one else in the station. It was his pleasure to get me out of my scrapes whenever I got into them. He was, poor old fellow, as is well known, killed at Cawnpore with the whole of his brigade. With him perished John Harrison, a cornet of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, a connection of mine, with whom I spent, as his guest, the few days I remained at Cawnpore when *en route* for England in 1857. Within little over one month from that time, nearly every soul in that garrison was slain. Then General Cureton, who was particularly kind and gracious to me, was killed at Ramnuggur a few days after an interview I had with him, which resulted in his trying to get me employed in Lord Gough's Cavalry, which he was commanding; and then, the very same day on which General Cureton met his death, Colonel Havelock of the 14th Light Dragoons

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was killed. I had been serving as a volunteer with his regiment, and had been speaking to him only a few minutes before he fell. I had been pointing out to him a body of Sikhs mounted and dismounted formed up close under the bank of the river at Ramnuggur, and his last words to me were, "Those are the fellows I am going to charge;" and he carried out his intention gloriously, but at the expense of his valuable life. I believe he was a bit of a tartar in his regiment. Be that as it may, he certainly set a noble example to his men. He was a hero, and died fighting valiantly. His nephew and namesake, Captain Havelock, who belonged to Sir Edward Lugard's division in our march to the relief of Azimghur, and whom I had known for some years, I found one day, after a skirmish with the enemy, lying at the last gasp. He had been shot through the head. Then, on the same march, and a few days afterwards, I happened to come across young Hamilton, who formerly belonged to my old regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry. He was at the head of his new regiment, and on my inquiring what duty he had in hand, he pointed in the direction of a party of the enemy not far off, and said he had been ordered to charge them. I wished him God speed, and we parted. He obeyed his orders right gallantly, but alas! my wishes did not avail him, for he, too, was cut down and killed. From what I heard I am afraid his men did not support him properly. I rather think *I* buried him next morning, but am not quite sure of this. I remember noticing how very few attended the funeral, and I sadly thought how soon in war-time the best and bravest are forgotten. Perhaps it is well it should be so. Only a few days after this fell Venables, an indigo planter, who had been performing brilliant service in and about Azimghur, to the relief of which our division had been sent. On our reaching that place Venables came out to meet me, with a view of showing me the way into cantonments. I was the Deputy Quartermaster-General of the column. Having completed his duty, he left me, but he had not proceeded far when he was shot through the wrist. The very next morning, by which time we had driven the enemy out of the place, I was sitting in the verandah of Venables' house, enjoying a cup of tea, whilst he was lying in bed inside, when the doctor, apparently much concerned, issued hastily from Venables' room, and begged that another doctor might be sent for at once, as Venables' arm must be amputated as soon as possible, as mortification had set in; but when the

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second doctor arrived it was considered too late, and a few hours (I think) later on, certainly by the next morning, poor Venables had passed away.

From Azimghur we marched on to Jugdeespore jungles, from which we had to drive the Pandies. The officer with whom I particularly fraternized was Captain Douglas of the Madras Light Cavalry. He was an excellent officer, and I took a great fancy to him, and saw him nearly every day. One day he led his squadron against the enemy with just the dash and gallantry which I should have expected of him, but this, alas! was his last charge—he was shot through the stomach, and I was told that he sabred two men after he had received his death-wound. I forgot to mention another friend who was killed in the Sikh War—it was at Chillianwallah. A short time before the battle (at which I was fortunately not present), I was spending the morning with Travers, of the 24th Regiment, in his camp, and I was congratulating him on the magnificent grenadier company that he commanded, when he laughingly replied, "Yes, old fellow, it is a proud position to be at the head of such a fine body of men, but they are such grand fellows that they are sure to be sent well to the front, and I shall most likely be killed!" His words proved too true, for he was, soon afterwards, one of the thirteen officers of the 24th Regiment who lay dead in the mess-tent on the evening of that fatal day when Lord Gough won his doubtful victory of Chillianwallah. I had to deplore the loss of another old friend, Colonel Wale of the 1st Sikh Cavalry, at the final siege of Lucknow. I had only just parted with him. We were breakfasting together when the alarm-trumpet sounded, and we mounted our horses, and galloped off forthwith to our respective posts. Shortly afterwards I heard he had been killed. He had been twice before, in the Sikh campaigns, dangerously wounded, and on one of these occasions he was, I believe, left for dead on the field. His second in command, Captain the Honourable Algernon Chichester, shot the Pandy dead who killed poor Wale. The Pandy was stalking away in triumph out of sword-reach, in consequence of the raviny ground, when Chichester brought him down with his revolver. So delighted was Chichester with his splendid shot, that he sat down and wrote several sheets of paper to the widow, describing how he had wreaked his vengeance on the slayer of her husband, and almost forgot to offer his sincere condolence on the loss she had sustained, as if

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her bereavement was quite dwarfed in comparison to the intense satisfaction he derived from his success. I really do not know how far this story is to be accepted; I tell it as it was told to me, many, many years ago. Poor Wale's family were friends of my people; his father, General Sir Charles Wale, was once travelling with me on the top of a Cambridge coach in my University days. It was a bitter cold day, and the old General was buried in wraps of all kinds. He was a very old man, and when once seated it was not easy for him to stir one way or another. He seemed to me to be grumbling a good deal, but I could not make out what was troubling the old fellow. At last I heard him mumbling that he was very uncomfortable, as he was sitting on the projecting hammers of somebody's gun-locks. The gun was mine; I was going out shooting, and the gun was not in a case.

Another sad casualty occurs to me as I write. There was a young officer serving under me at Kohat during the Afghan War of 1878, of whom I had formed a very high opinion—Captain Shafto. He was a gunner. He was very anxious to see service, and begged me to use my influence in getting him transferred to General Roberts' force, then operating in the Kurum Valley. I reluctantly complied with his request—I say reluctantly, for two reasons: first, because he was a charming young fellow, and I had a great regard for him, and I was loth to part with him; and secondly, because his services were most valuable to me just at that time, as he had charge of all the munitions of war stored in the fort at Kohat, which were in constant requisition to meet the wants of Sir F. Roberts then operating in the Kurum Valley. The very first thing that happened to him, poor fellow, on arriving at Cabul, he was blown up whilst examining a mine which had been constructed by the enemy. There is yet another officer who lost his life in the Mutiny with whom I was on very friendly terms. I think I was more intimate with him than with any other officer in the regiment when we were marching up country together *en route* from Calcutta to Allahabad. I allude to Major Percy Smith of the 2nd Dragoon Guards. He was killed in the very first action in which he was engaged. I have referred to this officer's death in my account of my experiences with his regiment.

I have also mentioned poor Hodson's death, which occurred the day after I had been spending several hours with him. I

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cannot remember any others just now. I have already referred to the fatality that attended not a few officers, particular friends of mine, with whom I had been associated only a few hours before they met their death. On service, I suppose, others have had the same sort of experience, but still I think the instances I have given are rather unusual; and I have now been recalling to mind a rather startling number of men with whom I was acquainted, and who came to a violent end. It is quite a ghastly record. First there were the two young officers, sporting friends of mine, who both destroyed themselves in the prime of life, as I have narrated. Then there was the trooper (a native) who jumped into the Jhelum river to save me, as he thought, from drowning. He was, so I was informed, one of the first men in my regiment who was hanged as a mutineer. Again, there was the man who asked for the loan of my gun to shoot the navvy who had insulted me. He killed his poor young wife not long afterwards and was hanged. In addition to these instances there were others. A neighbour living a few doors from my house passed me in the street one forenoon. I was not on terms of acquaintance with him, but I knew him by sight, and thought he looked rather queer. The next morning he was found with his brains blown out. I believe though that there was no proof of suicide in this case, and it might have been an accident! Again, a gentleman to whom I was introduced at a dinner-party in the house where he was staying as a guest, and who took my wife down to dinner, was found the next morning by the servant hanging to the bed-post. The unhappy man must have accomplished his purpose in the most determined and extraordinary manner. Having seated himself in a chair he fastened a handkerchief round his neck and attached it to the bed-post, and he then must have pushed the chair further and further away till he succeeded in strangling himself. At least that was the account given to me of the sad occurrence. The sergeant-major of my old regiment, an ex-dragoon, whom I always regarded as a most steady, reliable man,—and I saw a great deal of him, as I was Adjutant in those days,—shot dead the riding-master, his brother-in-law, during the siege of the Residency at Lucknow. The two men were, I believe, quarrelling over some paltry domestic matter. I fear we must admit that life and death in those terrible days were of little moment. Of course the sergeant-major would have been hanged had he not met a

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more honourable death in the field of battle. A warrant officer under my command at Segowlie, whom I had warned to prepare his public accounts for the inspection of the departmental officer, went that very morning, directly after the first part of his accounts had been overhauled, and hanged himself from a beam in the sitting-room. I remember one feature in this case, which shows how very cunning and careful men are to insure the accomplishment of their dread object. This wretched fellow had passed the rope over a beam close to the angle formed by the support of another beam. It was just the strongest point in the structure, which was otherwise somewhat cranky. If I remember rightly, I had some information that the way this wretched man had been carrying on his duties had excited the suspicion of his immediate superiors.

In connection with this sad business I must mention rather a remarkable incident, illustrative of the generosity of the European public in India. I wrote a letter in the *Pioneer* newspaper soliciting help for this poor widow who had been left absolutely penniless, with some ten young children. The case was a very tragic one, apart from the miserable end of the man. Of course I put the matter before the public in terms as forcible and pathetic as I could command, and I hoped perhaps that the sympathy of my readers might possibly result in help to the extent of, say, thirty or forty pounds. But to my intense surprise and gratification, subscriptions came at once pouring in from all parts of India—Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, and even as far as Aden. The sums varied from about four rupees to one or two cheques of one hundred rupees,—my old friend Sir Peter Lumsden gave me the lead, and a handsome one too—and finally the purse amounted to over seven thousand rupees! Encouraged by this extraordinary, I might almost say marvellous, success, I have inserted one or two appeals in behalf of great military charities with which I have been associated since my return to England, but I can only boast of very moderate results. Beggars in England do not meet with the same warm-hearted reception that is accorded to them in India. I believe we beggars are considered rather nuisances in this country.

But to return to the casualties amongst my friends and acquaintances. Another gentleman whom I knew well by reputation, and slightly as a friend, I met at a dinner-party not long ago, and by a grim coincidence he also was told off to take

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my wife down to dinner. This unfortunate gentleman since I have been writing these memoirs has destroyed himself. Another officer who was serving in the same camp with me in the Mutiny, and whom I met constantly at that time, but not very often afterwards, though I knew all about him to the last, drowned himself in his own bath. He was a fine, manly fellow when I knew him, and quite the type of an English hussar. Three other officers whom I knew attempted their lives, and two of them ought to have blown their brains out if the bullets had not been diverted; they are both dead, but they, slightly disfigured, lived for years afterwards. The fate of the third I have never heard. One of these three was my intimate friend, the second I knew well, and the third only slightly.

Several officers I knew came to fatal grief by accidents. Perhaps the first case I am about to adduce can scarcely be characterized as an accident, more strictly speaking it would be called an interposition of Providence. I was riding a few miles out of Peshawur, when I met a *dooly* being carried into cantonments. I inquired who the traveller was, and I was told that it was an officer who had been killed by lightning. On putting the curtains aside, I saw the dead body of Captain Hicks, a friend whom I had seen only a few days before in perfect health. I rather think he had been out shooting for a few days, and one night he was staying at a Dak bungalow, when a tremendous storm of rain came on, attended with thunder and lightning. Poor Hicks was sharing a room with a brother officer, a Mr. Packe, with whose family I am slightly connected. The storm awoke the travellers, and Hicks's bed being close to the window, which was open, Packe asked him to shut it. Hicks knelt on his bed, and proceeded to shut the window. But instead of effecting his object, he seemed, whilst still kneeling, to be leaning against the window-sill; and remaining motionless, Packe after a few moments asked him what he was doing, but to this question he received no reply. Upon this he got out of bed and went up to Hicks, and found him stone dead. This is the story as I recollect it; there may be some slight error in the details, but I think nothing more than that. I cannot remember whether Hicks's body presented any traces of the lightning's stroke, but I can distinctly recollect examining the body of a sentry who had been struck dead by a flash of lightning, and we could not discover the slightest

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mark of any kind. There is a family several members of which were friends of mine, which was more sorely afflicted by fatal accidents than any I have ever seen or heard of. I and my wife were staying with one of the ill-fated members, a planter in India, and we were entertained most kindly and hospitably. We were deeply indebted to him for great kindness on this occasion, for my wife was just then in a critical state of health, and our friend placed every comfort he could think of at our disposal. He was not long afterwards thrown from his carriage and killed. Another of his brothers, riding from Calcutta to Dum Dum, was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, when the rider and horse were both struck by lightning, and killed. A third brother, on the very first occasion of his appearing on parade as Adjutant, and therefore mounted for the first time, came to his sudden end by his horse rearing up, falling backwards, and crushing the poor fellow to death.

I suppose such a deplorable fatality attending one family has rarely been reached. I knew personally three members of the same, and can therefore vouch for the truth of the sad story. This chapter was intended to take account of only those friends who met with violent deaths; but perhaps, whilst I am referring to the fatalities of this family, I may include the extraordinary escape the fourth brother had from a wounded tiger, under circumstances so frightful that I shall, I think, best do justice to the adventure if I recount it in the very words of the sufferer, who sent it home immediately after the accident. It was wonderful that he should have been able to tell the tale soon after passing through such an agonizing ordeal. He too was a friend of mine, and a fine, manly-looking fellow. Although he has faced death in its most awful shape, such as would have killed most men, I am happy to say he is still "alive and kicking," but with only one leg, as the other was amputated. The fact of his having "one foot in the grave" did not deter him from following his military profession for many years, and I trust that he may long be preserved to show the world what sort of mettle our countrymen are made of.

Mr. W. A.'s letter to his sister, recounting his marvellous escape from a wounded tiger!

"*Landour, July* 1848.

"On March 16 we received intimation of a tiger having killed a man and two bullocks within half a mile of our

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tents. Although it was getting rather late, we could not resist the temptation of immediately proceeding to the spot. On reaching the scene of action we saw the two bullocks lying dead both together with their throats torn out, but no signs of the tiger. After beating the jungle for some time, I found the unfortunate man's turban lying on the ground, and saw marks of where the tiger had evidently dragged the man. Following up those marks carefully I presently saw the tiger walking away from the corpse, which he had partially eaten. I immediately fired two shots; one hit him in the loins, and he immediately took to cover again; the jungle being very heavy, and as it was already getting dusk, it was some time before I again found him. At last my companion called out to me, 'Look out, I am sure we are on the tiger, my elephant is getting so unsteady.' The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the Sepoy (Ghoorkha) who was in the *howdah* with me tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'There's the tiger.' And sure enough he was lying within ten yards of me, unable to rise, as I afterwards found out from his loins being broken. Seeing, however, he was not dead, I was in the act of taking up my rifle to shoot him through the head, when I felt something strike me on the back and jam me to the front of the *howdah*. I just had time to put up my hands, and lay hold of a branch of the tree, and pull myself out of the *howdah*, otherwise my back would have been broken. Then my elephant, being frightened, ran away, and left me suspended immediately over the tiger, who lay looking up at me, growling and lashing his sides with his tail.

"You may imagine what my feelings were during this time. In vain I tried to get into the tree. At last, my fingers getting cramped, I lost my hold and fell on the tiger. Never shall I forget that awful moment; I felt as if I was dropping into the jaws of death. The instant I touched the ground, the tiger with a terrific roar seized my left foot in his mouth, and in one bite crushed the heel and ankle-bone to powder; he gave me three other bites, two on the calf of the leg, and one on my knee, every bite breaking the bone to pieces. My agonies were dreadful. In vain did I call out for help, no one came to my assistance. After struggling with the tiger for some time I contrived to get my right leg free, and gave him a tremendous kick on the head, which induced him to let me go. The instant I found myself free I got up, and with my poor left leg broken

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to the knee-joint I hobbled to the foot of the tree, where I fell down exhausted from pain.

"The tiger was still within a few paces of me. The Sepoy (Ghoorkha) who was with me in the *howdah* managed to get safely lodged in the tree, and witnessed all that passed, and seeing me clear of the tiger came down within a few feet of the ground and entreated me to get up into the tree. I at first refused, the agony I was in being too great for any further exertion; but on the Sepoy telling me the tiger would be at me again, I was induced to get up, and gave my hands to the Sepoy, who contrived to lift me, and set me between two branches of the tree.

"I owe my life in a great measure to this man. My companion, whose elephant appears to have become unmanageable through fright, came up at this moment and fired several shots at the tiger, missing him every time! The elephant being so near became furious, and a glorious fight took place between them, in which the tiger got more than he bargained for. At this time my elephant came back, and I, wounded as I was, managed to get into the *howdah*, and was conveyed back to camp."

In recounting the sad cases in which so many of my friends met with violent deaths, I must not omit to relate the circumstances under which one of my native officers was slain. I was at the time commanding my regiment, the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, which was one of the very few "faithful found amongst the faithless," in the Mutiny days. To the personal influence of my predecessor, General George Jackson, who was its commandant for some twenty-three years, may, I think, be in some measure attributed the remarkable fidelity displayed by the men in those times. From my experience of them as their leader for ten years, I should much doubt whether there ever existed a better conducted or more reliable body of men in the whole nineteen regiments of Bengal cavalry. They did everything to please me, and I look back to the days I spent with those fine manly fellows as some of the happiest in my long military career. But we are none of us infallible, and whilst I venture to challenge a comparison with any other regiment as regards discipline and good conduct, I am bound to admit that the record of my men, of which I was so proud, was, I regret to say, one dark day stained with a foul deed, which we all deplored the more keenly from

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the fact of our having enjoyed such an uninterrupted immunity from crime of any kind for so many years. The occurrence to which I refer cost the valuable life of one of the smartest and most intelligent of my native officers. He had been sent from some other regiment to fill a vacancy in mine. A transfer of this kind, stopping the expected promotion throughout the regiment, was of course most disappointing to all concerned, and I fear the interloper was regarded from the very first with disfavour by some of those whose hopes of advancement had been blasted by his presence. He certainly was a stricter disciplinarian and a more fearless upholder of his position than native officers are generally inclined to be, and of course I supported him, altho' I am not so sure that such an undeviating observance of rules and regulations is so imperative in a really well-conducted and old-established native regiment. And by this I mean that actual penalties are not invariably needed for natives as they would be, I imagine, for British soldiers. However, the native officer to whom I refer must have been brought up in an exceptionally rigid school, more resembling that prevailing amongst Europeans, and his uncompromising character most probably did not conduce to his popularity, the more especially as he came to us a complete stranger. I myself held a high opinion of him, albeit perhaps I thought that he, like all little fellows, was a little too "cocky." He happened to be an exceptionally small man, and formed a striking contrast to most of my native officers. After a certain time he got possession of the idea that he was not welcome to his comrades, and he came and privately consulted me about my effecting an exchange for him. I gave him some advice, and recommended him to hold on, hoping he would outlive the prejudice against him. But after a short while he came again to me, saying he found it impossible to improve his position, and begged me to get him transferred to another corps. I then decided to comply with his request, thinking it would be better for himself and for the regiment. I don't think I ever saw him again. A trooper whom he had punished crept into his house one night and shot him dead as he lay in his cot fast asleep. The murderer expiated his offence on the gallows.

The Colonel of my regiment met his death in a very distressing way whilst in the performance of his duty. We were stationed at Ferozepore, a locality notorious throughout India for the all-pervading violence and suddenness of the sand-storms. I have never seen them equalled in any other cantonment in which I

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have been quartered, and my experience extended over a great part of the Bengal Presidency. One intensely hot and oppressive night in the height of the summer season, when we were all more or less stifled and panting for air, the Colonel, as field officer of the week, was "going his rounds"; and suddenly, without any premonitory sign of the approaching storm beyond the stifling atmosphere, down came a dense black whirlwind of sand, rushing by with an appalling velocity through "the darkness that might be felt." Only those who have witnessed these scenes can realize them. Well might a traveller, overtaken by a tempest of this kind for the first time, imagine, in that awful "war of elements," that the last trump had sounded—that the final fiat had gone forth for the "wreck of matter" and "the crash of worlds." It was in such a fearful night as this that the Colonel met his doom. He was not, of course, in the least aware what a terrible destiny was impending over him, as it was a pitch-dark night, even before the heavens were surcharged with the far-reaching clouds of sand; he had therefore no time to protect himself from the fury of the storm—not that I think he could have done anything to avert the catastrophe, for just as he was overwhelmed he was in the middle of a howling wilderness, and I doubt whether there was a refuge near enough to afford him a scrap of shelter at that dread moment. In an instant he must have been gasping for breath, and in his effort to draw in some fresh air he must have inhaled a torrent of sand, as his mouth was choked with the same. I suspect that partial suffocation must have brought on an apoplectic seizure. His orderly deposed that he did not actually fall from his horse, but staggered or slid from it, and then lay full-length on the ground, unable to utter a word, and by the time he was borne home he was lifeless. The Colonel was a large, stout man, and would naturally experience difficulty in breathing under such an atmospheric pressure. I have mentioned that the heat that night was like a furnace, and I am certain that the Colonel deprived himself of any chance of relieving his suppressed respiration by the tightness of his uniform, especially by the cruel stiff stock which encompassed the neck and nearly throttled us in those uncivilized days. The poor Colonel was always a great stickler for undeviating correctness in the matter of uniform, and would never allow any laxity even in the most trying weather, at least he would never permit himself to indulge in any slackness in dress, and I feel certain that this inflexible observance of orders as regards uniform con-

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tributed in some measure to the fatal termination on this sad occasion. There was a strange and unaccountable incident connected with this calamity of which I have a vivid recollection. When the servant in the middle of the night rushed into my room, and hurriedly awoke me with "Sahib! Sahib!" before he had uttered another word I jumped up, and exclaimed, "Is the Colonel dead?" Now as it happened I knew of nothing that could have evoked this impromptu remark. I was not aware even that the Colonel was "going his rounds" that night. My firm belief is, that I was actually dreaming at the moment that he had in some way met with some grievous accident. I have never before or since heard of an officer losing his life in a sand-storm. There was a time when we did not fraternize at all, but if there was any blame attaching to this estrangement it certainly did not rest with the Colonel, for there is no doubt I was a wild, harum-scarum young fellow in those days. However, we were eventually on the most intimate terms, and I became his Adjutant; and when I helped to consign my old Colonel to his last resting-place, I had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing and feeling that I had lost one of my kindest, most considerate, and best of friends; and there subsisted between us such confidential relations as ought always to exist between a Colonel of a regiment and his Adjutant.

An officer, Major Martin, who has died since I left the regiment, was another of my various friends who came to a violent end. I had a high opinion of him, and selected him as my Adjutant on a vacancy occurring, and I further availed myself of an opportunity since I quitted the service to write to head-quarters on his behalf. Fortune so far favoured him in his profession that he rose rapidly in the regiment, and succeeded to the command at a comparatively early age; but alas! the very next day after obtaining the object of his ambition, and having had all his soldierly aspirations gratified, he was killed, at least he succumbed the following day. He was in pursuit of a wild boar, when a branch of a tree struck him full in the face, smashed his jaw, and otherwise injured him. He was carried home, his wounds were bound up, and there was every hope of his being saved, but the poor fellow next morning got up, and most rashly went to his stable to see if his horse had suffered in the chase. The wound in his jaw burst out bleeding afresh, and before assistance reached him his gallant spirit had fled. Martin was a thorough good soldier, most reliable, devoted to his

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profession, and would certainly have done the State valuable service had he not been so suddenly cut off in the midst of his career. He was, I think, a nephew of Baron Martin, one of the judges of the English Bench, who was, if I mistake not, not only a keen judge of men, but, like his nephew, a good judge and fond of horses. The only officer of my old regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry, who met a violent death in the mutiny of the corps at Ferozepore, was the veterinary surgeon. This unfortunate officer, for some reason or other, would never mount a horse if he could avoid it, and when the regiment broke out, he was trying to make his way on foot through the grass-cutters' lines to the fort, and he was overtaken and slain. I was told that it was supposed that his murderers were grass-cutters of the regiment, who cut the poor fellow's throat, but I cannot vouch for this, as I was not present on the occasion.

Before I close this long catalogue of casualties by violent deaths which occurred amongst those with whom I was more or less associated during my career in India, I must not omit to refer to the deplorable tragedies which overtook two of our most honoured and admired of Indian celebrities. The one, Lord Mayo, held, as is well known, the most exalted position in the land, viz. that of Governor-General of India, the other, Colonel Mackeson, the Commissioner of Peshawur, a post at that time probably more responsible than any other, the Governor-General excepted. Both these noble men fell by the vile hands of assassins. I knew, as far as one in my position—then a Major of cavalry—could know, the Viceroy of India. The circumstances under which I enjoyed this privilege, together with a full account of his most lamentable and cruel murder, will be found in the sketch I have elsewhere given of this great statesman and ruler of men.

Colonel Mackeson was one of Nature's nobility. He was slain by one of those hillmen who infested the frontier in those days. The ruffian presented a petition to the Commissioner with one hand, and at the same moment stabbed him with the other. Colonel Mackeson, as a ruler of the wild turbulent tribes on the Afghan border, endowed with an iron will and inflexible determination, stood unrivalled in the estimation of the Government. At the time to which I am referring the frontier was in a condition far from settled, and it required a man of exceptional firmness to keep in subjection the barbarous and ferocious people. Like Lord Mayo, he had a stalwart

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frame, but whilst, perhaps, not equal to that nobleman in stature, yet he was head and shoulders above the average of his fellow-men. I could scarcely claim a personal acquaintance with him. There was a wide gap between our social positions, as I was only a subaltern and he was the Commissioner, corresponding to the governor of a colony; but I knew him very well by sight, as I was quartered with my regiment at Peshawur when he was assassinated. His commanding presence and influence were felt by all, and when he was struck down, there was not one of us belonging to the Peshawur garrison, from the youngest cornet and ensign to the General commanding, who did not labour under a painful impression, that one and all of us had been deprived of a tower of strength when that great soldier and civil governor, Mackeson, fell. I think I remember it was said of him by the Governor-General, when the sad intelligence reached him, that the loss of such a man would have dimmed a victory. There were two other very distinguished officers, Sir Donald McCleod and Sir Henry Durand, both of whom met with violent deaths, and, strange to say, they succeeded each other as Lieutenant-Governors of the Punjab. The first was killed by a railway accident. I believe Sir Donald McCleod was getting into or out of a railway carriage when the train was on the move, and he fell when attempting to effect this dangerous purpose. Both his feet were crushed, and he only survived a few hours. Sir Henry Durand was crushed to death when the elephant on which he was seated forced its way through an archway leading into the city for which he was making.

I only knew the first of these unfortunate gentlemen very slightly, but Sir Henry Durand I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with for several years, and used to see him constantly in my Simla days. Further reference to Sir Henry will be made in my sketches of distinguished men with whom I have been associated.

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CHAPTER VI

SUNDRY ADVENTURES, MISADVENTURES, AND ACCIDENTS

An insane Sepoy at Peshawur—Disarming the lunatic—A mad dog in the tent—My sword to the rescue—Another dog story—Little "Tittums" and the leopard—"Bully" and the lady—Over the precipice—Bully threatening Lord Lawrence—Bully takes the tub—Horse and carriage accident—Teaching the recruit—An ill-fated horse—Curing bad habits—My last adventure on horseback—Swaggering with a new dog-cart—A marvellous escape—The fix of a dismounted officer.

MANY and many a year ago, I was taking a very early stroll on a summer morning at Peshawur, when suddenly two Sepoys ran rapidly past me. Their unusual attitude and agitated manner rather excited my curiosity, so I followed hard upon them, and after a while overtaking them, I asked them what they were after. They informed me that they were pursuing a dangerous madman, who had escaped from custody, and was fleeing across country as fast as he could tear. They further informed me that they had overtaken him more than once, but the maniac being armed with a *lattie* (an iron-bound heavy stick), which he wielded vigorously whenever they attempted to arrest him, he had fairly kept them, unarmed as they were, at bay. Upon this, I joined in the lunatic chase, and soon came in sight of the fugitive. On nearing him, and observing, by his menacing gestures and angry manner, pointing directly towards the Sepoys, that he had evidently acquired a particular aversion to them, I ordered them to keep back, whilst I would try and deal with him myself. They, however, were to keep within easy hail, in case of my requiring immediate assistance. The Sepoys accordingly slackened their pace, and I went on alone, and as soon as I was near enough for him to hear me, I called on him to halt. He instantly obeyed, and turning round faced me, and stood at attention with his *lattie* shouldered as if it were a regimental rifle. He now showed no signs of

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excitement nor temper whatever, but remained perfectly still, silent and respectful in his bearing towards me.

I parleyed with him for a few moments, as I gingerly approached nearer to him, telling him I was an officer, and intended him no harm; and having then come face to face with him, I stretched forth my hand and slowly transferred the *lattie* from his shoulder to mine, to which operation he made not the slightest resistance or objection; and I then locked my arm in his, and we proceeded to walk back peacefully together. The only concern that he seemed to have was the apprehension that the two detested Sepoys might steal upon him unawares, and he begged me to take care that they were not allowed to approach us. I therefore beckoned them to keep at a distance.

The poor afflicted fellow then continued quietly to accompany me, telling me all the while the most fearful stories of the hideous cruelties that had been inflicted upon him, amongst others, that he had been cast into a cauldron, and there boiled or baked, I forget which. Every now and then he foamed at the mouth, and still kept a watchful eye on the two Sepoys, lest they should be following him. We had a long trudge across country of some two or three miles, and by this time the sun had begun to shine fiercely. At last we came up to a European guard, to whose charge I committed the madman, who then seemed to acquiesce in his fate with the utmost complacency, for he made no resistance whatever. By what magic I succeeded in obtaining such a strange influence over this madman I have no idea. I only narrate what actually happened on this occasion. I must leave the solution of this mysterious question to those who have been reading my "insane" story. The only possible explanation I could devise would be the supposition that the demented victim had a glimmering of reason which just sufficed to enable him to recognize me as an officer, and the instinct of discipline was still so overpowering even in his shattered brain, as to invest me with a fascination and control over him which produced the pacifying results I have attempted to describe.

A mad man is bad enough, but a mad dog is almost worse. One night when I was in camp (where, I cannot now remember) I was suddenly aroused from my sleep by the entrance of some animal into my tent. It had evidently forced its way inside by creeping under the canvas walls of the tent. The light was so dim that I could not at first quite make out what it

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was, but the sound seemed to indicate that it was munching at something on the floor. I soon discovered that it was nothing more formidable than a dog. Disgusted at the intrusion, I caught up one of my long cavalry boots by the side of my bed, and hurled it at the brute, with perhaps some strong expletive, which it would be better that I should now suppress. The missile was "bootless," for it had no effect whatever. The dog still went on munching, and did not stir from its position. I then hurled the other boot at it, with the same fruitless result. Indignant at the cool indifference of the brute to all my efforts to eject him, I jumped out of bed, and went at him. I then saw he was gnawing at the carpet and foaming at the mouth, and it flashed across my mind that he was stark staring mad. I instantly beat a hasty retreat, and jumped back again into bed, and pulled the clothes well over me, that not a particle of my body might be exposed, and there I lay helpless, not knowing what on earth was best to be done; and if I described the state of my feelings aright, I believe I should have to acknowledge I never was in greater funk in my life. The dog's appetite for the carpet "seemed to grow by what it fed on," for it went on gnawing more voraciously than ever, taking no notice of me. After recovering my presence of mind, which I am free to confess deserted me for the first moment, I managed to get hold of my sword, which was hanging on a peg just within my reach. I then reversed my position, and my head emerged from the bed-clothes where my feet had just been, and stretching my sword-arm as far out of the bed as I possibly could, I made one or two feints in order to judge my distance. The dog still took no notice of me, and just when his head was turned in the opposite direction, I made a sudden thrust with my sword, and sent the blade bang through his heart. He turned over and over, and then never moved again. It was a rare good shot, "though I says it as should not," and the relief to me was unspeakable. The moral of this story seems to indicate that one ought never to jump out of bed attired in the light and airy dress one wears on these occasions if a mad dog happens to be in the tent, and never to be without a sword within handy reach, and with a sharp point. I may mention that I was in those days addicted to feats of swordsmanship; the blade of my sword was always sharp as a razor. Possibly some of my readers who have followed my mad-dog story will wonder why I did not at once bolt out of the tent when I became aware of my danger. I would therefore explain to those unacquainted

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with a camp life, that the curtain door of the tent was fastened down by cords to pegs in the ground, and could not be opened in an instant, and my natural impulse no doubt was to avail myself of the readiest means of escape from the rush of the dog, and popping into bed seemed the surest way of effecting my object.

The story I have just narrated was perhaps more dangerous and thrilling in imagination than in fact, inasmuch as it will have been seen that *that* mad dog never attempted to attack me; but before this adventure I had, I think, a squeak from the rabid fangs of a little pet spaniel belonging to my wife, the recollection of which almost makes my blood run cold even at this distance of time, and as regards the imminence of peril would compare with any other adventure in my somewhat eventful life. The little pet whose fate I am about to recount, rejoiced in the euphonious name of "Giggles." I should not have stood sponsor for that "laughable" name, but he was thus christened before he came into our service. He was a handsome little fellow, but somewhat remarkable in his appearance, as he had only three sound legs—the fourth one, the hind one, had been broken, and when it was running about the limb used to swing round and round in a most eccentric manner. From this peculiarity little Giggles was well known far and wide, and my wife without Giggles would have been on a par with the play of *Hamlet* without Hamlet.

Two days before the fatal catastrophe which closed the poor little pet's career he disappeared, and it was thought he was lost, never to return; but suddenly back he came, and where he had been wandering of course I know not. That morning I had been out for a walk, and was sitting at my table writing letters, whilst little Giggles was lying peacefully at my feet. All of a sudden up he jumped, and seized me by the toe and shook it violently. I thought this rather unusually playful and queer on the part of the little dog, but I merely fancied he had been in the land of dreams, as dogs often are. I therefore resented his unmannerly onslaught by giving him a slight kick in the face. Upon this Giggles at once slunk away, apparently abashed, a few yards, and quietly composed himself to sleep again without any signs of excitement. About half-an-hour afterwards he again incontinently jumped up, and again caught me by the toe and shook it as before. "Hulloa," I said, "what the deuce, Giggles, is the meaning of this?" But even then,

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strange to say, I had not in the least realized that the poor little pet was doomed, and I accordingly took him bodily in my arms, and fastened him by his chain to the leg of my charpoy or bed; and that same night I slept on the same bed to the foot of which, as I mentioned, Giggles was fastened, and if my recollection does not fail me I did the same the next night, but by this time I began to suspect there was something wrong with the dog, and was watching, though not the least anticipating the sad reality. The next morning the whole truth dawned upon me—poor dear little Giggles was raving mad.

I sent my servant for my revolver, and just as he returned with the weapon, my poor hapless pet, resolved, as one might almost have thought, to spare me the pain of putting an end to him with my own hands, suddenly reared up for a moment, and then fell backwards stone dead. And thus passed away poor little Giggles, who had been our faithful companion for many a day, and was the gift of the present General G. Macbean, one of our dearest and earliest friends in India, and from whose house I am now inditing this story.

I dare say some of you who have been attending to my story will ask, "How on earth did you escape from the teeth of the rabid dog?" This is a very reasonable question, but I have no difficulty in replying. Fortunately for me, I was wearing a good thick pair of ammunition boots. Providentially I did not on that morning follow my usual hot weather custom of removing my boots and socks, and thus I am alive to tell the tale to-day.

Talking about dogs reminds me of the extraordinary sagacity of one that afterwards occupied the place that Probyn's hill dog had made empty. One day, on returning home, I found a little dog had crept into our bedroom, and was quietly reposing on the bed. It was quite a puppy, but fraternized with us at once, and we could not but reciprocate its friendly advances, and amongst my various canine pets—for I had quite a pack of one kind and another—little "Tittums" soon became a prime favourite. But my wife chiefly appropriated it, as more worthy of her regard than any of my "bobbery" pack, which was devoted to sporting purposes.

About a year after this, we were standing amongst a vast crowd of people at the Umballa Races, when our little faithful dog, after carefully sniffing all over the rather attenuated legs of a well-known jockey to whom we were talking, suddenly began jumping up at him in a frantic way, and fondling him with

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endearments such as one might expect to see in a little dog recognizing some long-lost master and friend. The jockey at first hardly appreciated these marked demonstrations of affection, but after awhile, the little dog persisting in his attentions, the jockey began noticing him, and then there flashed across his mind that this animal was very like a little puppy he had lost during the races of the previous year. A very little inquiry served to convince us that this was the very same little dog. Of course we were prepared to resign our little treasure into the hands of the rightful owner, but the jockey would not hear of this, thinking, I suppose, that as we had not "jockied" him out of the little pet, and had taken such care of it, we were entitled to keep it. It would perhaps have been well for poor little "Tittums" had he been consigned to his original master, for with us he came to a sad end. Little pets always do, according to my experience. One night we were entertaining a party of friends at dinner at "Squire's Hall," our beautiful house at Simla, when one of our guests threw a bone to the doomed little "Tittums," who was ordered at once into the verandah, there to munch away at his sweet will, instead of soiling our precious carpet with his greasy morsel. Our darling little "Tittums," who was always as good as gold, and obeyed with alacrity every order he received, had scarcely got into the verandah, preparing for his repast, when all of a sudden something bounded into the pitchy darkness; there was a rustle and a scuffle, followed by a despairing screech, and then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a leopard was seen scouring headlong down the pathless "khud," with poor little "Tittums" scrunched between his savage jaws. Only those who are fond of dogs can realize our agony at that cruel moment, when we knew that poor little "Tittums" had gone hence, and that we should see his dear little face no more!

I will now give an instance not less critical, and certainly quite as thrilling, in which a lady was, before my very eyes, rescued, as it appeared to me, from the very jaws of death. It occurred at Simla, and those who are familiar with some of the Himalayan precipices will best be able to appreciate the imminent peril from which the lady was mercifully preserved. My old friend, the present Sir D. Macnabb, who was present on the occasion, would, I think, cordially endorse this statement. It happened in this way. We were standing chatting together in front of my house, "Squire's Hall," which stood on the side of a steep hill,

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and I think just at the moment we were facing different ways, whilst my companion was leaning against the wooden palings which ran along the edge of the khud (precipice). All of a sudden, without a moment's warning, I heard a cracking of timber, and in another instant, turning quickly round, I saw what looked like a little bundle of clothes rolling over and over down into the depth below, and the dog Bully, a cross between a mastiff and bull-dog, who was much given to fetch and carry, at once ran headlong down in hot pursuit of the object, which he seemed to think had been hurled down for his especial benefit. In his descent he disturbed at every step all the loose stones, which in their downward course followed very closely in the wake of the poor revolving lady.

By the interposition of Providence she had not descended very far when she was happily arrested by the opportune intervention of two friendly trees, which between them stopped her further progress. Had she fallen about twenty yards further down she must have been killed, for from thence there was a sheer drop of some forty or fifty feet, as scarp as the side of a house, from which she would have been hurled on to a metalled road beneath, and nothing could have saved her from being dashed to pieces. Marvellous to relate, she escaped with only a severe shaking and sundry bruises and scratches, and that was all. It was an appalling sight. I think she was much less frightened than I was, and Bully, I fancy, was greatly and naturally surprised, as he had never seen any lady make such wonderful somersaults before. With reference to this story, those who read my brother's reminiscences will find that a very similar accident befell a young lady with whom he was associated at the time. I suppose it has not often happened that two brothers at different times, under different circumstances, should both have been present at and horrified witnesses of two such appalling-looking scenes. It seems to me as if there were some mysterious coincidences connected with us twins, from which we have been destined to share in each other's joys and sorrows, habits, feelings, adventures and misadventures, successes and fortunes, for unforeseen events of a kindred character have followed us in so many instances during our respective lives.

Before taking leave of the dear old dog Bully, I must tell one or two stories about him, for he was rather an original, and well known to all our friends. He was formidable to look at, perhaps a little vulgar, but handsome is that handsome does, and there

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was such a nobility in his nature, that there must have been something blue in his blood!

I remember one day Lord Lawrence happened to pass by us, and Bully, not knowing that he was the Governor-General of India, began sniffing at his calves, rather substantial ones, very suspiciously. His Lordship did not evidently quite appreciate Bully's attentions, and he tried to wriggle away, repeating, as he withdrew each threatened leg as far as possible beyond the reach of danger—"Doggie, Doggie, Doggie, what are you doing?" And had Lord Lawrence been endowed with Lord Tennyson's poetical talent, this is what he probably would have said—

"Oh! Bully, Bully, spare my pins,
'Tis Lawrence sahib who begs;
'Tis greatest of all canine sins
To maul a Viceroy's legs!"

I almost fancied I heard the Vice-regent muttering that he had never been so "bullied" before! The dog came into our possession in consequence of the terror he created amongst all the servants of his previous master, Captain Swinton of the Engineers, who found it necessary to keep Bully fastened up day and night. The confinement, in my opinion, soured an otherwise amicable and harmless temper—and I infer this from the fact, that no sooner did we enlarge the dog than he became nice and pleasant to every one, and was a universal favourite. I never heard of his ever having bitten a morsel out of any human being, though he might perhaps have been tempted to show his teeth to some of his own species occasionally. Bully was decidedly shrewd and clever, and was cunning withal. I remember how cautiously he used to dodge about if he thought there was likely to be any objection to his accompanying us in our morning or evening drives. On these occasions he was quite determined that we should not stir out without him, and he used carefully to conceal himself in some handy spot, from which he would suddenly emerge, and with one bound jump slap into our high dog-cart, which involved a leap of some five feet at least, for he never touched the intermediate step. Of course he knew that if he succeeded in ensconcing himself under our feet we should never have the heart to eject him. He used always to escort me in my morning rides, but in the summer, if it was uncomfortably warm, he used to lag behind, and return at his leisure. But one morning it was exceptionally hot, and I noticed that Bully, on our return, instead of slackening his pace,

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seemed bent on preceding me, and at last he gave me the go-by, and got home before me. The first thing I thought of on entering my house, hot and tired, was the delicious cold bath that was, I knew, awaiting my return. Accordingly, having divested myself of my apparel, I hastened to my bath-room, and there I saw—great heavens! what did I see? Not certainly "a reed shaken by the wind," nor anything like it. Imagination would fail you to conceive what I saw on that occasion. There was Bully—yes, Bully, very much in the flesh, coolly, designedly sitting in my tub with just the tip of his nose resting on the edge of the same. His *nez*, decidedly *retroussé*, protruded beyond the surface of the water, just far enough, and no further, to enable him to breathe freely.

He was perfectly aware that he had no right to anticipate me in my abluent luxury, for the moment he caught sight of my presence he bolted like a shot. It was altogether a shameful proceeding, which, if I could only have caught the old rascal, could not have been "washed" out excepting in blood. But, fortunately for Bully, I was just then *in puris naturalibus*, and I therefore could not decently run out after him. Chasing misconducted pets of any kind, under such scanty circumstances, is not allowed in India! I am sorry to say that this was not the only occasion that my dog plunged into my tub before me. Dear old Bully lived to a good old age, after having been my wife's staunch protector and faithful friend—for it was her dog, not mine—for many years.

I suppose there is scarcely any who has had much to do with horses and carriages who has not come to grief, and had some narrow escapes some time or other in their respective careers. Considering the number of times I have met with accidents, more or less serious, I have been singularly fortunate in having never broken a limb or suffered any injury of a permanent character. In my early days, when I joined my regiment as a cornet of cavalry, I aspired from the first to excel in horsemanship, and to attain this essential attribute I worked very hard indeed to familiarize myself with the various tempers, ways, and tricks of horses. I used to ride all the steeds in my troop. All were entire, and some of them were very devils. They were often fairly manageable so long as they were in the ranks, but taking them into the country for a ride with no companion was a caution, and then they did try my mettle to the utmost. They would kick, and plunge, and rear, and buck, and, in fact, indulge

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in every equine vice, in their savage efforts to get rid of me, and they not unfrequently succeeded in hurling me to the ground with a violence which one might have thought would have broken every bone in my body, but in those days I was a feather weight, and fell lightly, escaping with a few bruises.

It may sound like exaggeration, but it is a fact, that I was thrown sixty-three times in one memorable year. However, some of these falls were not due to vicious horses, as far as I can remember, but occurred in the hunting or racing field. I had, for instance, on one occasion no less than three falls in the pursuit of my first wild boar, an account of which will be found elsewhere. I remember my twin brother coming all the way from Ceylon to stay with me, and the first thing he did was to pay a visit to the riding-school. I was then Adjutant, and seeing one of the recruits unable to manage his horse, I angrily ordered him to dismount. I took his place, and proceeded to show him the proper way to coerce a refractory steed; my illustration was an unsuccessful one, for the brute immediately reared up straight on end and then fell backwards. I was not crushed, nor hurt, as far as I can recollect My brother was astonished and horrified, and plaintively inquired whether the troop horses often did that sort of thing. After my dismissal from the riding-school of course my equestrian education was considered complete. The first day I went on parade we were ordered to charge. In the crush I was lifted clean out of my saddle, and shifted on to the back of my horse. I have described this my first charge more fully in my sketch of Sir H. Norman.

One of my early investments in horse-flesh was disappointing. An important hurdle-race was coming off at the large station of Peshawur, and to show the way on that occasion I thought would redound greatly to my credit, and it so happened that there was a horse for sale just at that juncture which had some reputation as a fencer, at least so I was told. I accordingly determined to purchase it. It was not a very high-priced animal, but five hundred rupees to me at that time was certainly more than I could afford to lose, but as a matter of fact, I had quite made up my mind that I should repay myself out of the proceeds of the coming race; but alas! my confidence was misplaced, my pride had literally a great fall. The fates were dead against me, for at about the second hurdle my horse "pecked" awkwardly, and I was nearly unseated, and at the next hurdle I do not exactly know what *he* did, but I know quite well now

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what *I* did—I landed on my head and ought to have broken my neck, and was carried off insensible in somebody's carriage, a disappointed and battered man. Some few months afterwards, I was riding this very same horse in the hills, and on a narrow path with a frightful precipice on either side, he stumbled badly and nearly came down with me. I did not quite approve of this, so I dismounted, and led him by hand. I had not gone many yards before I felt a sudden jerk at the bridle, the poor brute's hind-legs had slipped over the precipice as he turned a sharp corner, with a tree in the way. There was a momentary frantic struggle with the fore-legs in the effort to save himself, and the next instant, down, down, down he went, hurled hundreds and hundreds of feet into the depths below, where I found him lying with the whole of his side ripped open, and stone dead. Such was the end of that ill-fated horse, and with him went for ever my five hundred rupees.

When I commenced my military career I was appointed to do duty with the 2nd Light Cavalry, the regiment that mutinied at Cawnpore, when all its officers were foully murdered, not one escaping. It was fortunate for me, as I have mentioned elsewhere, that my request to be posted to that regiment could not be complied with, for I should probably have shared in the fate of those poor fellows. One of their officers, who, by the way, escaped the slaughter, being on furlough at the time, was kind enough to lend me one of his horses to ride one day. He never told me of the dangerous characteristic of the horse. Possibly the owner himself had no difficulty in counteracting the peculiarity, for he was an excellent horseman, and gave me credit for being able to do the same.

The horse was an inveterate star-gazer, which means, that directly you touch the bit up goes the nose of the horse straight in the air, so that the angle between the head and the neck is almost the reverse of its ordinary formation, and the more the rider pulls at the bridle to get the head down, the higher the nose of the horse goes up.

This horse having a very sensitive mouth, I suppose by this mode of resistance strives to avoid the pressure of the bit. Some horses with sensitive mouths have an equally dangerous trick of rearing up and falling backwards directly they feel the bit in contact with their mouth. I had a practical proof of this on one occasion. I bought for a mere song at an auction of rejected horses a very nice-looking animal; I could see no defects

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in him whatever, and was going away very proud of my acquisition, and also satisfied with the keenness of my horsy discernment, when an officer of the 21st Hussars, a Captain Lane, who in consequence of his lofty stature was called "the long lane without any turning," came up and grimly congratulated me on my purchase. He informed me that the horse belonged to his troop; it had broken five saddles, and killed one man; it was addicted to rearing up and falling backwards directly it was mounted. Of this failing, or rather I should say the failing which I have described above, I cured him completely by putting a snaffle in his mouth, and never touching the bridle when mounting. I subsequently sold him for ten times the amount I had given for him, to the present Sir T. Wright, who then commanded the 11th Bengal Cavalry, and he told me he was the most useful horse he had in his stable. But I have digressed far from my star-gazer, and to him I now return. Oh! my stars, he was a star-gazer and no mistake. No sooner had I mounted him, and started off at a gentle trot, than he at once threw up his head. Of course I tried to check this awkward habit, and the more I did so the higher went his nose and the faster went his legs, the trot broke into a canter, the canter into a gallop, and the gallop developed into a clean run away, and I had no more control over him than a child. I flew down the Mall; I saw a buggy coming towards me, and I felt sure I must come into collision with it. What I did I cannot exactly say, but my impression is that I was in the act of throwing myself off when the shaft struck the horse in the chest, and he and I were dashed to the ground. I do not now remember whether the horse recovered, I know I did, and I do not believe I was much the worse for the shake, but I fancy I must have seen a good many stars, very brilliant ones, on that occasion.

I am now going to relate my last adventure on horseback, and with reference to the same I wish to mention that it was a maxim with Dr. Young, the philosopher, that any man could do what any other man had done if he would only persevere, and that this maxim was applicable to feats of horsemanship, he himself gave this practical illustration. The first time he mounted a horse he tried to emulate a famous horseman who had leapt a formidable fence in front of him. Dr. Young fell off ignominiously at the first attempt; without saying a word he remounted and made a second effort, and was again unsuccessful, but this time he was not thrown further than on the horse's neck, to

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which he clung tenaciously. At the third trial he succeeded, and cleared the fence splendidly.

Now in connection with this story I solicit your indulgence whilst I tell you how perseverance served me on something like a similar occasion, excepting that it was not the first time by many that I had mounted a horse and negotiated fences of all kinds. I had been deputed by Government to take the annual inspection of a fine regiment of volunteer cavalry. This corps was composed entirely of indigo planters, gentlemen devoted to pig-sticking, steeple-chasing, and flat races, and as horsemen were probably unrivalled. Well, these grand fellows had acquitted themselves admirably. Amongst other evolutions they had to ride over some stiff artificial fences made for the occasion. After they had displayed their horsemanship, and cleverly cleared all the fences to the admiration of the spectators, it occurred to me, in my vanity, that as a good many ladies were looking on, I should make a favourable impression if I, the old grey-headed Colonel and reviewing officer, were to try and prove that I was at least equal to these gallant young Nimrods in their feats of horsemanship; accordingly, with an unmistakable swagger, I left the saluting-flag and rode full speed at the hurdle immediately in front where all the company were assembled. To my intense disgust, my provoking steed, instead of going over the fence stopped dead short and precious nearly unseated me. As soon as I had recovered myself, I wheeled my horse sharply round, and retiring some twenty yards, so as to get up sufficient impetus, I madly dashed at the fence again. On this occasion my brute of a horse again pulled up, but only for an instant. In another moment he got his head down between his knees and his back doubled up, then giving a terrific buck-jump, such as you may have seen represented in a picture at the Colonial Exhibition, sent me careering yards over his head, and there I lay ignominiously full length on the broad of my back, sword, cocked hat and feathers, and self all sprawling on the ground together. But I was determined I would not be beaten; so quickly remounting, and mad with rage and mortification, I dug my spurs deep into my horse's sides, lashed him savagely with my whip, and grinding my teeth, I went at the fence like a greased flash of lightning, and this time he never attempted to shirk, but flew over the hurdles like a bird.

Shouts of approbation greeted my success, and louder and louder the welkin rang with the hurrahs as, excited beyond all

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expression, I exultingly repeated the feat backwards and forwards without a mistake. My victory was complete, and I believe my perseverance sent me away a prouder and happier man than if I had never come to grief on that eventful day.

I hope all young fellows will take a leaf out of my book if ever they should find themselves thwarted as I was, and make up their minds that they will never give in though they may die for it. I cannot remember where the proverbs come from, but they would be applicable to all who strive against difficulties. "He who faints not, achieves," "You never know what you can do till you try," "Good fortune is the offspring of our endeavours."

I have never been much addicted to driving, and therefore have very little to record regarding my carriage adventures. My first experience of handling the reins in India was a most disastrous one. On first joining my regiment, finding that all my comrades were in possession of a conveyance of some kind, I considered it absolutely necessary that I should be on a par with them. I accordingly purchased a dog-cart and horse and harness all complete, and exceedingly proud I was of my investment. Of course I lost no time in displaying my cart and horse to my friends, who I had no doubt would be struck dumb with admiration at the perfection of my bran-new turn-out. With a proud and satisfied feeling, such as I suppose animates the owner of the finest four-in-hand coach at the meeting in Hyde Park, I set out for my first drive, accompanied by a young cornet, Ellis of the Cavalry, afterwards in the Body-guard. We made a very prosperous start of it, and I was convinced that everybody that passed us was looking and envying me and my newly-acquired property. We had not gone far when we met a friend, and I exultingly called his attention to my turn-out, and asked him what he thought of it, by which I meant of course to elicit an opinion that he had never seen anything approaching it either as regarded the horse or the cart. In order to show the horse off to its best advantage, I gave it a stimulating flick with my whip somewhere about its flank. It was evidently a tender part, and to which such applications were somewhat painful, for no sooner had I administered the inspiriting touch than the astonished horse gave a plunge forward, and both the reins snapped in half, and finding itself released from all control, off rushed the horse at a terrific pace down the Mall. I and my young companion sat quite still for awhile; how we had escaped coming into collision with any of the conveyances then passing to

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and fro during the evening drive I cannot say. At length the scared horse diverged from the high-road, and seemed inclined to take us across country. I then told my comrade that I thought it was time for us to quit the cart. I warned him to jump well to the front, but he disregarded my advice, and was severely hurt though he broke no bone. I, except being rolled over and over, escaped uninjured. On recovering my feet, the trap was no longer in sight, it had disappeared almost immediately, and it was not long before I discovered that the horse had gone head-foremost into a dry well close by, with the cart atop of him. The cart was smashed to pieces, the fate of the horse I cannot quite remember, excepting that I know he was alive, but I certainly never drove him again.

I can only recall to mind one other carriage accident. On this occasion I was driving with my wife in a dog-cart. I did not, as in the case above, provoke the horse in any way, but we had hardly started when he gave a sudden bound in the air, and then pitched head-foremost, and then lay on the ground still as if he had been shot. Both the shafts broke off close to the sockets, and the cart was thrown forward and rested on the splash-board. I was propelled by the force of the shock yards away and landed safely on my feet. My wife was less fortunate: she was also thrown forward, but was jammed between the cart and the prostrate horse, and could not move hand or foot. Mercifully, and strange to relate, the horse never struggled at all, but remained perfectly still whilst we were extricating my wife from her perilous position, which we could only do by lifting the cart bodily, having first cut the traces; she too was thus rescued without injury, but it was a marvellous escape, and the extraordinary stillness of the horse after the accident, though he had shown such extreme violence at first, was most remarkable, and the more I think of it the more strange it seems to me.

Before I conclude this chapter of misadventures and accidents, I may record a few more or less critical escapes, this time from drowning.

Whilst my regiment was marching to Peshawur from Kurtarpore, we had to cross the Jhelum. This is a swift, deep, and unbridged Punjab river, at least it was unbridged in those days. I do not know whether it is still in the same condition. The great majority of the boats provided for us were very small, and ill-suited for cavalry purposes; not one of them was sufficiently high in its beam to be on a level with the bank, so there was

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a drop of several feet, and the horses had consequently to jump, or to be, as it were, thrust by force into the boats, and how it happened that some of them did not burst through the bottom of the boats I cannot explain. But how to persuade the horses to make the necessary plunge was at first a puzzle. Several methods were suggested, some of which might have proved more or less successful, but the Colonel gave the preference to my plan, which I had read of somewhere years before, but had never seen it put to the test, or thought that it would be some day my lot to verify its efficacy.

The mode may be explained in this wise. One man stands on each side of the horse, which is placed facing the boat, and as near the edge of the bank as possible. The man on the right seizes with his right hand the mane and with his left hand the tail of the horse, and the man on the left reverses this operation, that is to say, he clutches hold of the mane with his left hand and the tail with the right hand, and then they give a simultaneous vigorous pull together, and the horse's hind-legs are forced under him, and forward he must go. If both men are equally resolute and determined not to give way, neck and crop the horse is hurled into the boat. At first it seemed doubtful whether such a method could answer, and I believe all the officers were sceptical, indeed I myself was not confident; but after one or two partial failures, there was not a hitch of any kind. In the horses went, head-foremost, one after another, in spite of more or less resistance.

As I knew the operation would involve some risk from the heels of the horses when first getting hold of their tails, before commencing I called on a volunteer to help me. I should have preferred a big and powerful man as my coadjutor, whereas a particularly small man stepped to the front without a moment's hesitation. I was so fetched by his readiness to assist me that I accepted his services, and so successful were we, that with the exception of those horses which had not sufficient hair on their manes and tails to twist round our hands, we two together forced every horse into the boats. And so pleased was I with my little assistant's manful co-operation, that I recommended him for promotion. I was then Adjutant of my regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry.

Whilst carrying out this rather rough and singular embarkation of the horses, I met with two accidents, both of which might have been attended with fatal consequences had I not

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been able to swim. I was giving extra impetus to two particularly refractory horses, so that when they made their plunge I was unable to restrain myself, and over I went with them head-foremost into the boat, and out of it I bounded over the other side, and into the river, with the horse nearly atop of me. As soon as I emerged to the surface, rather perhaps surprised, but not injured in any way, I proceeded to swim to shore. The horse was doing the same. Quite satisfied that I could effect my object, I never dreamt of there being any necessity for any one attempting to rescue me; but suddenly I felt myself from behind grasped by the nape of the neck. It might have been the jaws of an alligator for aught I knew at the moment, but I soon found that it was a trooper who had jumped in to my rescue. From his awkward manipulation in his endeavour to save me, I thought I should prefer saving myself, and I requested him to leave me to my own devices; and finally he and I and the horse all swam to shore without further let or hindrance. As I am a very indifferent swimmer, I have no doubt I was the last to reach the haven where just then I so much wished to be.

The very same thing happened again during the day. I was, as before, hurled with the horse in and out of the boat, and had to swim for my life; but on this occasion the trooper did not think I required assistance, so spared himself a further ducking. This sounds rather an ungrateful way of speaking of the humane efforts of my would-be rescuer, but the fact is, he was a man of notoriously bad character. He was constantly in trouble, and on these occasions he always explained to the members of the court exactly how he had saved the Adjutant from a watery grave. He was not himself doomed to be drowned, but he met a violent death; he was hung, having been one of the first to mutiny, and one of the first to be captured, when he duly expiated his treachery by an ignominious suspension on the gallows —at least that is what I understood; I had left the regiment shortly before, on my way home.

Since my immersion in the Jhelum river I have thought, though at the time it did not occur to me, that as the horses fell precious nearly atop of me, I might have been seriously injured; and as I was a bad swimmer, and as the current was strong, and as there might have been some of those voracious monsters of the deep which abound in most Indian rivers, that I did incur some danger, and that I was decidedly fortunate in having escaped scot-free. The well-known lines, "Where ignorance is

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bliss 'tis folly to be wise," seem to me to be especially applicable here, for, as I now calmly ponder over the risky incident, I wonder how it was that I had not at that perilous moment some apprehension of death; but I am nearly certain that no such foreboding ever crossed my mind. I felt perfectly confident that I could reach in safety and without difficulty the not distant shore.

In the foregoing story it will have been seen how a trooper of my regiment had attempted to rescue me from what he considered an imminent risk of drowning, a condition of things which I did not myself in the least appreciate; for although I was anything but a powerful swimmer, I felt perfectly safe, for I was confident that I could reach the shore without assistance, the horrible conception of the possibility of a crocodile intercepting me having never crossed my mind at that time; and by this token, without wishing to detract from the merits of those devoted men who have jumped overboard to save life in waters where sharks and crocodiles were known to frequent, I should like to inquire, from mere curiosity, whether the possible existence of such awful creatures ever occurred to them at the moment when they were about to perform their heroic feats.

But I have now a very different tale to tell, in which, I fancy, there was no doubt that I only just escaped from a watery grave. My readers must go back with me some threescore years, and as my memory is not quite clear as to details, I must ask my friends not to be hypercritical. I will faithfully narrate the episode as it presents itself to my dim vision in the seventy-fourth year of my old age.

I was gaily disporting myself in Regent's Park one wintry day, and no doubt was quite satisfied that my graceful performance was not overlooked by those who did not indulge in such slippery evolutions. Whilst thus enjoying myself, I suddenly heard a great shouting some short distance ahead, and every one seemed to be rushing in the same direction. I followed the tide of screaming and excited men, and on reaching the spot I saw several human beings struggling in the water, the ice having given way under them. Though there were hundreds of people watching the wretched creatures battling for dear life, I do not think that a single effort was made to rescue the poor fellows. I do not believe that I had the remotest idea of the risk I incurred by the action I unhesitatingly took. Perhaps had I known my danger I should have been more wary. But a sudden impulse seized me, and I made a dash for the boy that was

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nearest to me. Before I got up to him the ice broke under me, and I was in much the same plight as the poor lad. But I don't think I even then realized my peril. I managed to paddle up to the boy, and caught him by the scruff of the neck, very much in the same style as the trooper seized upon me. The boy might have thought that I had come to accelerate his destruction, for immediately I got hold of him I seemed to have ducked his head under the water. That would not answer, so I at once let loose my grasp, and tried some other dodge. What real claim I had in his rescue I cannot say, but I don't believe I contributed much; and as nobody was drowned, he might, I suppose, have saved himself without my intervention. As far as I can remember, I had enough to do to keep myself afloat, and to keep the boy at arm's length; at any rate my intention was good. There is no doubt that for a few minutes we were in extreme jeopardy, and had not the Humane Society's men come quickly to our assistance we must have perished.

In the papers next morning it was announced that we had all fallen through the ice together, and were saved by the Humane Society. This was not an accurate description of the occurrence as far as I was concerned. I have a lively recollection of my being hurried home and put at once to bed, and some very active measures were adopted to restore circulation to my limbs, which were completely numbed; and I remember that this restoration process produced a burning sensation in my limbs which was anything but pleasant.

This was the third occasion in which I suppose I might have been drowned if the fates had been against me. First, when I tried to swim my horse across a river in chase of a wild boar; then when I was hurled out of the boat into the Jhelum river whilst I was embarking the horses of my regiment; and lastly, when I went to the rescue of the boy in Regent's Park.

As regards the first incident, I don't think I was in any real danger, as the river was narrow, and I reached the shore before I was exhausted; but I got a good ducking, and swallowed more water than I liked. The second episode might have been serious had the horses, which were dashed out of the boat into the river at the same time, fallen atop of me; but they did not, fortunately, and I had merely to swim to land. The third occurrence was the most hazardous of all, for the slightest mistake would have sent us both under the ice, never to appear again.

I think my old friend Peter Lumsden must have had an

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instinctive idea that it was necessary to "drown" my insignificant watery adventures, by reminding me of that most gallant and chivalrous feat of Jack Peyton, the finest man in perhaps the finest regiment in the British army in those days, viz. the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Jack was in a boat crossing the Swatt river at Abóozaiee when in full flood, and a Pathan boy fell overboard. The glorious Jack, accoutred as he was in uniform, with sword, pistol, and boots, instantly plunged into the river. He very nearly went down, but managed just to save the lad. It was an heroic action.

Some months afterwards, Peter Lumsden goes on to say, my brother was in camp at Abóozaiee with Peyton, when a grey-bearded old patriarch, having had Peyton pointed out to him, threw himself at his feet, and taking out a brace of young white leopards, presented them to him, as all he had to offer. He explained that he was the father of the boy rescued by Peyton, and pointing to the snow-clad distant Illum peaks beyond Swatt, said he had toiled down from there to pay his tribute to the soldier who had saved his son's life.

À propos of the foregoing escapes, I have recalled to mind another instance in which I had the good fortune to assist in extricating an officer from what might have been mortal grief, but not from drowning this time. The incident goes back to '57—the Mutiny days. I was then attached to the 2nd Dragoon Guards (the Queen's Bays), which had just arrived at Calcutta, and was preparing for its march to the seat of war. I was riding early one morning with Captain Hutchinson of this regiment, whose horse performed some pranks, the nature of which I cannot now remember, and Cooty, as he was called, was dismounted. His foot was fixed hard and fast in the stirrup, and the horse, according to my recollection, frightened at feeling Hutchinson dangling head downwards at his side, and making frantic efforts to release himself, was in the very act of bolting with his burden, when I, mounted on a small pony, was able to jump off instantly and rush to the rescue. I hung on like grim death to the bit till Hutchinson succeeded in getting his foot loose. In my opinion he had a very narrow escape from a horrible death, though there was not the smallest credit due to me for the part I performed on this occasion. Who would not have done the same? But I am entitled to felicitate myself on having been instrumental in averting a serious if not fatal accident.

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As I did not feel quite sure that my memory after so many years served me faithfully, I wrote to Hutchinson to kindly furnish me with his recollection of the transaction, and he replied —"I do indeed remember the day when, under the providence of the Almighty, you were, I consider, the means of saving my life, and most grateful I still feel to you for your timely aid. I have not the slightest objection to your putting it in your memoirs." I wonder whether his junior officers were aware, that but for my intervention they might have all got a step in promotion that day!

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CHAPTER VII

A CHAPTER OF CURIOUS COINCIDENCES

Bound for the British Museum—The 'bus driver from Swaffham—Cab and collar-stud—Some horrible puns—"Oh, my stars!"—The lady from Constantinople—"Is your name Wilkinson?"—The beater and his pork-pie.

I WILL now try and describe some coincidences which have occurred in my personal experience, and which, as I recall them, appear to me to be somewhat strange and exceptional. They are all drawn from memory as I write. I dare say the counterpart of these unexpected events could be matched elsewhere, and there are those perhaps who may wonder that incidents so trivial should have left such a lasting impression on my mind, or that they should be considered worth recording. Well, we do not all feel alike, or think alike, and the concurrences which I am about to relate, though so unimportant in themselves, may not be without interest to some of my friends. With reference to my first story, I must begin by informing my readers, that in the absence of the means which so many of my more fortunate friends enjoy, of keeping their own private carriage, I travel about a good deal in public conveyances of all kinds, and being of rather a sociable disposition, and with a gregarious tendency, I invariably fraternize with the driver, or conductor, or any traveller, male or female (the latter preferred), who happens to be beside me. One day I mounted on the top of an omnibus, and I found myself seated next to a gentleman who evidently belonged to the clerical profession. Now, as I was, as stated elsewhere, originally brought up for a clergyman, I naturally felt an immediate desire to enter into a brotherly alliance with him. I dare say we scanned one another at first rather cautiously and closely, as Englishmen are wont to do, but the ice was soon broken, and we warmed up, and quickly became the heartiest of friends. We started together from the same station (Victoria),

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and in the course of conversation I inquired for what part of the town he was bound. He replied, "I am making for the British Museum." "How curious—so am I," I said. I then ventured to inquire whether he had any particular object in view at that wonderful place, and he replied, "I am about to give a lecture, and I want to examine some books bearing on my subject." "Again how curious," I said; "I too am about to give a lecture, and I am in search of some material to fortify my discourse." I went on to ask, with my accustomed and persistent inquisitiveness, for whom or for what purpose his lecture was designed; and he replied, "I am hoping to utilize my lecture for a charitable object." "Again," I exclaimed, "how very, very strange; I too am bent on delivering my lecture for the benefit of a charitable institution." What were the odds against such a series of concurrent circumstances happening between two perfect strangers? By the way, I may mention that I cleared fifty pounds by my lecture. I wonder whether my clerical friend was equally successful; we must hope so, for the sake of the consistency of our story and the completion of our mutual action on this occasion.

I have now another rather singular omnibus tale to tell. I was seated next the driver, and I happened to ask him where he hailed from, and whether he had always driven a "'bus"; and he said, "I once was employed in a higher sphere." By which he meant that he moved in a "stage" of life more exalted than that which he then occupied, for he drove a "stage" coach from Cambridge to London. And he continued, "I am a native of Swaffham, a small village in Cambridgeshire." This happened to be my mother's birthplace, and where we, her children, had spent in our early days some six months of every year, and where several of us, I believe, had first entered "this sublunary scene." On my mentioning my name, he turned round on his box, took a searching gaze at me, and flourishing his whip, exclaimed, with great vivacity, "Well, I do declare, you are just like Mr. Wilkinson of Hare Park. I knew him well—such a rare nice gentleman." I made a point of inquiring of my cousin, the present Squire of Swaffham, what sort of a fellow this said coachman was, and I was informed that he had not been near his home for years, but as a lad he was one of the biggest scamps in the village, and I think he said his parents were not much better! I have not half done yet. I went one day into a very humble little barber's shop, near where I am writing this, to have my hair cut, and, as is my wont, I began chatting with my artist

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(quite a young man), asking him where he had spent his Easter holiday, then just over, and he too said, "I have been to Cambridge." I then asked him if he had ever heard of Swaffham? "Oh yes, sir," he replied; "my father and mother were born there, and lived there till my father died, when mother went to live at Cambridge." I may mention that this said Swaffham is not to be mixed up with Swaffham in Norfolk, which is a good-sized town, whereas our Cambridgeshire Swaffham is a village of which my maternal grandfather was the squire, and where the present squire, my cousin, is "the monarch of all he surveys." There is only one other gentleman's house, a small one, in the parish. That these two companions of mine, the 'bus-driver and hair-cutter, should both have hailed from this same little village out of all England is strange!

I have told my two "omnibus" yarns, and I must now cap them with a "cab" story, not less curious, I think, than the others, though somewhat trivial. A few months ago, before quitting town on a tour in the Lakes, I went to take leave of my sister, living at Cranley Gardens. Just before getting out of the cab in which we were travelling, I found the collar of my shirt had got loose, and the ends were projecting beyond the tie. It appeared that the stud had fallen out. My wife fancied she heard it drop, so we searched diligently for it, but all in vain. About an hour afterward, having completed our visit, I hailed another cab, and just as we were entering it my wife observed something lying on the floor of the cab. It proved to be a stud. It was not the same vehicle, nor was it the same stud. Neither of them were quite equal in value to the Koh-i-nor. However, I was glad to make "shift" with it, and I accordingly "collared" it, and it answered my purpose very well. My usual equanimity of temper at once displaced all of those "choleric" symptoms which had manifested themselves in the discovery of my unsightly deshabille! I wonder whether the gentleman whose stud I appropriated ever came across mine. Perhaps he had "a soul above buttons," or he may never have "stud"ied the subject at all! This coincidence may savour of twaddle to some minds, but to mine the whole circumstance was surpassing strange. That I should have lost my stud in one cab, and that of all the cabs in London, I should in the course of an hour have entered another cab on the floor of which I found a stud to replace the one I had so recently lost, seemed to me almost miraculous. The fact of it being only a stud does not make the coincidence less

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remarkable. By the way, this reminds me of a somewhat kindred incident, which, though not so curious as the one I have just told, was much more important in its nature and results, and it will serve to show that my "star" was in the ascendant on the evening in question.

I was disporting myself at a ball at Government House at Simla, when I happened to see a lady just entering the festive scene. Instead of beaming with delight, and bounding with spirits, as lovely ladies are wont to do on these gay and joyous occasions, she was overwhelmed with distress, for she had just become aware that she had lost a large diamond star of great value. On ascertaining the cause of her grief, I at once left the ball-room, and made for the "janpans" which were collected in their hundreds in the vicinity of Government House. I had no clue as to the locality of the lady's conveyance, nor had I any means of identifying it, and so I searched everywhere. It was a pitch-dark night, and its density probably assisted me, for in the midst of the blackness I suddenly saw a great light and sure enough there was the diamond star lying on the ground between some janpans, and shining brilliantly. I have no idea what was its value, but it must have been considerable. It was within the grasp of hundreds of janpannes standing all about. I cannot remember what the lady *said* to me when I presented to her the lost star, and I must leave you to form your own opinion as to what she *felt* for me that night. [I think probably she exclaimed —"Oh! my stars, what a jewel of a man!"]

I have now a still more remarkable chain of improbable events to describe, and you must open your mouth very wide if you would swallow the story. I can only say I vouch for every word. I was sitting in a railway carriage just before the train started, and looking out of the window, when a lady with a little boy hastened up, and asked me if I would take charge of her little son. I replied, "I shall be very happy to do so as far as we may be travelling together. But where is he going to?" I asked. "To Stevenage," was the reply. "This is very strange," I said, "for it is the very station for which I am making. To whose charge shall I make your son over?" I inquired. "To Admiral Fellowes" (his uncle I think). I knew this gentleman well. He lived close to my brother, with whom I was going to stay. Now was it not curious that this lady, a perfect stranger, should have picked me out of all the passengers to look after her little boy, and that he should be

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going to the very same station? The mother told me that the little fellow had spent all his young life at Constantinople, and had only recently arrived in England. Well, there we parted, and I fulfilled the duties I had undertaken, and safely consigned the boy to his relative, Admiral Fellowes' charge. Several years after this, I think six or seven, I was at a dinner-party in London, and on entering the drawing-room after dinner, I observed a lady sitting by herself, and as she seemed rather desolate I went up and spoke to her. In the course of conversation she happened to mention that her home was at Constantinople. "Dear me," I exclaimed, "I never knew but one person that hailed from that country," and I then recounted the story told above. She scanned me very attentively, and asked me how long ago it occurred. I told her, and she then informed me she was the very same lady. We had not the smallest idea when we commenced our conversation that we had ever met before, and I must confess I could not recall her face at all; but I had only seen her for a minute at the railway carriage window, and I rather fancy she had got much stouter in the interval. I do not think she recognized me, but dressed in evening costume I presented a different appearance to what I must have done in the railway carriage, with perhaps a billy-cocked hat or travelling cap, and a big coat. Besides, I had grown considerably older and perhaps uglier! Anyhow, now I think of it, I don't consider it flattering that she had so entirely lost all recollection of me, for I had plumed myself with the notion that I must have in some way attracted her, seeing that she had consigned her son, her only son, so suddenly to my care, without any previous introduction.

The world is indeed a very small one. I can go on with my stories to prove this. I dare say many others have met with the same coincidences, only they have let them slip from their minds. I was travelling in one of the coaches at, I think, Bournemouth, which run daily for the accommodation of tourists desirous of exploring the scenery and attractive places in the neighbourhood. A gentleman sitting next to me commenced his conversation by telling me he was a sailor, upon which of course I told him I was a soldier, and we therefore ought to be in the same boat, for we were sure to pull well together. He then imparted to me his name and rank. He was a Captain Wilkinson, R.N., and when I told him I was

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General Wilkinson, I need hardly say our friendship was closely cemented there and then.

Either the next day, or the day after, I was again on a tourist's coach, and seated in front of me was a clergyman and his wife; and I was telling the above story to the gentleman alongside of me, upon which I saw the clergyman whisper something to his wife, and then he turned round and accosted me.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Did I not hear you say your name was Wilkinson? *My* name is, strange to say, also Wilkinson."

Some little time after this the clergyman's wife seemed to be scrutinizing me rather markedly, and at last she said—

"Pray excuse me, but have or had you ever any relation in the 15th Regiment?"

"My twin brother commanded that regiment," I replied.

"Ah! I thought it must be so," she exclaimed, "from your likeness. Many years ago, when I was quite a young lady, I used to have such delightful dances with him, and he was so kind to me, and used to introduce me to his officers; and I was so indebted to him."

She was so gushing on the subject, that I began to think her husband, who was a school-master, must have thought she had praised him quite enough. This happened a few years ago. A few months ago I was staying at the English Lakes, and I was again on a coach, and, curious enough, I again sat next to a clergyman, who happened again to be a school-master. He had a wife, but their name, unfortunately for the interest of my story, was not this time Wilkinson. I was telling my yarns, as usual, and amongst them the one about my namesakes, when the lady began cross-questioning me, with the result that it was proved almost to demonstration that the school-masters' wives, whom I had thus met separately, were bosom friends, and had been brought up at the same school.

And now I think of it, I have another anecdote to relate, with reference to the strange similarity of names. One day when I was travelling by rail, a good many years ago, a very old gentleman sat opposite to me, and he seemed to be painfully susceptible to the cold which then prevailed, for it was mid-winter, and a particularly rigorous one. He was buried in mountains of warm wraps of all kinds, but still the poor old fellow was shivering. He evidently had an instinctive feeling that in me, though a perfect stranger, he had found a sympathizing

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friend, for his bleached, chattering lips mumbled out faintly to me that he had spent the greater part of a long life in the plains of India, and that therefore this bitter, piercing weather was hard to bear, and that it had frozen up nearly all the marrow in his poor old bones. I should have hardly thought that the shrivelled-up old chap had much of that mysterious substance left in him to congeal! I then ventured to ask his name.

"I am, sir," he said, drawing himself up as far as his wraps would admit of, "General Christopher Wilkinson of the Bengal Infantry."

I replied, "I am, sir, Colonel Osborn Wilkinson of the Bengal Light Cavalry, and I believe we two are the only representatives of that illustrious name in the Bengal army at the present time."

Though so frozen, I think the old Indian soldier quite warmed up at the unexpected discovery of our identical patronymics. I believe since those days there have been several Wilkinsons in the Indian army, scions probably of that old chap.

I have now come, I think, to the very last of these tales. My wife and I were staying at the most fashionable hotel at Torquay, I forget the name. A very imposing-looking chief butler, with a magnificent development of waistcoat, white as snow, held, apparently, supreme control in the *table d'hôte* room, and he was particularly attentive to us. Although we remarked and quite appreciated this important servant's manifest preference for us, and admired his good taste, which certainly added to our comfort, we of course attached no sort of significance to his attentions. However, the morning we were leaving (we had been the recipient of the butler's services for about a week) he approached me, and with profound obeisance he craved a great indulgence of a few moments' private conversation. "By all means," I said, wondering what on earth he was after, and whether he wanted to borrow some money, or had mistaken me for some noble lord who was lavish of tips to butlers especially. "By all means," I said, and I stepped aside to listen to his communication. "May I ask, sir, did you ever know a gentleman of the name of Barclay?" Just at the moment I could not recall any such acquaintance. He then went on to explain that Mr. Barclay had some grand shooting, and a very tall gentleman used to come constantly in the shooting season as Mr. Barclay's guest. "Though not so tall as he was, directly I saw you, you reminded me, sir, of that

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gentleman, and I could not help thinking that you must be related." It then all flashed across me, it was my eldest brother, who was a yearly visitor to Mr. Barclay.

The butler then continued his story. "My father was Mr. Barclay's head gamekeeper some thirty years ago, and one day when the covers were being shot over I was one of the beaters. I was quite a lad, and at the luncheon-time I happened to be standing near the tall gentleman, who, when nobody was looking, slipped a pork-pie into my hands. It was a frosty day, I had been walking for several hours, and I was ravenously hungry, and the recollection of that pork-pie has never, never faded from my memory."

I think that "beater's" story could hardly be beat; and "the butler's" gratitude I heartily appreciated.

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CHAPTER VIII

TWO MATTERS OF OPINION

"Bobbing" under fire—"A dry Bob"—The native Christian.

I HAVE just been reading Colonel Maude's adventures in the Mutiny, and there is one remark made by that gallant officer which I do not quite appreciate, and on which I should like to make some observations. He says it was considered bad form by his men to "bob" under fire. I suppose he means that it was thought a sign of weakness unbecoming such a crack corps as the R.H.A., which quails at nothing! Well, it may be so, but in my humble opinion it is about as involuntary an action as winking the eye, or starting at some unexpected noise or movement. Of course men of naturally sensitive, nervous temperaments would be liable to "bob" more than others of a more vigorous fibre. To my mind, if by thus flinching a soldier's brains are not blown out, then I think, for the sake of his country, if not for himself, he ought to "bob." But I do not myself believe that a man's safety is secured by his obeisance, for the bullet has probably passed away over his head long before his "bob" has been completed. That is my theory, but as an ounce of facts is worth more than a pound of theories, I am prepared to acknowledge myself wrong if any one who differs from me can prove that he is right.

In reply to my assertion that the process of bobbing is unavoidable in some, perhaps the majority of men, Colonel Maude might say that a man who funked and ran away might excuse himself by pleading that he could not help it; but I reply that there is not the slightest affinity between "bobbing" and "bolting." Every one can resist the latter impulse, but not a few are incapable of preventing the former; and I strongly suspect, with all due deference to such a gallant, fearless

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officer as Colonel Maude, that the very bravest men "salaam" occasionally to the hissing bullets without knowing it.

Although I do not go quite as far as the poet (I forget which) who said—

> "That all men would be cowards if they dare,
> Some men, we know, have courage to declare,"

yet my doggerel pen is inclined to write—

> That all men would be "bobbers" if they dare,
> And in their heart of hearts they think it fair:
> Of moral courage, if they had their share
> They all would bob, and bob again, I swear.

But this is a digression.

If I were asked how I behaved under fire, I should certainly say that when the bullets first began to whiz past my head, I in all probability promptly bobbed; I am quite sure I felt small, and wished I were smaller. I can, however, quite understand that an officer like Colonel Maude, who has so often been in the thickest of the fight, and under such terrific storms of shot and shell, becoming quite impervious to any sensations of danger. I do not profess to have had anything like his "fiery" experience, and therefore with the profoundest respect I "bob" to him in this matter, and I trust that this expression of my views will not create any "bobbery" between us! His brother, Sir Frederick, who was my General for some time when he commanded a division in India, would, I flatter myself, stand surety for the steadiness of my head in a sham fight, but would not, I fear, undertake to guarantee my abstention from "bobbing" if under a real fire. I can give, by the way, one instance in which a Pandy whom I encountered one day probably saved his life by cleverly bobbing just as I made a slash at his head. I struck him and knocked him down, and I rather think I rode over him; but I am pretty sure that I did not make good my cut. The man flinched at the moment I delivered the blow, and my sword passed across his head, merely grazing it as I believe, and then descended on to my foot. I have mentioned this story in my sketch of Lord Roberts, and only repeat it here as an illustration of the advantage of bobbing.

There is one occasion (it has just occurred to me) on which I am free to admit that "bobbing" is quite inexcusable, and I am bound to confess that I cannot justly dissociate myself from

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serious blame in a matter closely connected with this subject. When I was quite a young man, a cornet, nearly fifty years ago, quartered at Mhow, a great cricket match was got up in the station, Eton against the World! It of course created immense excitement, and no game at Lord's could ever compare with it. Now, although I was an Eton boy, and had two brothers and a nephew all captains of the Eton eleven, I never was myself a cricketer. The fact is, I have only one sound eye, and though that is a piercer, it does not make up for the defect in the sight of the other, and the consequence is I never could see well enough and straight enough to take a successful part in the national game of cricket. But on the occasion in question, although I protested vehemently against my being included in the eleven, it was thought I was modestly and unjustly decrying myself, and it was unanimously decided that I should be one of that famous Eton team. When we proceeded to take up our respective places in the field, I was told off to what I believe is called "short slip," which was, I tremblingly observed, in dangerous proximity to the wicket, and I did venture mildly to suggest that I should like to be stationed a little further off; but I was sternly over-ruled; I was told that I was a smart, active man, where quickness was especially required, and reminded that I was an Etonian with two brothers and nephew a captain of the eleven, and that was enough! It so unfortunately happened that a very powerful man famous for "swiping" was the first batsman, and the first ball delivered to him he hit with such tremendous force that it came like a cannon-ball straight at my face. I felt it was impossible to stop it, so I *bobbed*, and it shot like a flash of lightning safely over my devoted head. There was a roar of execrations, and I never was chosen in any eleven again. There I own I did very wrong—I did show funk, and I "bobbed" when I ought not to have done so, and I have been very sorry for it ever since. In justice to my five Etonian brothers, I must admit, that although I do not believe that any of them could have stopped that terrific ball, I am confident every one would have tried to do so. With the conclusion of this anecdote I make my humble obeisance, feeling assured that all Etonians will make allowance for me, remembering that I was not a "dry bob."

I am afraid I have never been able to get up any particular enthusiasm about missionary work in India amongst the

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natives. If the missionaries were chiefly employed in looking after the spiritual well-being of the Europeans and Eurasians, of whom I believe there are thousands and thousands in various parts of India, especially in the Presidency cities, but little cared for, I should have more sympathy with the missionary cause. I was myself living for five years amongst planters and people of mixed European origin, employed in the indigo and opium trade, and before this I was for some time in the Stud Department, where a considerable number of Europeans and Eurasians were to be found, and I never saw but the scantiest provisions for clerical ministrations amongst these people, who were simply left without any religion at all. Now, considering the infinitesimal impression hitherto made on the natives, I think it far, far more important that missionaries should devote their best energies to reforming these Europeans, who are Christians, and yet living godless lives, than that they should spend their time in striving to convert the natives, who, living according to their lights, are not sinning. I do not mean by this to say that the day will not come when missionaries may not be required to teach the natives, but at present, as matters now stand, they cannot be spared, in my opinion. I mean that there is such a vast field for missionary labour amongst our own countrymen and Eurasians, that I would, if it were possible, summon *every* missionary now working amongst the natives to the spiritual aid of our own people. Possibly I might have modified my views had I, in my thirty-six years' service in India, seen a few more conversions. I remember on one particular occasion having had good reason for viewing with infinite disgust the conduct of a native convert to Christianity. One evening when out driving with my wife near the city of Kurnaul, where I had charge of one of the Government studs, I happened to hear in the distance sounds of distress and cries for help. I immediately put my horse at full gallop in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and I saw a poor old man extended on the ground, with another fellow on the top of him, and evidently rifling his victim of all his worldly pelf, which probably consisted of a few coppers. I jumped out of my buggy, and fortunately being armed with a stout hunting-whip, I lashed the cowardly rascal with all my might and main. Directly I began belabouring him, the hypocrite with clasped hands implored me to spare him, as he was a poor Christian, and I recognized the thief as the man who had that very

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morning come to me with a pitiable tale and a subscription paper, in which were inscribed the names of several of the residents of Kurnaul, and asking help for a poor destitute, starving Christian convert, and I had added my name to the contributions which this young scoundrel had succeeded in extracting from us. This paper I found on his person. I did not think it worth while to do more than give the fellow a licking, which would probably deter him from "picking and stealing" for many a long day.

That was one experience I had of the missionary's recruit. But I don't pretend to say that all converts were of that type. I remember some years ago seeing a crowd of people collected in front of some railway carriages at the Victoria Station, and on inquiry I found that the crowd consisted of personal friends come to take farewell of missionaries going out into the wilds of China. Amongst these missionaries I was pointed out Studd, one of the great cricketers, and another fine-looking gentleman who had been in the Cambridge or Oxford University eight. I wonder what success has attended the efforts of these devoted men? I could not help thinking at the time, that they were leaving a field where there was ample scope for their Christian labours, for "are there not in our own country thousands, aye, millions of Christians, men and women, old and young, who, in addition to receiving (as some one has written) the common heritage of a sinful nature, have been cradled in vice and brought up in the midst of wickedness, and through no fault of their own, compelled to breathe every hour of their lives a moral atmosphere that is bound to contaminate?" In my own parish of St. Gabriel's, of 16,000 inhabitants, many I fear answering the above description, what inestimable assistance might not these missionaries have rendered to our four overworked curates, who could of course only reach the very fringe of the poor lower class, beset by the demoralizing influences which environ them on every side. A few days ago a clergyman, whose parish consisted of, I understood, 20,000 men in the East End slums, was describing his duties to me. I think he had six curates, but what impression could they make on such an enormous parish? If ten times that number of our missionaries had been diverted from spending their lives in the interior of China and the wilds of Africa, and had joined my clerical friend and his fellow-workers in their efforts to rescue the baptized but godless men and women in the East End of

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London, or even here in my parish of St. Gabriel's, would they not in God's sight have been as meritoriously employed? I suppose that I shall be told, that as an old soldier I am only betraying my ignorance by giving vent to such views. So far as India is concerned, a country in which I have spent a lifetime, I am far from wishing that the number of the missionaries therein be reduced, but what I should like to see is this, that a certain proportion of these self-sacrificing men should be employed, not in converting the natives, but in endeavoring to withdraw their own countrymen from their unchristian ways. I believe there is an extra clergy society, but this does not nearly suffice to meet the crying want of many more missionaries amongst the Christian people.

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CHAPTER IX

A FEW SPORTING ADVENTURES IN INDIA

Bears—A cheetah—My first, last, and only tiger—Snakes—Varieties of hunting—Wild boar—Fox—Jackal—Harrier—A bison adventure.

I THINK it not improbable that some of those who have been kind enough to read some of my yarns will be inclined to tax me with having been rather reckless and wild in the days of my hot youth. I fear I must admit the soft impeachment, but of all the foolhardy feats of which I was ever guilty, in the mad excitement of the chase, I believe the one I am about to recount will bear the palm. But for the satisfaction of those who hold my prudential impulses rather cheap, I beg to assure them that nothing of the kind shall ever occur again. On the occasion to which I am now referring I had to tackle a bear which I had wounded, and which had retreated into a cave by the side of some rock-bound hills. I and my companion, Monck Mason, then a young lieutenant in the Bengal Infantry, tried all we knew to draw the bear from his shelter. Amongst other things, we endeavoured to smoke him out, but all in vain. At last, growing impatient, it was decided that I should enter the cave and confront the bear bodily. With this view, it was arranged that I should have a rope fastened round my waist, the end of which the beaters outside were to grasp, and to be ready to haul me out if the bear attempted to close with me. At the same time, Monck Mason, who was quite willing to have taken my place, was to rest his rifle on my back as I crawled on all fours into the den, and to fire directly I discharged the pistol which I held in my right hand. All this having been beautifully planned and prepared, down I went on my knees, and proceeded to grope my way into the cave. The passage was pitch dark, low and narrow, and only just sufficient to admit my creeping body. I soon advanced beyond the

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reach of the rifle, so that ceased to be available; I had a short stick in my left hand, and with this I went poking about and feeling my way. At last, when I got to the end of the passage, it seemed as if there was a wall facing me barring my further progress. With my little stick I scooped about in all directions. At length I turned the stick round the corner to my left as far as my arm could reach. What happened then I cannot exactly remember, but I imagine I must have fancied that I had come in contact with the brute, for I know I fired off my pistol in his supposed direction. At the same moment I found myself being doubled up into a ball, and hauled neck and crop out of the den. Beyond being begrimed, and bruised, and scraped, and scratched all over, I was perfectly unharmed. My escape seems to me *now* quite miraculous, and according to the ordinary rules of chance, I ought not to be here to-day to tell my wondrous tale. By my theory, and I have nothing else to go upon, the bear must have been ensconced down a passage at right angles to the one by which I had entered, and when I fired the pistol he hesitated to come on beyond the angle of the two paths. When we had thus failed to secure our prey, we proceeded to pile heaps of rocks and stones, effectually, as we thought, blocking up the entrance, intending to go at it again the next morning, as it was then getting dark; but we were again foiled, for the next morning we found that the bear, despite our precautions, had disappeared altogether. The native hunters told us a day or two afterwards that they had discovered the carcase far away, but as they produced no proof of their story I did not believe them. Thus ended this adventure.

My companion, Monck Mason, some years afterwards met his death in a very sad way. He was in political employment during the Mutiny, and one hapless day, whilst mounted on a camel, and making his way across country in direction of one of the British camps, and when he was within a few hundred yards of his destination, his escort turned on him and slew him. In another instant his headless body bore one more testimony to the bloody scenes that were almost daily enacted in those awful times. I am reminded of Byron's fine lines in *Parisina*—

> "And flashing fell the stroke—
> Rolled the head—and, gushing, sunk
> Back the stained and heaving trunk

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In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain :
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever."

I have one other short story to tell about a bear ; but the adventure, though unattended with any sensational circumstances, was certainly unique, and sounds like a traveller's tale. But truth is stranger than fiction, and this truth you will not question, seeing that it is, as you probably know, deliberately maintained amongst the very moral and respectable Byronic sentiments contained in *Don Juan.* In, I think, 1846 I was quartered with my regiment at the station of Kurtarpore in the Jullunder Doab. The particular circumstance took place, as you will observe, nearly fifty years ago, and I am relying only on memory, which, I think, is serving me faithfully. In those days we had European sergeants and warrant officers in our light cavalry regiments, who had risen from the ranks of the British Hussars, Lancers, and Dragoons. The man I allude to was a riding-master, who used to keep a young bear as a pet, which was considered tame and harmless, and with kind and careful treatment I have no doubt the animal was quite tractable ; but I am pretty sure his owner had been trying his temper, for when I entered the room I found the bear on the top of his master, who was lying flat on the broad of his back, and apparently unable to move. How long the man had been in this predicament I cannot say. The bear, beyond overthrowing him and pinning him to the ground, as I have described, had done him no injury, and I had no difficulty in driving him off. I cannot really remember what sort of means I used to relieve the prisoner, but I am sure my interference was at once obeyed without resistance of any kind. I confess I have only a very faint recollection of the incident, but there is an impression on my mind that the man whom I rescued had been "indulging" slightly, as men did in those days, and had been a little too rough with his "tame" bear, and had I not come in quite by accident just at the nick of time, he might have had the worst of it. The following story was written and read by me at a "Penny Reading" of the 25th Regiment (the K. O. B.):—

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New Method of Bear Hunting and Fishing in the Himalayan Mountains.

It seldom falls to the lot of those who sit at home at ease to witness the strange sights and scenes that travellers meet with in their wanderings.

Some time ago, three gallant Colonels (Pennycuick, Wallace, and Wilkinson) were proceeding on duty to Rhanee-Khat, a station in the Himalayan Mountains, and when within two or three miles of their destination, the Kerna Dâk bungalow, they suddenly beheld a bear—yes, a real live black bear—standing in the middle of the high-road. I do not know what these gentlemen's feelings would have been, nor what their senior majors of their respective regiments would have thought, had these three gallant Colonels been proceeding on exactly the same path, and been brought incontinently face to face with this grim-looking stranger, armed as they were with nothing more formidable than their cotton umbrellas, and one or two bottles of brandy-and-soda; for it is a well-established fact that bruins have bearish manners, and they have not the slightest respect for military rank or dignity; and there is not, and never has been, a bear existing who would not hug even a (K. O. B.) Colonel in his rough embrace as readily as he would enfold the youngest ensign. But it fortunately happened (except perhaps in the interests of the senior majors referred to above) that the three gallant gentlemen were on the present occasion making a short cut through the dry bed of the river which ran immediately below the high-road on which the bear was standing, and they were consequently well out of reach of the bear's embraces. After watching the brute for a few moments, the Colonels became aware that there was danger "brewing" for their sable friend, for there suddenly appeared over the crest of the hill overhanging the road a host of excited villagers scrambling down the mountain side, which being then but scantily clothed with jungle, afforded only "bare" shelter for that bear. The mountaineers advanced with the most unhesitating and persevering resolution on their prey, and as soon as they had got within pelting distance, down they poured a shower of rocks and stones on poor bruin's devoted head. It happened that this mode of attack had been carried on for some hours, and the bear was evidently greatly exhausted, and could scarcely stagger along, and the villagers told us that they had been keeping up the

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pursuit for miles and miles. Some of the more daring hunters stealthily stole up under the shelter of the rocks to within a few yards of the poor brute, and hurled their missiles with unerring aim. All hillmen are good shots with stones. The poor stricken animal several times turned round upon his persevering pursuers, as if determined to resist their onslaught, but he was met with such a deluge of stones that his heart seemed to fail him, and he crawled sullenly and wearily away. At last he could "bear" it no longer, and down he sunk overwhelmed by the pitiless storm of rocks and stones, never to rise up a bear again. The Colonels could not wait to witness the last scene of all, the final struggle, in this strange eventful sporting incident. The poor bear's moments were evidently nearly numbered when they left. What became of his grease deponent sayeth not, but two days afterwards his flayed carcase was lying ignobly not far from the spot where he was last seen battling for dear life. Further on the road another curious instance of mountain sport was exhibited, showing again how Nature's productions in the shape of rock and stones can at once be converted into efficient weapons for securing game. On this occasion men were fishing, that is to say, in the absence of rods and nets, were running alongside of a mountain stream and taking shots with stones at the fish as they glided past in the shallow water. The Colonels actually saw one fish stoned in this way. It was a most successful performance, a "mahseer" of about half-a-pound or more being bowled over and safely landed by these primitive fishermen.

A Cheetah.

I am almost afraid to tell my next story, lest it should make too serious a demand on the credulity of my audience. I feel that I needs must incur some risk of creating grave doubts in the minds of those who have hitherto had unbounded confidence in my veracity, especially as I alone survive of those who had any part or knowledge of the transaction which I am about to relate; and were it otherwise, I mean were there any living witness who could support me by bearing testimony to the accuracy of my tale, I very much question whether he would not hesitate to do so, under the conviction that his endorsement

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would involve him in my condemnation, and cause him to be considered a romancer not less inferior to that by which I myself was characterized. Well, despite the risks, despite these possible unpleasant imputations and these ungenerous suspicions, I shall not shrink from my self-imposed task, well knowing that I have an undoubted right to undertake it, and if the truth be told I am now claiming some credit for an action to which at the time and in my hot youth I did not, I believe, really attach any particular importance. With these preliminary and precautionary explanations I will proceed with my adventure. Whilst serving with my regiment, the 10th Bengal Light Cavalry, at Mhow, I formed a very intimate friendship with Colonel and Mrs. E——, who resided at the civil station of Indore, where Colonel E—— held the post of first assistant to the political agent. Mrs. E—— was a charming little French lady, and sang divinely, and no one, certainly no cornet of cavalry, ever came within the spell of her bewitching looks and ways who did not instantly acknowledge the irresistible power of her fascination. I must honestly confess I was no exception to the universal thraldom.

Her husband was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and no wonder he could afford to regard with perfect complacency the choice band of ardent admirers who hovered around his pretty little wife, conscious as he must have been of his own immeasurable superiority.

I was told that in their courting days he knew hardly a word of French, and she was as innocent of English. I suppose the language of the eyes supplied all their loving wants. I remember when writing my lecture on elocution, I described the eyes as the mirror of the soul, and asked, quoting from some unknown writer, "what emotion cannot be manifested by the beaming of the eye: it radiates the most vital energy, and people are said to understand the orator by watching the glancing of the eye, about as well as by the sound of his voice." Well, we all know what irresistible use the fair sex make of their beautiful eyes. Every feeling of which the heart is susceptible is centred in those orbs. If this be all true regarding the power of the eye, no wonder Colonel E—— and wife understood each other's language without any lingual aid. With reference to my admiration for this pretty Mrs. E——, some severe moralists seem to think it a sin for a man to be attracted by beauty, particularly when possessed by a young married lady. Well, I am sure Charles Kingsley did not share in those views, for in *Hypatia* he says, "Pure love of

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great loveliness, the righteous instinct which bids us welcome and honour beauty, whether in man or woman, as something of real worth, divine, heavenly, aye, though we know not how, in a most deep sense, eternal; which makes our reason give the lie to all sentimental maunderings of moralists about the fleeting hues of this our painted clay, physical beauty is the deepest of all spiritual symbols."—*Hypatia*, p. 323.

In those merry days when I was young, I think I may fairly boast that I could hold my own as a horseman against most comers, and I was held in esteem as a jockey both on the flat and across country. My friend Colonel E—— was fond of horses, and addicted to racing in an amateur way, and he did me the honour of selecting me as his jockey during the training season. I used to ride over to Indore, about fourteen miles distant, whenever my duties on parade with my regiment did not interfere.

One day I had, as usual, given the racing horses their gallops, and on proceeding to the house I entered the drawing-room, and found Mrs. E—— had just preceded me. She was alone, in abject terror, and scrunched up into the smallest possible space at the corner of her sofa. I observed the tail of some animal protruding from underneath the sofa. It was a cheetah, a species of leopard supposed to be more or less domesticated, I believe, which had escaped from its cage. I at once rushed to the rescue. Catching hold of the tail I dragged the brute from his lair, till I got him well outside the room, and then I let go my hold, and he bolted, where I cannot remember, but I have no doubt he was soon captured and safely lodged in his cage.

How far these hunting cheetahs are to be trusted I know not; but my Twin's sporting companion and brother officer, Sir William Turner, describes cheetahs or leopards in their wild state as most destructive, "destroying dogs, goats, bullocks, deer, &c. in great numbers, but, like all the rest of the feline tribe, are sneaking, cowardly creatures, seldom appearing except at night, when they spring with tremendous bounds upon their prey, fastening on his throat and easily pulling him to the ground, where they quietly suck his blood. They seldom do more the first night, but having drained his veins retire to their lair for the day, returning the next night to feast upon the carcase. At times they are more daring, and spring upon their prey in broad daylight and close to a village." In illustration of this animal's want of pluck in face of his enemy, man, I repeat a story told by Sir W. Turner, which, I think, shows that he at all events did not

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suffer from any such "want." He writes, "I was out walking before breakfast with one of our officers. He had a walking-stick and I a gun, which I had just discharged, when a mouse deer sprang out of some bushes and crossed the road in front of us; my dog Whiskey saw it, and immediately gave tongue in chase, but had hardly run a hundred yards when her cry was changed into a sharp yelp, as if in pain or fright. For a moment we stood still, at a loss to imagine what had occurred. Laying down the gun, and snatching my friend's stick, I rushed into the jungle, and again heard a short, stifled yelp not far from me. On reaching the spot there stood a black cheetah with his paw upon the dog, curling up his lips with deep low growls. I felt that I was no match for him with a stick, but was determined that he should not have the dog without a fight; and leaping over the intervening bushes struck at the cheetah with the stick. With one bound he was off, leaving the dog lying on the ground. I carried the dog to a tank that was near, and washed the wounds. Although it recovered it was long before I could get it to leave my heels and again take to the jungle. Poor Whiskey! he was taken some months after by an alligator."

To return to my tale, the cheetah I tackled made no sort of resistance whilst I was hauling at him, beyond digging his claws into the carpet, just as a refractory dog or cat might do under similar circumstances. At every pull I gave he turned his head towards me slightly, and I think showed his teeth and snarled, as if remonstrating with my unceremonious mode of ejecting him, and this was all he did. As this incident took place over forty years ago, you must make some allowance for me, if, when mentally hauling at this intruding cheetah, I, a garrulous old man, have at the same time slightly drawn upon my imagination. I can only say that I have honestly described the eventful scene exactly as it presents itself to my recollection at this juncture. But I would readily forgive any one who is inclined to doubt my story. I should myself have had considerable difficulty in swallowing it had it been told me by any but myself. If you doubt me you had better shut up, as I have some other stories quite as incredible as this one.

In reviewing the various incidents of my life, I cannot help thinking that a greater number of strange coincidences have fallen to my lot than are generally found in the experience of ordinary individuals like myself. Or perhaps it may be that others have, as a matter of fact, shared in about the same propor-

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tion of fortuitous events concurrent or affiliated with some other kindred incidents, but others have either not noticed them, or have unheedingly passed them by as scarcely worth preserving, whilst I have given them a prominent place in the tablet of my memory; and bearing on these remarks I recall another incident connected with my old friend Mrs. E——, which I think is rather curious. The odds against its occurrence would certainly have been enormous.

Mrs. E—— was, as I have stated, one of my very earliest friends, dating back some forty years, but after I left the Indore neighbourhood I never saw her again in India. When I returned to England I secured some seats in a pew in my parish Church, St. Gabriel's, and the very first Sunday I occupied them I happened to take up a Prayer-Book, and there I found the name of "Sidonie" inscribed on the first page, and I discovered that my Indore friend had a seat in the very same pew and next to mine. Considering the hundreds of churches in London, it was strange that I should have pitched on the one where Mrs. E—— worshipped, and in the same pew. And as I am a twin, it is rather strange that close by the pew there is a brass tablet to the memory of a twin! Now, as Gemini are rather uncommon, one would not, I think, have reckoned on the existence of this memorial within a few yards of my seat. It will have probably been noticed, that at the commencement of this "cheetah" adventure I stated that probably no one survived who could confirm the story. Curiously enough, only last week I came across Mrs. E——'s eldest son, a small boy in those days, and I asked him whether he had any recollection of hunting cheetahs being kept by any of the natives of Indore (his parents' residence), and he at once said yes, he remembered perfectly; and on my further asking him whether he could connect me in any way with them, he replied, "Oh yes; my mother used to tell me that you saved her life from one." This was rather a relief to me, as I had some qualms lest some of my friends might not entertain a faint suspicion that I was relying more on "fiction" than "fact," but I certainly only claim to have saved Mrs. E—— from mortal fright, and not from any risk of death; for, from the absence of all aggressive instincts evinced by the animal beyond what I have described, when tackled by me, I had no reason to suppose that he would, if left to his own devices, have molested the terrified lady. One who reads this story carefully will observe that thereby hangs a "tail."

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My First, and Last, and only Tiger.

Although I was an ardent sportsman throughout my Indian service, and although I scoured indefatigably a well-known tiger jungle for a whole month, and was there associated with two of the most successful tiger-slayers in India, and was out with them all day and every day during the hot month of May, the season most trying but most favourable for the pursuit of nearly every kind of big game, and although we were hardly ever without reliable "khubber" of tigers in one direction or the other, yet it has not been my fortune to be present at the death of more than one solitary tiger during the whole of my military career. The fact is, I have very rarely had the opportunity of indulging in this grand sport. The very first chance that fell in my way, when I was quite a young fellow, I at once eagerly took advantage of, with the result, as I have mentioned, viz. one tiger, and no more. On the occasion to which I refer, my two redoubtable companions were General James Travers, since deceased, and the present General G. S. Macbean, one of Havelock's heroes. The first had, I believe, in his time laid low some four hundred tigers, and Macbean could account for half that number. The adventures of Jim Travers, as we all called him, are almost incredible and probably unrivalled. As sportsmen our tastes were thoroughly congenial, and as amateur jockeys Jim and I were rivals. We were both light weights in those days, and either on the flat course or over the steeplechase we could, I think, generally hold our own against most comers, in proof of which, and I think I am justified in boasting of my success, on one occasion I won both the steeplechases which were got up at the close of the second Sikh campaign by the officers of Lord Gough's army. All branches of the service were represented. I know I never was more proud of any feat in my sporting life. I had never ridden either horse before. I had intended to mount my own steed, but on the post one of the jockeys was objected to as being a professional, and the owner asked me to take his place, which I was quite agreeable to do, as my own horse was only a moderate fencer, whereas the owner of the horse I rode assured me he was a real "good 'un" if I would only let him go. I did this, and he carried me superbly. On my subsequently making inquiries about my mount, I was told he was a grand fencer, but he had one fault,

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he generally came down. He never made a mistake with me, so I suppose the weight suited him.

But to return to my story. On the eventful day on which we gloriously bagged our tiger I was within an ace of putting an end to Jim Travers, and he as nearly disposed of me on another occasion. In the first instance, we had just come on the fresh track of a tiger. We were on foot, and in hot pursuit. I do not, of course, pretend to answer for the feelings of my two companions at this momentous juncture, but I know that every fibre in my frame quivered again. I do not think I am doing "Jim" an injustice when I venture to say that he was rather a jealous sportsman, and always wanted to have the first shot at the tiger, as he also sought to get the first spear at the wild boar. But perhaps, if the truth could be known, it would be found that we sportsmen are, most of us at least, actuated by something like the same sort of envious rivalship on these maddening occasions. Instead of calling this stimulant by the nasty name of jealousy or envy, let us christen it by the more amiable designation of "healthy emulation," without which no sportsman would ever attain the first place in the field where danger and daring predominate. Just as we were evidently getting to close quarters with the tiger, Jim Travers slipped away round a narrow belt of jungle. I was not aware which direction he had taken, and I was forging my way through the dense cover, when all of a sudden I heard a rustling on my right, as of something creeping cautiously towards me. I made certain it was the tiger, so down I went on one knee in order to get a clearer shot. It was, as you may suppose, a moment of intense excitement, when life or death hung in the balance, and all depended on the steadiness of my nerve and the accuracy of my aim. Only those who have been in such a perilous position can realize the tremendous strain to which I was subjected at that awful moment. I waited and waited as patiently as I could as the brute came nearer and nearer, pushing aside the jungle that impeded his progress. The suspense was fearful, and I do not believe I felt quite as plucky as I should have liked to have done under the trial. At length I fancied I distinctly saw the tiger's brow, and I raised my rifle to my shoulder, and was on the point of firing, when a low, suppressed, angry expletive, which sounded very like "Damn it," fell on my astonished ear, and the next moment the bare head and the glaring eyes of Jim Travers peered through the thick bushes. Jim was crawling on all fours, and a

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sharp thorn ran into some sensitive part of his person just at the critical moment, and this probably saved his life. Without doubt I very nearly deprived England on that day of one of her most daring and most gallant soldiers.

The occasion when Jim Travers nearly wiped me off the face of the earth was as follows. In retaliation for a practical joke he had played on me, I made him the victim of a trick by which he was exposed to the ridicule of the whole camp. I cut the ropes of his little tent, and then pulled it on the top of him. Jim was a peppery Irishman, and no wonder his blood was up. Seizing an empty bottle which happened to be at hand, he rushed at me; seeing that he was in earnest I bolted, but finding he was swifter than I was, and that he was overtaking me, I turned round, halted, and faced him. On he came with a most determined mien and clenched teeth, and when within a few paces of me he hurled the bottle with all his force at my poor devoted head. The missile just grazed my face, and was shivered into a thousand pieces against the trunk of the tree by which I was standing. Had it not missed its mark, it must have killed me, or disfigured me for life. I asked him quite calmly if he were now satisfied, and a revulsion of feeling came instantly over him, and he was then as sorry as a moment before he had been savage, and bent on my destruction. As this occurred some forty years ago, and there was never the slightest abatement in our friendship, I have not scrupled to tell the story, the moral of which may be summed up as follows in one of my doggerels—

> All those who cannot stand a joke,
> Should not their fun at others poke.

Some years after this the Mutiny broke out, and Jim Travers showed the same dauntless spirit against the Pandies that he had exhibited in many an encounter with the tiger. He charged almost single-handed the rebel battery at Indore, and his conspicuous bravery was rewarded with the Victoria Cross. But I have digressed so far without accounting for the tiger. Well, we followed it for some distance, the shikarees (the native hunters) scarcely ever losing its track. We agreed that if possible we would fire a volley together if the tiger was sufficiently visible to enable us to do this. We managed to creep close up to it without attracting its notice. It was lying under a tree, and whether it was asleep or awake I really do not

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know, but the brute certainly did not appear to be aware of our presence, as it kept perfectly still, and gave us a grand shot. As agreed upon, we simultaneously emptied our three rifles into him, and over he rolled. He was not killed, but so disabled that he could not move from the spot. He gave a tremendous roar, which I, not knowing for the moment that he was powerless, thought most appalling. I fancy his back was broken. All he could do was just to raise his head, through which another bullet was straightly sent, and this settled him. As we were on foot, and expecting to have to defend ourselves any moment against the onset of a savage tiger, of course every step we took through the dense jungle was most exciting; but as the scene re-opens before me now, after this lapse of years, I am not at all sure that the state of fearful uncertainty I was in for a few moments, when I was waiting the approach of the imaginary tiger which proved to be Jim Travers, was not more trying than anything I felt when I was face to face with the reality. And so ends the story of my first and last adventure with a tiger.

SNAKES.

I HAVE always had an instinctive horror of snakes. Does not the very idea of a snake noiselessly gliding about the half-lit room, and carrying with it in its poisonous fangs the death-warrant to all who unhappily come in contact with it, create a chilliness throughout every pulse of the mortal frame, such as nothing but a creeping, crawling, winding reptile could produce? Not even the valour of a lion can protect one from the cunning of the serpent. Its very name implies a malignant subtilty, a wiliness, a craftiness that makes one shudder. I have had only one or two rather narrow escapes from snakes. On the first occasion, quite late one summer evening, I strolled into the ruins of a Hindoo temple. It was nearly dark, and hearing something hissing and rustling in one corner, I stooped down to see what it was, and as my face approached quite near to the ground, I caught sight of a cobra di capello raising its hateful head towards my face whilst I was lowering my unconscious face towards his. He was evidently preparing for his dart, but, needless to say, I did not give him an opportunity of effecting his deadly purpose. I sprang up instantly and took to my heels, and it seemed as if he took to them too, for he followed close upon my track.

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It appeared that there was no exit from the ruin excepting by the one by which I had entered. I jumped off the raised brick platform on which the temple had been erected, and had a drop of several feet. The cobra also glided over the same platform, and I thought of course at the time it was pursuing me, but I do not think so now, as I am led to believe that cobras never persist in an attack of this kind. They usually give one dart as far as their raised bodies can reach and no further, at least so I have been told, and if this be the case, I suppose the cobra I came across happened to be making for its home, which lay directly in my path. Anyhow it was too close to me to be pleasant.

I wrote an account of this adventure to my old mother, and when I came home on furlough some years afterwards, my young nephews and nieces, on asking me to tell them the story of the snake, were quite disconcerted when I failed to include in my narrative the well-known circumstance of the cobra having jumped over a five-barred gate in his hot pursuit of me. I have certainly no recollection of having introduced this curious episode into my story, and hope sincerely I did not draw quite so largely on my imagination, although it had apparently found absolute credence amongst my youthful relations.

Pope tells us that "the wounded snake" "drags its *slow* length along." I am not prepared to dispute this, but I know from practical experience that this unwounded cobra was anything but "slow," it glided over the ground much swifter than I liked, when we were both trying to escape from the same door.

There is a very deadly snake called the krite, almost as fatal in its effects as the cobra. It is generally very much smaller, both in length and breadth, than a cobra. Those I have seen have been black with white spots, and about three feet long and about as thick as two fingers. I remember one night whilst having a rub down in my bath-room, before going to bed in the hot weather, it occurred to me that I incurred some risk in thus standing in the dark room, and I therefore went for a candle, and on my return I saw a krite trying to escape from the very spot close to which I had been standing. I had my sword handy, and I cut it in halves. Such vitality remained in the head portion, that I believe it would have bitten and probably killed me had I not avoided its movements. Although Shakespeare says that the snake that is "scotched" and not killed will "close and be himself," I do not suppose that he meant to

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imply that my krite which was cut in two would have re-united; at the same time, I think he would have agreed with me that there was considerable danger in that wriggling fragment, and that I did well to keep clear of its fangs. Another krite fell from some Venetian blind which my wife was in the act of closing, and it fell on the back of her hand as it descended, but it did not bite her. I killed it. Krites, I believe, are rather addicted to climbing on to Venetian blinds, window-sills, &c.

Once we captured a cobra in a very curious way. It had crept into a large wire rat-trap in pursuit of a rat. It had forced its way through one of the openings at the side of the trap. My wife had read somewhere of the deadly effect of carbolic acid on snakes. She determined to try the effect, so she dipped the top of a feather into some carbolic acid, and introduced it between the bars. The cobra immediately made a dart at it, and then recoiled, shaking its head, as if the acid was very distasteful. My wife repeated the experiment again, inserting the saturated feather between the bars of the trap. The cobra again took the bait, darting at it as before; but this time the carbolic had evidently taken more effect, for it began trembling all over, and was apparently in convulsions, and in a few seconds more it stretched itself out as far as the space would admit, and died. I do not suppose that it has fallen to the lot of many ladies to kill a cobra under such circumstances and by such means, which were certainly most effectual. This was, if I remember right, only a half-grown cobra, at least nothing like in dimensions to some I have seen, which would occasionally measure between five and six feet. I cannot recall any other adventures with snakes in which I have had any part, but my wife, in addition to the escape from the krite which struck the back of her hand in falling from the Venetian blind, and which I have described, had also an escape from a large cobra which had been coiled up close to her feet for above an hour whilst she was sitting down quietly reading a book. She had finished it, and was getting up from her seat, when she happened to look down, and there she saw, to her extreme horror, a large cobra unfolding itself. It did not attempt to attack her, but made straight for a hole in the wall, which looked like a rat-hole; we were never able to find it.

The next extraordinary escape from a snake happened to the lady in whose house I have been writing some of these memoirs: she was standing up, and suddenly felt something encircling her ankle; she looked down, and there, to her infinite

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horror and amazement, was a snake. She never stirred, but kept perfectly still until the snake of its own accord unwound itself and crept silently away. I have always thought this feat evinced a presence of mind and nerve which could hardly be equalled. Referring to this lady, I may mention she was a superb horsewoman and perfectly fearless, as all those who have seen her ride across country will cordially testify. She did not carry a spear, but she was always in the first flight, and rendered the greatest assistance to those who were well in front. Major Conolly told me that he attributed his success in killing a wolf entirely to the indomitable, plucky way she stuck to him and to the wolf, always keeping it between them, and thus preventing it diverging to the right or left.

By the way, there occurs to me one more incident relating to snakes which at the time seemed most serious. As I was passing a friend's bungalow I heard a great uproar, and on entering the room I found my friend, an infantry officer, lying on his bed, bleeding copiously from a wound in his leg, and in a fearful state of despair, and begging me to save him. Of course I sent off for a doctor post haste, whilst I did all I knew to relieve him. As soon as the doctor arrived he knew his patient, and at once detected the real nature of the injury. My friend was suffering from an acute attack of delirium tremens, and in his frenzy, thinking he had been bitten by a cobra, he seized a razor and cut a piece out of his leg. I need hardly say that this unfortunate fellow did not lose his life from the venom of a snake, but from a poison equally deadly.

Although my regiment was five years quartered at Segourie, where probably deadly snakes abounded more than in any other station in India, I think all the Europeans escaped, and I can recall but one instance of a native having been bitten, and that, by the way, was not in the station, but in the neighbourhood. We were paying a visit to an indigo planter, and late one night we suddenly heard loud screams in the verandah of the house, and on hastening to the spot, we found one of our friend's servants had been bitten by a cobra. He was agonized with fear, and gave himself up to despair. Our friend the planter had been educated for the medical profession, and knew exactly what to do. He at once cauterized the wound, and pouring copious doses of ammonia and brandy down the throat of the sufferer, kept him walking up and down for an hour or two without ceasing. By these prompt and skilful means the servant

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was saved. We had some doubts at first whether the man was not under some delusion, but he pointed out the exact spot where the snake had retreated, viz. behind a large earthen jar. So, armed with a gun, we removed the jar, and sure enough out sprang the cobra, which we immediately shot.

I have mentioned above that no European, to my knowledge, was ever killed by a snake-bite in either of the regiments in which I served. But I now remember that just before I joined the 10th Light Cavalry, one of the officers, I think his name was Trafford, met his death from the bite of a snake. If I recollect rightly, he had taken off his shoes and stockings, and was walking home from the mess during the rainy season, when a snake fastened on his instep, and he died some hours afterwards. I do not know whether I am quite accurate in saying that his body broke out in spots, and that after the doctor had cut out the parts penetrated by the poisonous fangs, he was never able to staunch the flow of blood. I could hardly have dreamt of this strange finality!

Since giving expression to this my opinion of the extraordinary vitality of snakes, I have come across Sir S. Baker's account of a boa-constrictor, or python, which he killed in Ceylon. His description is so graphic that I think it ought to be repeated. He says—"We were proceeding slowly along, when the tracker who was in advance suddenly sprang back, and pointed to some object in his path. It certainly was enough to startle any man. An enormous serpent lay coiled on the path. His head was about the size of a small cocoa-nut divided lengthways, and this was raised about eighteen inches above the coil. His eyes were fixed upon us, and his forked tongue played in and out of his mouth with a continued hiss. Aiming at his head, I fired at him with a double-barrelled gun, within a few paces, and blew his head to pieces. He appeared stone dead; but on pulling him by the tail, to stretch him out full length, he wreathed himself in convulsive coils, and lashing himself out, he mowed the high grass down in all directions. This obliged me to stand clear, as his blows were terrific, and the thickest part of his body was as large as a man's thigh. I at last thought of an expedient of securing him. Cutting some sharp-pointed stakes, I waited till he was again quiet, when I suddenly pinned his tail to the ground with my hunting-knife, and thrusting the pointed stake into the hole, I drove it deeply into the ground with the butt-end of my rifle. The boa made some objection to

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this, and again he commenced his former muscular contortions. I waited till they were over, and having provided myself with some tough jungle-rope, I once more approached him, and pinning his throat to the ground with a stake, I tied the rope through the incision, and the united exertions of myself and three men hauled him out perfectly straight. I then drove a stake firmly through his throat and pinned him out." (I don't myself quite understand this operation, as described by Baker, but as the result he and his men were able to tear off his skin.) "On losing his hide he tore away from the stakes; and although his head was shivered to atoms, and he had lost three feet of his length of neck by the ball having cut through this part, which separated on tearing off the skin, still he lashed out and writhed in frightful convulsions, which continued until I left him, bearing away as my trophy his scaly hide."

Sir S. Baker evidently shares in my feelings about snakes, which I have enunciated at the commencement of this chapter, for he says—"I do not know anything so disgusting as a snake. There is an instinctive feeling that the arch-enemy is personified when these wretches glide by you, and the blood chills with horror."

Varieties of Hunting.

To begin with the boar-hunt—

"The boar, the mighty boar's my theme,
Whate'er the world may say;
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
My hopes throughout the day.
And with those friends whom death hath spared
When youth's wild course is run,
We'll sing of the dangers we have dared,
And the tushes we have won."

I suppose there is no sportsman who has ever tackled the mighty boar that is not acquainted with the well-known song, extracts of which I have given above, and who is not prepared to heartily endorse every sporting sentiment contained in that high-spirited and graphic poem.

It has often been a question amongst sportsmen who have known the maddening excitement of the chase, whether in pursuit of the wild boar or the wily fox, which bears the palm. My experience of fox-hunting in England has, from force of circum-

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stances, not of will, been somewhat limited; but following close at the heels of a stout pack of well-trained foxhounds in full cry, on "a cloudy hunting morning," with a burning scent, over beautiful green fields, such as are only seen in old England, mounted on a noble thorough-bred horse,

> "That skims the fences, scours the plain,
> Like creature winged, I swear;"

one that can and will unflinchingly face and fly over the stiffest bullfinch and rail that ever was made by obstructive man, is almost, if not quite, the most perfect, the most transporting enjoyment that can be found in this sublunary orb for a true and ardent lover of the chase. I myself have felt the delirium of exultation that fires the head and heart of the excited hunter on these rapturous occasions. Those two poems of Whyte-Melville's, *The Death of the Old Horse*, and the gallant deeds of the favourite grey mare, have come galloping across my mind as I have been giving expression to these thoughts. I should like to find room for them here, but I must confine myself to some extracts only.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD HORSE.

"How he laid him out at speed, how he loved to take a lead,
How he snorted in his mettle and his pride;
Not a flyer in the hunt was beside him in the front
At the place where the old horse died.

Am I womanly and weak, if a tear were on my cheek
For a brotherhood that death could thus divide;
If, sickened and amazed, through a woeful mist I gazed
At the place where the old horse died?

There are men both good and wise, who hold that in a future state,
Dumb creatures we have cherished here below
Will give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate:
Is it folly if I hope it may be so?

For never man had friend more enduring to the end,
Truer mate in every turn of time and tide:
Could I think we'd meet again it would lighten half my pain,
At the place where the old horse died."

THE GREY MARE.

"With the fair wide heaven above outspread,
With the fair wide plain to meet,
With the lark and the carol high over my head,
And the bustling pack at my feet,

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I feel no fetter, I know no bound,
I am free as the bird of the air,
While the cover resounds with a chorus of hounds,
Right under the nose of my mare.

With a hopeful heart and a conscience clear,
I can laugh at your face, black Care.
Though you're hovering near, there's no place for you here,
On the back of my good grey mare."

But allowing for all those absorbing emotions aroused by the successful run in a fox-hunting country, I am not at all sure that there is not something still more soul-stirring, still more overwhelmingly exciting, for the brief time that it lasts, in the frantic rush for the first spear, when the mighty boar, the bravest, the most resolute of the denizens of the forest, the most dauntless of all the wild animals, not excepting the tiger, in facing his bitter enemy, man, bursts from his lair, and takes boldly to the open plain, scouring it with a swiftness that is surprising for such an unwieldy-looking brute. I know I have had to gallop my very hardest, though mounted on an Arab seldom beaten in either flat or hurdle-race, before I succeeded in overtaking and killing a young but nearly full-grown boar. I particularize a young boar, because I believe the older ones do not generally go the pace, and when pressed hard turn sooner on their pursuers. Yes, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that the race for "first blood" is after all the most ravishing of all sports. I know I have sat on my horse at the cover-side trembling, like my steed, in every limb with excitement, waiting for the boar to break away, and the strain on my nerves has been almost painful at such moments of expectation. But when the view-halloo resounds through the air, and the grisly boar is seen making straight across country, the man who does not then "set his teeth, stretch the nostril wide, hold hard the breath, and bend up his panting spirit to its full height," and feel an infuriated desire, a reckless determination to outstrip all competitors, and close with his prey, must indeed be a poor, pusillanimous, wretched creature, only fit, I should say, "to caper lightly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute." I remember being so elated with my victory over one big boar, that when I tried to shout a triumphant whoop, I could not send forth a single sound of any kind—my voice seemed to have completely lost its power, as if it were dried up in my parched throat.

At fox-hunting I have been nearly as wild with excitement. I remember, when staying at Brighton with my old and kind friend,

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Mr. Laing, the ex-Financial Minister of India, he was good enough to mount me on one of his hunters. The day before the meet, I thought I would have a look at the Downs where the meet was to be. I came to one very precipitous hill, and I tried to walk my horse down it by way of experiment for the following day's chase; but after crawling cautiously down the side of the hill for about fifty yards I gave it up, considering it an impracticable task. But as it happened, the next day the hounds when in full cry dashed down this very steep, and I dashed down after them, and got safely to the bottom. It was wonderful how the horse negotiated the descent. In the result, I found myself for a while alone with the hounds. I don't think any one else attempted the feat, at least I did not see them. This sounds tremendous swagger, but it is a true story, and as I am writing my sporting reminiscences, I am not inclined to omit it; for if I am to suppress myself, I don't see how I can call them my sporting reminiscences. Perhaps I was a little proud of the venture, but as a matter of fact the horse was so accustomed to the Brighton hills, and was so clever, that I really do not believe there was much if any risk in the affair, only it looked formidable when I inspected it in cold blood. I dare say there are a good many things we could do, but don't do, because they wear a risky aspect. We are told we conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them; and without danger, danger cannot be surmounted. I certainly was never more surprised in my life at the perfect ease with which my horse carried me down, or slid down, that steep hill. I simply left the rein on his neck, and relied entirely on him, and splendidly he repaid my trust. At any moment it seemed as if I and my steed might roll to the bottom, but we didn't do anything of the kind.

My eager and ambitious desire to get to the front in a chase one day might have been attended with serious, if not fatal, consequences to one nearly related to me. I was hunting with my uncle's harriers, of which one of my brothers was the huntsman. Now this same brother was a grand horseman, and had been in his younger days in the first flight amongst the Nimrods of Leicestershire. He was therefore considered an authority in the hunting field, and deservedly so; but I got hold of the idea that he held me rather cheap as a rider to hounds. Not that he doubted my capacity as a horseman, but he thought I knew nothing about the science of hunting, that I was constantly in the way, and constantly in places where I ought not to be. I

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dare say he was right, as my experience of hunting in England had been limited, and the fact of my having kept a bobbery pack of hounds in India for some five years did not educate me for the refined complications of the English chase. However, I was, I think, a little ruffled at his assumed superiority, and consequently used to ride in a way that savoured somewhat of jealousy. One day, when we were in full cry, and I, as usual, was close at my brother's heels, he kept shouting at me to keep back, which I resented. At last he rode at a stiffish fence, and head over heels he and his horse came down, a regular buster, and in another instant I jumped slap over them both! My brother called out angrily as he lay on the ground—"There you are, Osborn, just like you, riding over a fellow," to which I excitedly retorted, "Why the deuce, then, did you fall?" Well, we were not the worse brothers for all that; but he, alas! has now gone to other hunting grounds, and my sporting proclivities have long ceased to disturb any one.

"I have lived my life, I'm nearly done;
I have played the game all round;
But I freely admit the best of the fun
I owe it to horse and hound.

With a hopeful heart and a conscience clear,
I can laugh at your face, black Care.
Though you're hovering near, there's no place for you here,
On the back of my good grey mare."

My first boar hunt was an unsuccessful one, and most disappointing. I could have cried with vexation. However, the country I was riding over was difficult and dangerous. It was rocky and hilly, and broken with ravines, and here and there interspersed with jungle and trees. I was alone, that is to say, I had a companion, then an ensign, now a General. I was a cornet. He was very poorly mounted, and therefore was unable to keep alongside of me, or tender me any assistance—a provoking condition, that certainly would have been mine had we swopped horses, for he was, I believe, my equal as a horseman in those days, and quite as keen, and quite as inexperienced. We were both "young and fresh and green in this old world," and would, I think, have stopped at nothing at that time; but whilst moralizing I am lagging in my chase, and the boar is slipping away. Well, on I madly went, and just as I was getting pretty near, I went head over heels, why or wherefore I cannot now remember; but I was soon in the saddle again, and in full pursuit of the brute, which had now got a good start of me. However, it was still in sight, and I was able

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to overtake him after a rattling gallop. He, cowardly brute, did not charge me when I charged him; he seemed only bent on avoiding me. Had I slain him then, as perhaps I ought to have done, I should have been the proudest and happiest man in the world. I did manage to get a prod at him, which would have been sufficient to claim first spear had any competitors been contending with me. But I bungled sadly, and only wounded the boar slightly in the fore-leg. Directly after this, down I came again, sprawling on the ground, and I think my horse this time fell also. As neither I nor my steed were damaged, of course these mishaps only made me more savage, whetted more keenly my animal instincts, and enhanced my thirst for blood. I mounted again sharply, and dashed after the boar, which was still in view, and just as I thought I had regained my lost ground, and was getting on excellent terms with the retreating brute, suddenly a branch of a tree caught me full in the chest, and cut me clean out of the saddle, sending me flying. The shock knocked me quite out of time, and before I could recover myself, the infernal brute had got out of reach, and I never saw *that* boar again! But *that* my first experience in boar-hunting was not allowed to sink into oblivion. It was freely discussed amongst my friends, and rather to my ridicule, I think, for an amateur artist thought proper to perpetuate my grievous misfortune for the edification of my brother officers, and a large drawing was to be seen on the mess table for some time afterwards, depicting me performing various picturesque somersaults in the course of the pursuit of my first wild boar.

On another occasion, when I was in full cry after a boar, it took to a *nullah* full of water, and I plunged in after it. I had never before attempted to swim a horse, and from my experience I am convinced all cavalry officers and men ought to be taught to ride their horses across water! On the occasion to which I refer, I so mismanaged the business that I thought I was half drowning my steed; I therefore slipped off, intending to swim to shore, which was only quite a short distance, and I anticipated no difficulty; but no sooner had I dismounted than I sank like a stone. After a struggle-guggle I got to the surface for a second or two, but again I went down, and this operation I kept on repeating, paddling up and disappearing again, till at last I reached the land half drowned. The fact was (for reasons I cannot assign), that day I had converted a great heavy pair of fishing boots, such as you see the boatmen

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at the seaside wearing, into riding boots, which were quite open at the top, and reached up to my hips. They at once filled with water, and acted like a couple of round shot tied to the end of my feet. I need not say I never wore those boots again, and I cannot understand how I came to utilize them for hunting purposes on that occasion. Since writing the above, a cavalry officer and very old friend, who was one of our hunting party, tells me that I have in his opinion understated the danger I incurred, and that he thought at one time I should be drowned, and that it was a river and not a *nullah* that I was crossing; and he tells me that I was the only one of the party who was rash enough "to take to the water." I have no recollection of this fact. The same day that I underwent this ducking in the *nullah* I saw the present Sir C. Gough do rather a plucky thing. He had speared a boar, which went off with his spear sticking straight up in his back. "Charley" was not to be done, so rode after the thief, and whipped the spear out of his back. Fortunately the boar did not turn on him. This I thought showed the sort of stuff he was made of, and one can readily understand that he would win the Victoria Cross if the opportunity occurred to him.

I have now another curious story to tell, which happened, I think, when I was out with the same party. The incident would have been ridiculous had it not been so nearly attended with fatal consequences to one of my *syces* (native groom). A boar had broken out of the jungle, and was making his best way straight across the open country, and I was in full cry after him. My faithful syce, who was as anxious almost as I was myself for my success, happened to be in the exact line facing that which the boar was taking, and fondly thinking he could do me a good service, he began vociferating vigorously, and making all sorts of antics, intimidating, as he thought in his endeavour to turn the boar towards me; but the brute seemed to treat the *syce's* frantic demonstrations with supreme contempt. Fantastic tricks such as that too confiding *syce* played before high heaven might make angels weep, but they had no perceptible effect on the steadily approaching boar, for he absolutely refused to be turned, and continued his course, which led directly down upon the *syce*, who still persisted in his howls and menacing gestures, which had apparently no effect whatever, for the boar swerved not an inch either to the right hand or to the left. He was getting nearer and nearer, when it suddenly

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flashed across the mind of the horrified *syce* that the boar was not appalled at him in the very least, and instead of flying from me was making straight for him. Upon this the scared *syce* fell on his knees, and clasping his hands in an attitude of earnest supplication, seemed to pray for mercy; but the boar was not in a forgiving spirit, for, with a terrible grunt and grinding of tusks, such as boars are wont to do when they mean bnsiness, he dashed at the poor supplicant, and digging his nose between his legs, turned him over a complete somersault. No acrobat could have beaten it. He then passed on as if his wretched victim was too despicable for further consideration. Of course I expected to find my poor servant ripped open, but it seemed that the tusks had missed their mark altogether, for there was no signs of a wound. The boar's head must have crashed clean between the man's legs, for both the knees were greatly swelled by, I suppose, the force of the blow, and the *syce* was completely disabled, and was in hospital several weeks before he recovered. I don't quite recollect whether I was able to retaliate on this boar for his savage treatment of my innocent *syce*, but I think he must have escaped the fate he so richly deserved, for my solicitude would naturally be directed to the poor fellow, who had tried his best to do me a good service.

The only occasion on which I and my twin brother appeared together in a boar hunt we did not distinguish ourselves, and it was rather lucky we did not *ex*tinguish ourselves. I myself certainly never showed to less advantage, as will be seen before I come to the end of my story. My brother had been deer-stalking; and I, armed with a spear, had been following him, ready to ride down any antelope that he might wound. Whilst we were thus engaged a wild boar was seen scouring across the plain in our front, and, of course, I at once laid into it; my brother, though unarmed, quickly mounting his horse, accompanied me, bent on rendering any assistance in his power.

> "Brothers in arms, with equal fury fired,
> Two twins, two bodies, with one soul inspired."

The fact of us Gemini being associated in this boar hunt together was interesting, but I should hardly call it a memorable occasion, inasmuch as it was not deserving of remembrance as far as I was concerned, for in the midst of a most exciting chase, and just as I was preparing to deliver my "first spear," the cunning brute jinked; so did we, but we jinked slap into

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one another, and I got considerably the worst of it, for in the violent collision that ensued I was sent flying I know not where. I have an idea that as we came into actual collision my brother was bending somewhat forward in the saddle, whilst I, trying to avoid him, inclined backwards, but the point of his shoulder dug into my ribs, and all I know is that I was hurled to the ground; but though I fell, and great was the fall thereof, yet it was only to rise again with renewed energy and determination to wipe out the humiliation which I naturally felt consequent on my most unnatural pip! I did not, if I remember rightly, succeed in overtaking that boar, but I think I slew another before I quitted my saddle that day. I dare say it was good for me that my haughty spirit should have a fall, for adversities of all kinds are said to be useful and sweet; but one does not expect to meet with such misfortunes at the hands of one's own twin brother; and whilst bowing to the inevitable, I dare say I did bless him backwards pretty handsomely that day. We all know that when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war, and when Twin meets Twin one or other must go down; and as I am his junior (if we were not changed in the handling, of which I am not myself at all certain) by one hour and thirty minutes, it was quite right and proper that I should succumb on any occasion in which we may happen to come into collision, which I am happy to say is not often.

On reviewing my boar-hunting adventures it will, no doubt, be observed that the record is so far not a very brilliant one, and some of my readers may be inclined to wonder why I should have exposed my failures to the public gaze; and, if wearied with the account of my repeated ill-success, they may be inclined impatiently to hint that "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." Well, I started with the intention of telling some boar-hunting stories, and "in the moving accidents by flood and field," I thought that there are generally more thrilling and sensational and amusing episodes connected with defeats than with victories; and as my design was to attract attention, and as I knew that the area of my triumphs would not afford the same scope for the development of my narrative that the account of my ill-successes would, I therefore determined to stick chiefly to the latter, even though it might discredit my capacity as a sportsman; and anyhow, as an honest man, which by the way is "the noblest work of God," I am bound to admit that I have but little to boast of as a pig-sticker. The occasions on which I

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have displayed my skill have been decidedly the exceptions, and not the rule. On the whole, however, I think I may fairly say, I held my own pretty well on a level with my sporting comrades, who had their "ups" and "downs" occasionally. But my opportunities of acquiring an experience in boar-hunting have been on a par with my tiger-shooting, rather limited, though my record with the spear has been more fortunate than my performance with my rifle, as I have shown in my earlier yarns.

I had written thus far when another adventure, rather a disastrous one, came into my mind. It occurred at Kurnaul, when I held an appointment in the stud, a very favourite Staff berth, in the gift of the Governor-General, and of course held mainly by officers of a horsy tendency. I may say, *en passant*, that although I was fond of horses, and could acquit myself above the average in the saddle, and gave a lead to a good many, I possessed very little real knowledge of a horse—his character, his form, his capacities, his deficiencies, and all the mysteries connected with breeding. All these points I "stud"ied in the "stud" thoroughly, both theoretically and practically, and I hope with some advantage to the Government that employed me in this particular department. But to proceed with my tale. There is a good deal of grass jungle round about Kurnaul in which there was a sprinkling of wild boar, but the ground was very blind and risky for horsemen, as there were various kinds of pitfalls, amongst them several large old deserted dry wells, in one of which were found one day some half-dozen dead wild pigs. They must, I think, have followed one another in their course, and pitched headlong one after another into the well, which was concealed in the long grass. However, one morning news was brought to me that a boar had left the jungle, and been seen deliberately making its way through my stud lands. I immediately mounted my horse, and accompanied by my native orderly galloped after the brute. It was not very long before we viewed him well in the open, and my orderly, wild with excitement, and quite oblivious of the respect and deference he owed to me, endeavoured to give me the go by, in order that he might secure first spear; and this he persisted in doing, though I repeatedly shouted at him, and ordered him to keep back, for, apart from the inherent right I had to the privilege of giving him the lead, I really had some concern for his safety, for I knew he had never before been out pig-sticking, and I felt certain he would come to grief. However, he absolutely refused to be

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checked, and he paid dearly for his rashness and temerity, for no sooner had he cut in between me and the boar than the brute charged down upon him, and in an instant the horse and rider were both rolled over and over. The orderly pitched on his head and was stunned, and there he lay motionless as if he were dead, and his horse was gored deep in the thigh, making a gaping wound of about a foot in length. I did not discover the extent of the damages at the moment, for I could not wait to pick up the pieces, but off I darted, intent on taking my revenge; but immediately I closed with the boar he came straight at me, and I thought I had him safe as a church. My gallant horse did not turn or shrink from the onslaught, he faced it bravely enough, but instead of allowing me to deliver my spear he jumped clean over, as Arabs not unfrequently do, the charging boar, which passed right under his belly, which was happily beyond the reach of his tusks. My horse thus escaped being ripped open, but he had received a blow on one of his fore-feet, which, though it did not, I think, cut the hoof, lamed him so badly that I was unable to continue the pursuit, and thus was I cruelly deprived of my prize. On returning home, followed by a number of villagers who had been attracted by the scene, it certainly looked as if we had got the worst of the fight—I trudging along on foot, at a snail's pace, with the two horses being led behind, one dead lame, and the other streaming with blood from a gaping wound in the thigh, and the orderly, still more or less dazed, carried on a charpoy (a native bed). I cannot remember whether it was on this occasion or another that one of my servants, seeing the dilapidated *cortège* returning from the fray, ran off at once to my house, and informed my wife that I was being brought home a corpse.

One of my anxieties succeeding this adventure was the fear lest the superintendent of the studs, who was on the eve of inspecting my depôt, should find out the cause of the two horses being so disabled. They both belonged to the stud, and of course were not supposed to be available for boar-hunting purposes. Although I can distinctly remember my apprehension about the wounded animals, I cannot now recollect how I managed to divert the superintendent's watchful eye from them. I am afraid I must have resorted to some cunning, which would fill me now with shame and repentance if I could only call to mind what rascality I committed on that occasion.

Since writing the foregoing story, which I thought had

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concluded my boar-hunting adventures, my brother-in-law, Colonel Free, R.H.A., has reminded me of another chase at Kurnaul which terminated more successfully, in which he had a part. He was staying with me at the time, and I got up a hunt in his honour. I do not think that there were any other horsemen besides our two selves. After beating the jungle for some little time there was a view-halloo, and, joy of joys! there was a fine young boar making the best of his way straight across the open plain. We laid into him with a maddening will, and after an exciting burst, we closed with our prey. I really cannot remember at the minute who claimed the first spear, but from the very fact of my having entirely forgotten this most important feature in the hunt, I fancy that my companion must have secured the coveted honour. Had it been otherwise, I am sure I should have my success clearly cut on the tablet of my memory. There is one thing certain, that we both shared in the slaying of that boar. After he had been severely wounded he sought shelter in a ditch hard by. As there was no possibility of assailing him from horseback I dismounted, and went at him on foot. As we faced one another, he came at me, and I received him on the point of my spear, which stuck somewhere in his head or throat, and did not penetrate him. The more he pressed on me the more I pressed on him, and had he not been sorely wounded and exhausted, I think I should have got the worst of it. Indeed it was fortunate that the spear did not pierce him, for had it run up to the hilt he would have been atop of me, unless I had happened to stab him in some fatal spot. Whilst I was thus engaged, I think my brother-in-law managed to get a prod at him from the brink of the ditch, and we killed him between us. This made up for the signal defeat I had suffered from the other Kurnaul boar, the account of which is narrated in the preceding pages.

I cannot take leave of my brother-in-law without recording the wonderful escape he once had from a leopard. Some of the incidents connected with it were not unlike those told by my Twin in his memoirs. My brother-in-law was, like ourselves, very keen on sport of all kinds, and at one time devoted himself to the wild game of the Himalayas. Whilst quartered at Almorah, in the hills, he was one day looking for small game, accompanied by a little Ghoorkha soldier, who was an enthusiastic sportsman, and an out-and-out poacher. He was armed with a single-barrelled carbine loaded with bullet, whilst my brother-in-law was

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shooting with No. 6 shot. They were beating the bushes in some ravines when the dogs suddenly started a leopard, which bounded past my brother-in-law within a few yards' distance. He emptied one of his barrels of No. 6 shot into him, the effects of which seemed to accelerate his retreat into some small scrub jungle close by. Upon this my brother-in-law rammed down a bullet into his gun, and with the little Ghoorkha at his heels they followed the brute, tracking him by his blood for some distance. At last they lost all trace, but still they persevered in their search. They had not gone very far, when, on my brother-in-law kicking a small bush which one would have thought could contain nothing bigger than a partridge, out jumped the leopard, and sprang upon him, knocked him down, and pinned him to the ground, with one claw dug into his neck and right shoulder, and the other in his left side. The brave little Ghoorkha, without a moment's hesitation, rushed to the rescue, and putting the muzzle of his carbine close to the head of the leopard, blew his brains out. The marks of the beast's claws in my brother-in-law's neck are to be seen to this day, though thirty-five years have since then passed by.

One rather amusing circumstance occurred whilst we were on one of these boar-hunting expeditions. One of our sportsmen, a young cornet, got separated from us in the jungle, and he was absent for some time. At first we did not miss him, thinking he had come across some game, and was in pursuit of it beyond our ken. But as time wore on, and he did not put in an appearance, we began to discuss the possibility of his having come to grief, and we were not without some concern about his fate. We instituted inquiries amongst all the natives round about, and at length we succeeded in getting some tidings, which, though not quite satisfactory, relieved us of our anxiety to a certain extent. A *syce* belonging to the said cornet had seen his master following a wild boar. He had been, the *syce* said, engaged in the chase for a long while, and when he last saw him his master was still in pursuit. On further inquiries, the *syce* said, with unconscious simplicity, that the boar seemed to be going very slowly, but his master seemed to be going slower. Of course this tickled us all immensely, and we made great capital out of it. As soon as the cornet reappeared on the scene, quite safe and sound, we were all ready for him, and we began chaffing him in the most unmerciful manner. He could not understand the joke until we let out the information which

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the *syce* had given us. Upon this he began to show his teeth, and was evidently contemplating some serious retaliation. But he first took me aside (I was considerably the senior in years of them all), and imparted to me in a very grave tone that he did not object to *my* chaff, as he knew that I did not believe the *syce's* story, but he would not stand it from any of the others; and if they continued their offensive nonsense he would certainly call them out one after another. He explained to me exactly what had happened; there was no flinching on his part, but the infernal brute of a horse refused to go up to the boar. This explanation was, of course, sufficient for us all, and no one ever dreamt, after that plain exposition of the facts, of casting the slightest imputation on our much-injured comrade. There is no Indian sportsman who does not know that there are some poor-spirited horses that will not approach a boar at any price.

Half-bred coarse walers are more apt to show the white feather than any other animals. A decent Arab rarely declines the contest; indeed, some of them seem to delight in the chase, and will turn of themselves with every turn of the boar to the right or to the left, following him almost as a greyhound would a hare. This poor cornet of whom I have been writing came, I grieve to say, some few years afterwards, to a tragic end. Under pressure from pecuniary difficulties, he destroyed himself. He was a fine, handsome young fellow, and only his own enemy, and was lamented by all who knew him.

I remember one of my companions on the boar-hunting expedition amused me greatly, the Honourable Algernon Chichester, of our 8th Light Cavalry. I think he was only a cornet in those days. He was keen as mustard. He had been riding furiously all day, and dashing forward at every view-halloo, wild with excitement; and happening to pass by me he exclaimed, "Oh, Squire" (as I was called), "is it not ripping fun? But how I do wish I could only see one boar. I have not been able to get a glimpse of the tail of one as yet!" He was as blind as a bat, but he would have fought a boar blind-folded if he had only the chance. I think he finished that day's sport by plunging headlong into the dry bed of a *nullah*. It was not surprising. This was the same officer who revenged the death of his Colonel, poor Wale, at Lucknow, of which I have written an account. As I have shown, my friends generally come to their ends rather different from other people. Poor Chichester in the middle of the night started up, and said to his

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wife that he was very ill, and the next moment fell back dead, so I was told. He was a sprig of nobility by birth, and as he grew up into manhood, every branch of his fine manly character bore unmistakable testimony to the nobility of his origin.

Jackal Hunting.

Whilst I have been writing the foregoing hunting exploits, another chase of rather an unusual character occurs to me. In this incident my comrade, a young lieutenant, and I were pursuing nothing more formidable than the ignoble jackal. Our sport was confined principally to the banks of the Chenab river. The jackals about there gave us better runs than any I have seen elsewhere; and I have been at the death of a good many in my time, for I kept a bobbery pack of hounds for some five years, as I think I have mentioned before. The jackal which gave us such an extraordinary run was nearly twice the size of the ordinary animal, and had long rough hair, especially about the neck. I have never before or since seen one like him in size or appearance. It seemed to me as if it must have had a cross with some other animal. That curious blendings do take place amongst animals I can personally testify, for whilst at Scarborough a few months ago, I observed a couple of very strange-looking dogs following a gentleman; and I ventured to accost him, inquiring what their breed might be, and he informed me that the mother was a terrier, and the father an African jackal which he had brought home and domesticated.

The jackals I was hunting live in sandy mounds near the river-side. I used to hunt them with a brace of greyhounds, a cross between the Rumpore and the English breed, and they ran partly by scent and partly by sight, so that they very rarely failed to kill if the ground was favourable for hunting. The run to which I refer was an exceptionally fast and prolonged one, as may be well imagined when I describe the condition in which my companion found me and mine when he joined us at the end of this remarkable chase. Being mounted on a class of steed quite unable to keep up with my stout little Arab, he had not seen much of the run, and he was greatly surprised when he came up and discovered me, completely expended, with the hounds very much in the same condition, lying prostrate, and

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panting their souls out on either side of the jackal, which seemed to fall stone dead at the first grip of the hounds, who were dead beat, and quite incapable of worrying their prey, as they invariably did at other times. I was close at the heels of the hounds, and was urging them not to give in, so I saw everything that occurred, and it was just at the moment of the kill that my gallant little Arab, the bravest of the brave, who appeared determined to struggle on to the last, and to see the end, as only an Arab would do, suddenly dropped down from sheer exhaustion, and there he lay motionless, as if he too had run his last course. And he did not recover till I returned from an adjoining village with a bucket of water and deluged him with the same. It was just at this juncture that my companion arrived on the strange scene. I have hunted to the death many a jackal, but never one like this, either in size, speed, or endurance. My poor young comrade, such a smart, dashing fellow, also put an end to himself some little time afterwards. I never heard the cause. He appeared to me to be a thoroughly steady, manly young soldier, passionately fond of sport, extremely good-looking, and the last man I should have dreamt of destroying himself. All this happened over forty years ago.

I have perhaps given an undue importance and made too much of this jackal chase, but from my experience it was quite an exceptional one. It does not often happen, after a jackal run, that the hunter sees the jackal, his horse, and his two hounds, all lying prostrate alongside of one another with scarcely a breath of life apparently left in any of them. However, they all, except the jackal, after a while recovered, and lived to run down many a fox, jackal, and hare that came in my way in after years. I cannot quite recollect whether these were the identical hounds, or whether they were others I had (I think the latter), which with the hare I was coursing, and when in full pursuit, all suddenly disappeared down a disused well at Kurnaul. There were a good many of these half-hidden wells in the grass fields around Kurnaul, as I have mentioned before, and thus rendered hunting and coursing a somewhat perilous pastime at that station in those days. I had quite forgotten the above till my brother-in-law reminded me of it.

I have given an instance of the pluck of the little Ghoorkha who saved my brother-in-law from the leopard, and he has now given me another instance of the devotion of another native, a

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Bheel, under critical circumstances. My brother-in-law was shooting in Central India, and had with him a *Bheel* as his *shikaree* who had been in his employ for some time. They had marked a tigress down in a *nullah*, and as they had killed her cubs the day before she was sure to be pretty savage if molested. The party drew lots for places, and my brother-in-law's fell to one of the few trees that existed in that spot. On proceeding to the tree, and attempting to climb it, my brother-in-law failed; the fact was, he was very weak from a recent attack of fever, and ought to have been in bed. He therefore told the *Bheel* that he should remain at the foot of the tree, and he ordered the *shikaree* to take his place in the tree, but nothing would induce the *Bheel* to obey his orders. He said, "If you should be killed, Sahib, how should I face my bhaiee-bunds if it was known I had deserted you?" and it was ended by his remaining by the side of his master, armed only with a spear. As it happened, the tigress eluded them. It broke back, and was lost. But this *Bheel's* gallant conduct deserves to be perpetuated.

A Bison Adventure

THE bison, as is well known, is a species of buffalo, only much larger, less ungainly, and I believe quite untamable—at least I never heard of a domestic bison. I was quartered at Mhow when I first heard of these denizens of the forest. With two companions, Lieutenants K—— and W—— of the Bombay army, I started off to the jungles. Lieutenant K—— and self, being pretty good horsemen, arranged that we would pursue the bisons on horseback, firing at them from the saddle, whilst our little companion, who was not a Nimrod, agreed to post himself in some likely spot, whilst we did our best to drive the game in his direction. Our plans succeeded admirably so far, as the sequel will show.

Mounting our steeds, with our short rifles slung over our shoulders, I and K—— proceeded to scour the jungles. We had not advanced very far when we suddenly came across a magnificent bull bison. He was lying down in the dry bed of a *nullah*, and was apparently fast asleep. Just with a view of awakening him, we sent a couple of bullets into his body. Upon being thus

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rudely disturbed up he rose, a perfect tower of strength and nobility; a long shaggy forelock enveloping his heavy brow gave him a terrible aspect. In height he would almost compare with a moderate-sized elephant, his breadth was enormous, and two rather short, thick-set horns branched out from his massive forehead. As he stood for a moment or two confronting us, angrily pawing the ground, and with his lowered head and threatening mien, I thought nothing in animal life could be grander. He seemed at first hesitating and undecided what to do, whether to annihilate us or whether to beat a retreat. It eventuated in his making off at full speed, and our dashing after him. His pace was not so swift as to prevent our galloping alongside of him, and every now and then emptying our rifles into him, and whenever he turned upon us we had no difficulty in evading his polite *bisonic* attentions. It so happened that we drove him straight down upon our dismounted companion, who waited steadily and firmly his approach.

No sooner did the bison catch sight of W—— than down he thundered upon him. I am reminded of the splendid lines of Byron describing the fierce attitude of the "stately buffalo" (when attacked by the wolves), who

> "With fiery eyes and angry roar,
> And hoofs that stamp and horns that gore,
> He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
> The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die."

It was a critical and an awful moment for our little friend W——, but he, nothing daunted, stood staunch and resolute, and firm as a rock. He took a steady and deliberate aim and fired. The ball seemed to strike the bison full in the face, but it never arrested the onset of the charging brute for an instant. On he plunged more furious than ever, and it appeared to us that it was all up with our doomed companion. But W——, now conscious that his rifle had failed him, thought it prudent and wise to try whether his heels would better avail him in this dire necessity.

The bravest of the brave would be justified in adopting this rearward movement under such an unspeakably critical circumstance. Accordingly, W—— turned tail and ran for dear life, with the bison hard upon his heels. W—— was a remarkably fleet and active little man, and for a short distance, with a fair field and no favour, the ponderous pursuer would have had some difficulty in overtaking his intended victim. But as W—— was

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scuttling away through the dense jungle, all of a sudden he seemed to have met with some hidden obstruction, for, horror of horrors! head-foremost he pitched, with the bison close at his heels, and ready to demolish him. Sickening at the sight I turned my head aside for a moment, that I might not witness the last agonizing scene of all; and in the next instant, to my unutterable amazement, I saw the bison at the very same spot, and as suddenly, give a violent plunge forward, and then his great burly frame completely disappeared.

It seemed that a broad dry *nullah*, obscured by the long overhanging grass, had unexpectedly intervened in the exciting chase and engulfed both the pursuer and pursued. As a matter of fact W—— was actually buried beneath the bison, but by desperate efforts in scrambling and crawling, he eventually succeeded in emerging from what I might describe as the mountain of animal matter that had overwhelmed him, and climbing up the bank, he stood forth, once more a free and, miraculous to relate, an absolutely unscathed man. There was one more chance for W——, and we breathed again. He was up like a lamplighter and off like the wind. Not so the unwieldy bison. There was some little precious delay before the huge monster could get his ponderous carcase under way, and during these golden moments our little fugitive friend had secured a good start, and assuredly he made the most of it.

A solitary tree about a couple of hundred yards off was the only haven of refuge that presented itself to the flying sportsman, and the question, the life or death question was, could poor little W—— reach the tree before the relentless pursuer overtook him? It was indeed a race for dear life. The bison was reducing the distance at every stride. Run, for heaven's sake, run, I mentally exclaimed, faster and faster, or your days are numbered. Only a very short distance separated them when W—— reached the tree; he grasped it frantically, but how on earth was he to climb a broad bare trunk like that without a single friendly branch to assist his ascent? Besides, it was scarcely higher than the bison, for it happened to be the decayed stump of a tree.

I am sure I do not know how he managed it, but with an angry bison's horns within a few feet of the sedentary spot where the tail joins on to the small of the back, I can easily imagine the most inactive man acquiring an unwonted and astonishing agility and faculty of climbing which would be quite impossible under less exciting circumstances.

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In the present instance little W—— contrived somehow to dig his hands and feet into the trunk of the tree, and get such a purchase as enabled him to raise himself several yards from the ground. Another muscular effort and up he scrambled a few more feet, and there he hung on like grim death. By this time the bison had come up, and poor W—— was apparently still within reach of the bison's horns. We again thought it was all over with him. The bison evidently thought so too, for, lowering his head, he dashed like an avalanche against the tree.

There was a despairing shriek, and I felt it was the last dying agony of our transfixed and hapless comrade; but, merciful heavens! he still clung convulsively to his post, and the baffled bison had either missed his mark or had failed to reach his victim.

Back the infuriated beast drew a few yards, to acquire, as it were, enhanced impetus and a surer aim, and onwards he again dashed, burying his horns deep within a few inches of poor W——'s loins. There was another fearful yell of anguish, and another desperate effort on the part of W——, who by almost superhuman efforts at last succeeded in springing on to the top of the sheltering stump. He had now climbed to the highest available point, but he still seemed in extreme peril, for to all appearance his perch was within reach of the bison's horns, though he had crouched himself into the smallest possible compass. Whilst thus shrivelled up as it were, he was piteously imploring heaven or earth to help him.

Up to this time, which of course did not occupy very long, not near as long as I have taken to tell it, I and my companion K——, being separated by a deep *nullah*, had been unable to render any effectual assistance, but as soon as we had overcome the difficulty we galloped to the rescue, and began peppering the savage bison pretty handsomely. Every bullet that struck him he evidently thought emanated from our little friend squatted immediately above him, and foaming with rage, and with torrents of blood bursting from his dilated nostrils, he hurled himself again and again against the tree. It was now manifest that the imprisoned sportsman was in perfect safety, though within a few feet of the extremity of danger, and as soon as he felt assured of his security he began exultingly to chaff his defeated foe, and putting his finger to his nose, sneeringly asked him how he liked that, and that, as each bullet went thudding into his heaving sides. Never once did the

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baffled brute take the slightest notice of K—— and self, who were now the cause of all his grief.

Frustrated, and badgered, and tormented, he prowled round and round the tree, as if he were in search of some accessible point for a renewed attack; then he ground his head against the base, and pawed impatiently, as if preparing for a spring, and fiercely gazing upwards seemed to say, "Oh, you infernal little atom, if I could but reach you would I not bison you, that's all." Again he drew back and again he charged; his onsets at length became feebler and feebler, and now he came tottering and reeling like a drunken man.

At last the end came: he sunk slowly down on his quivering knees, then rocking to and fro for a moment or two, he rolled over on his side and died. His gallant spirit had scarcely quitted its gigantic tenement, when our little caged friend, who had been all this awful time literally up a tree, sprang down from his perch and jumped astride his prostrate enemy, and waving his hat on high, made the welkin ring again with his joyous sounds of victory. The bison measured eighteen and a half hands in height, and his skin covered a good-sized room. In conclusion I may mention, the reason why his horns do not now adorn the writer's ancestral halls arises from the simple but unfortunate fact that the writer has not, and never had, any ancestral halls in which to hang them.

[NOTE.—I may here perhaps add for my own satisfaction that I sent this story, as above related (referring to an adventure dating back between thirty and forty years), to my sporting companion "Lieut. K——," whose identity I may now reveal as the present Sir Michael Kennedy, R.E.; and I requested him to make any corrections, if necessary. He returned the MS. expressing an opinion that I was absolutely correct in all the fundamental parts, excepting that I had underrated the nature of Lieut. W.'s escape. I had merely stated that he had fallen over what I thought was the stem of a tree concealed in the long grass; but, as a matter of fact, it was the bed of a dry *nullah* into which he had disappeared, with the bison atop of him. This important fact was one which I had not recollected.]

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PART II

GENERAL JOHNSON'S STORY

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PREFACE

IT is with extreme reluctance that I venture to submit for public perusal my personal memoirs. I cannot but feel that my career has not been sufficiently distinguished to justify my making such an exhibition of myself; but perhaps indulgence will be accorded to me when I explain that I held out against my twin brother's importunities for a long time. He, however, is a peculiar sort of fellow, and seems to have no notion of the risk I run in thus parading my insignificance before the eyes of other than my friends. I do not know whether this fraternal affection prompts him to take an exaggerated view of my doings, or whether he fancies his shield and buckler will turn aside any shafts that may be shot at me by a critical world. At any rate, he has so persistently pestered, badgered, and nagged at me, that from very weariness I have at last given in, feeling that I am bound, as a brother and a twin, to lend him a helping hand in the good cause he has so much at heart.

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GENERAL JOHNSON'S STORY

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

Johnson Wilkinson, stripling—The Derby day—Nearly court-martialled—Dangers of the tender passion—"The Isle of Woman"—A painful parting—My life-long ill-fortune in love—A solemn warning to bachelors—Landladies, various—The "cold embrace of celibacy."

IN 1840, before I had completed eighteen years of age, I was gazetted to H. M. 15th Regiment of Foot, then commanded by Lord Charles Wellesley, son of the Duke of Wellington, who was Commander-in-Chief of the army at the time. I well recollect with what stately grandeur I received my very first letter, addressed Ensign J. Wilkinson, H. M. 15th Regiment. That letter, with its dignified superscription, in proudly gazing at which I grew taller every moment, enabled me at once to realize the exalted position I should henceforth hold among my fellow-creatures, and I do not think that the high estimation which I had then formed of myself was in any way abated by the fact, that the letter I refer to turned out to be one respectfully sent to me by Mr. Jones, the military tailor, Regent Street, soliciting the honour of making my uniform. I was so pleased with his early recognition of my rank as an officer in the British army, that I at once accorded to him my custom, which I have steadily continued ever since, in consideration of the long-suffering patience with which he has borne with my chronic impecuniosity, never requiring more than a partial adjustment of his little bill, and being always quite satisfied if that partial settlement is effected every ten years. This arrangement has always so exactly fitted in with my peculiar circumstances, that I have never ceased to regard Mr. Jones not only as my tailor,

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but my friend; and as long as he is inclined to stick to me, I shall certainly stick to him.

I do not suppose that such a slim, fleshless stripling ever before donned H. M. uniform; and besides, being as thin as a whipping-post, I was extremely youthful in appearance. To show that I have not misrepresented my skeletonian proportions, I may mention that two years after I entered the army, during which time it is to be supposed that I had been well fed up, and that my frame had somewhat developed, I, being then nearly six feet in height, rode a race at Woolwich, and weighed exactly 8 st. 10 lbs., saddle and bridle included. My juvenile appearance and attenuated figure used to cause me some concern when marching out with my regiment; for I not unfrequently distinctly saw the spectators—especially the female portion of the crowd, which is always the most observant in such matters—selecting me for the subject of their not unkind but rather unflattering criticism. Their private opinions, expressed thus publicly, would be defined in some such exclamation as this:—"Oh lor', just look at that poor wretched scarecrow of a boy!" and their plain-spoken remarks generally evoked a spontaneous outburst of honest sympathy, rather than any nasty signs of heartless ridicule; still, their observations were made in the full hearing of the men of my company, and however slight my physical dimensions may have been in those my adolescent days, I am sure they shrank further under this trying ordeal. If there chanced to be any poetical geniuses in that motley crowd, they would probably have expressed their estimation by some such lines as the following:—

"Oh, what a scarecrow! loud they shout,
An officer he cannot be;
He's like a broom-stick quite worn out,
His men must be ashamed of he!"

After the above careful description of my personal appearance, there will be no necessity for my explaining the reason for my having been christened "Twig" in the regiment, by which appellation I have been known amongst all my old pals ever since. As I am telling the story of my life, I must not omit to reveal an episode which, I fear, indicated an imperfect appreciation of my military responsibilities in those early days. I nearly came to unutterable grief at the very threshold of my career, and I wonder how I could ever have been such a thoughtless young man. It is too true—I must not conceal

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the fact—I committed a most serious military offence, from the fatal consequences of which I could not possibly have escaped but for the unremitting interposition of powerful friends. The circumstances are as follows:—From my youth up to old age I have been passionately fond of seeing races, being of course always convinced that I can spot the winner. The result of my long experience has not, on all occasions, answered my expectations. I may be a wiser, but I am not a richer man. But to return to my story. I had applied for and obtained leave to go to the Derby, which was to be run the following day. Anxious to be off, I slipped away the previous evening, quite forgetting that I had been detailed for picquet duty that very night. It most unfortunately happened that a serious riot broke out that very night between the civilians and the military; the picquet was called out to quell the disturbances, and of course I was absent. So little did I recollect that I was affected by the transaction, that on reading an account of the fraças in the paper the next morning, I heartily felicitated myself that I was not mixed up with the row in any way. Of course I was ordered back sharp, and on arrival was immediately put under arrest, in which I remained for two months. In the interval several of the sergeants were tried and punished, but some extraordinary efforts were made to shield me, and by some powerful interests, exercised in my favour, I was saved from a court-martial, which must have been my ruin. My breach of discipline was carefully kept so long from the Duke that he could do no more than administer a suitable wigging, to which I, of course, bowed with profound submission; and as at the same time an intimation was conveyed to me that the Duke was well aware what a really good officer I was, I felt that I had rather scored than otherwise, for I had never laid the flattering unction to my soul that the Duke knew anything about me. The only excuse I could venture to plead on my own behalf is this: that I was quite a youngster, and very fond of races, and I did not in the very least realize the risk I was running in thus anticipating my leave by a few hours.

My regiment being commanded, as I have before stated, by the Duke of Wellington's son, was highly favoured in various ways. We appeared to have the pick of the favourite stations. Our officers were, I think, an exceptionally fine band of young fellows. Lord Charles Wellesley, having been educated at Eton, had no doubt a preference for old Etonians,

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and this will probably account for our having no less than eight officers who had been educated at that famous school. Amongst them were, besides myself, my elder brother and a first cousin. After having passed with much credit, I trust, through the arduous campaigns involved in the fulfilment of our regimental and social duties at Windsor, Winchester, and Woolwich, we were ordered off to Ireland, and I believe my anxious mother regarded our removal to this destination as equivalent to an immediate summons for our participation in scenes such as are usually enacted in bloody war. However, we emerged safe and sound from this service, the perils of which did not quite justify our dear old mother's apprehensions. But there were dangers ahead for me, and my heart ought to ache as I ponder over them, so sweet and yet so painful. Here my kind Colonel, Lord Charles Wellesley, again opportunely intervened, and saved me and mine, if I had only been left to my own inclinations, from destruction. There is no doubt that I was in a most ticklish position, from which only a commander like Lord Charles could have rescued me. When this dilemma so nearly overwhelmed me I was quartered in the Isle of Man. For me it was the Isle of Woman; for there was residing there a fair maid, whose charms appeared to my young, fresh, and innocent heart quite irresistible. She was rich in everything but coppers, for she had not a penny; and as I was in much the same pecuniary circumstances, and as moreover we were both members of "families" of ten children, with parents of very moderate means, the alliance for life of that dear young thing with me, an ensign in a marching regiment, however delicious, was not a promising nor a prudent speculation. My little game, so tender and so nice, my desperate state, reached the ears of Lord Charles Wellesley. That kind-hearted soul no doubt sincerely sympathized with me, for surely he must have known that "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream"; but he also knew that a youngster like me ought not "to seek a wife till I knew what to do with her," so in compassion for our mutual interests, he ordered me off sharp on detachment duty to Oldham. I was of course broken-hearted, but I did not quite collapse, for I suppose it was my better spirit that bade me remember "how sublime it is to suffer and be strong," and I believe it is a well-established fact, that time's effacing fingers happily often light on a balm whose properties are expressly calculated to heal that sort

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of wound. I do not know whether I should have been *so* sore, whether my feelings would have been *so* lacerated, had I not shortly afterwards received the humiliating tidings that a young officer of the 93rd Highlanders—a fellow with bare legs, who had come to relieve me (relief, indeed!)—had at once taken up with my sweet girl; and she soon, too soon,—let me not think of it,—became his happy little wife, whilst I "was left lamenting."

That was the first blow I received in that line—a very heavy one it was too, and I wonder how I could have ever recovered from it. Of course I know that it was very foolish to allow my tender passions to get such a mastery over me at such a very early period in my career; but my Twin was just as bad, and the greatest soldiers that ever lived have not been free from such weakness. My brother tells, as well he can, a tale that Sir Charles Napier's poor heart was broken four times over, and all about the same time, when he was eighteen years of age, and about five feet nothing, whereas I was nearly twenty, and close upon six feet!

The same ill-starred fortune in my love affairs has relentlessly pursued me throughout my long life. There has always been some slip between my cup and my lip, and the mournful result is that I am still a wretched, useless old bachelor up to the latest date; yes, I am that "miserable man—a world without a sun." My case is very like that which for a long time darkened the life of a General Officer, an old friend of mine, who, on being asked why he had never married, replied—"When I was a young man I fell in love with every pretty girl I met, but providentially none of them would have me." But here the similarity in our cases ceases, for my friend eventually married, at rather an advanced age, two widows—not together! He and one of them, if not both, are now re-united—at least I hope so—in realms where there is no more marrying and giving in marriage.

I was once lodging in Down Street, Piccadilly, and I met with a curious adventure one night. My landlady was carrying on business as a rather swell dressmaker. I had no reason to regard her otherwise than as a respectable type of the lodging-house keeper, and rather above the average of people in her class of life; to the steadiness of her conduct, and to her propriety generally, I should have deposed with the utmost confidence. I certainly never witnessed anything peculiar about her whatever, but my implicit reliance on her trustworthiness received a rude shock, for I suddenly awoke one night, and lo

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and behold! there stood before me a figure of ghostly form. I cannot quite recollect how I opened the conversation with this appalling spectre; my thoughts were naturally confused, and in my perturbation I probably exclaimed—

> "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
> Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
> Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
> Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
> Thou com'st in such questionable shape,
> That I will speak to thee.—What may this mean?
> Say, why is this? wherefore? what shall I do?
> Speak, I am bound to hear."

And then my landlady, for it was her very self, and not her ghost, and all in the flesh, but clad only in her night-dress, with a candlestick in one hand and a ponderous house key in the other, with a deep sepulchral voice, which makes me shudder as I think of it, said, or seemed to say—

> "I shall a tale unfold, whose lightest word
> Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
> Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
> Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

She proceeded to enter into the details, horrible, most horrible, informing me very solemnly that *he* (she did not mention the villain's name) was going to murder her children up-stairs, and I was earnestly besought to come to her rescue, and save, if not too late, her precious ones; and if the deed were done, to revenge their foul and most unnatural murder. I am not sure that I was aware that she was blessed with any offspring. But that is neither here nor there. I need hardly say that the snow-white female apparition, "in a slumbery agitation," at the dead of night, all alone as, of course, I was, startled at the first moment, "like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons." I observed her eyes were open, but their sense was shut; my surprise soon gave way to suspicion, and I concluded she must be either dreaming or labouring under some mental delusion. My first impulse was, of course, "to minister to the mind diseased," "to raze out the written troubles of the brain"; but I cannot say that I felt just then that I was in possession of the sweet oblivious antidote required to effect my purpose. However, I quietly slipped out of bed, and accoutred as I was, in a dress as light and airy as her own, only a little shorter, I enfolded my arm gently in hers, and assuring

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her I would gladly take the little matter in hand, begged her to show me the way to her bedroom, where the awful deed was being perpetrated. She complied with my request, and we silently and cautiously (at least I did, for treading on unknown ground with naked feet is a dangerous operation) ascended the stairs, and at last reached her room, into which I softly guided her; and whilst she was, I suppose, searching for her slaughtered innocents, I stole away, closed the door sharply, and carefully locked her in. I then sent for a policeman, who escorted her to a doctor, by whom she was at once pronounced to be suffering from an unmistakable and acute attack of delirium tremens. I could not help shuddering (it was rather chilly) at the thought, how irretrievably my stainless character would have been compromised had any virtuous person met me and my female companion on the stairs that night.

So much for that landlady. The next, poor creature, who was also serving me in the same capacity, got possession of an idea that "foul whisperings were abroad" about her, that some one had been maligning her, and imputing to her conduct subversive of morality; and in her indignation and agony at an accusation for which there was not, so far as I know, a shred of foundation, the poor distracted woman retired to her room, and cut her throat from ear to ear. This last poor thing was certainly not endowed with any personal attractions, and was little likely, according to my taste and judgment, to have led astray or captivated any one, and the other wretched victim of intemperance, of whose infirmity I had not the smallest notion, I had scarcely spoken to half-a-dozen times, and, as I have stated above, she certainly never gave me any reason to suspect her of giving way to excess of any kind.

Is there not a useful moral to be drawn from these sad incidents? Do not these tragic occurrences afford a melancholy illustration of the perils to which a wretched bachelor is exposed, whilst leading his lone, lorn, solitary life in a miserable, comfortless lodging-house? I have adduced these instances of the fearful scenes which I have myself witnessed, as a warning to those thoughtless men who, though still only in middle life, are steadily and imperceptibly creeping on and on in years, taking no note of time, and with each precious hour incurring the serious risk of ending their days in the cold embrace of celibacy —a cheerless destiny, which they will, when it is too late, just like poor me, regret most bitterly.

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CHAPTER II

ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON

Charged by two elephants—A splendid exhibition of pluck by my brother—My first elephant—Discomfiting an alligator—"Twig" lost in the jungle—The trackers at work—Twig's adventures—Cunning elephants—The science of escaping.

IN 1845 my regiment was ordered off to Ceylon, and on arrival there I found myself at once in a fine field for the indulgence of my sporting proclivities, for the jungle swarmed with game of all kinds. My brother (not my Twin) and I, both of one mind and inclination, were not long in opening our first campaign in the elephant forest, in which we were favoured with a fair share of success, but not without some very near squeaks for our precious lives—at least so they appear to me now, as I recall the various exciting scenes in which we, reckless and almost unconscious of the risks we ran, performed our respective and fraternal parts. For instance, in one of our earliest expeditions I was in about as precarious a position as a man well could be. I suppose few sportsmen could have experienced a more critical moment. Two elephants came straight down upon me almost together. I fired first at one and then at the other, and failed to stop either of them; on they came, and my annihilation seemed inevitable. But my brother, who always displayed extraordinary nerve and coolness in the face of elephants, bravely interposed himself between me and the advancing monsters, and taking a deliberate aim right and left brought them both down stone dead at our feet. It was a splendid feat, the skill and unflinching dexterity of which I should think have hardly ever been surpassed.

My brother's imperturbable pluck and calmness, combined with quickness under strains of the most appalling kind calculated to shake the steadiness of the stoutest heart, always surprised me, for he certainly was not of a phlegmatic disposition—rather

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the reverse, I should have said. Perhaps it was his even temper that kept him so cool, for he was never known to lose that under any provocation. Poor dear fellow, he has long since passed away. This even, unclouded feature in his character was acknowledged and admired by all, from his youth upward, and it never changed to the last.

But for his staunch, intrepid conduct I should not now be writing these memoirs, for I undoubtedly owed my life to him twice over on that never-to-be-forgotten day. He was such a cheery, clever, handsome fellow, and perhaps the most popular officer in the regiment. I shall, I am sure, be excused for dwelling on these characteristic features of a much-loved brother. By the way, we traced the course of one of the bullets. It had entered the elephant's eye, passed clean through the head, just missing the brain, and we cut the bullet out of the back.

Not long after this we had another elephant adventure. I did not cap my brother's exploit when he brought down the two elephants right and left which I had failed to stop; but I think I had some right to be proud of my success on that occasion. We were scouring a large plain for deer, and we caught sight of an elephant standing quite still some distance off. After a little while, observing us, he began to move off, and we immediately ran round the belt of the jungle, with a view of cutting him off from the cover. We managed to interpose ourselves between the jungle and the elephant, and there we were on the bare, open plain, without a tree or shelter of any kind, and facing the leviathan of the forest. It was a foolhardy, reckless thing to do, but young sportsmen in their hot youth do not give a moment's heed to their perilous actions; at least we did not, nor did others I know of, who were as keen as we were in those merry, thoughtless days.

Well, we went for the elephant and he for us. My brother and I always arranged to take turns for first shot, so that we might be able to back one another up, and on this occasion it fell to my lot to fire first. I levelled my rifle made a good shot, and rolled my huge friend over quite dead at my feet. This made up in a great measure for my previous failure. I recovered from my disappointment, and felt perfectly confident that I should be equal to any future customer, come when and where he may.

On that same expedition we met with another strange and what I might perhaps call a creeping adventure, which I think

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is well worth relating. We were mounted on our steeds, and wending our way across a plain overflowed by a swollen river. On this occasion Turner (afterwards Sir William), my brother called Jilks, self called Twig, and Walmesly, all of the 15th Regiment, composed the party. Turner being the best mounted, it was decided that he should go first and feel the way for a ford over the river, which we had to cross. As I observe my own account slightly differs from Turner's, which I have lately come across, I will adopt his.

He says we "had not advanced far into the muddy water, which reached up to our saddle-girths, when the dog Tim swam up alongside of my horse. I turned round and said to Jilks, who was following me, 'If those dogs are not taken up we shall lose them.' The words were scarcely out of my mouth when Tim began to swim violently, with a kind of whining yelp, for a few tufts of grass above the water, and just as he had reached them, and raised himself upon a small knoll of ground where they grew, the snout of a large alligator appeared, and his great jaws opened, and closed with a snap upon poor Tim's tail. The poor little dog howled and struggled, while I turned my horse, and endeavoured to reach the alligator with my spear, with which I was armed, but the horse plunged so violently from fright that I could not force him near enough. To a moral certainty Tim must have been made dog's meat of had not Jilks smartly unslung his rifle, and put a ball into the alligator's jaws. This so disgusted him, that with a plunge and a lash of his scaly tail he disappeared under the water, while Tim made the best of his way to dry land.

"We soon reached the edge of the real stream; a plunge into the deep water, a few vigorous strokes, and I was safely across and on the other side. Jilks and Walmesly also got over all right, but poor Twig, who was mounted on a bit of a pony, called Square, came to sad grief. Now Square was a capital bit of stuff on dry land, but in a rapid stream, with six feet of humanity on his back and a heavy rifle, he had no chance. Square gave one or two wild plunges, and then turned completely over, leaving his rider splashing and spluttering about in the water, while the pony, swimming with the stream, gained the bank some fifty yards lower down.

"Meanwhile, after a good deal of confusion and splashing, Twig was either pulled out or got out by himself. He described his sensations as anything but agreeable, his mind running upon the

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shovel snout of that great alligator, which was probably somewhere just beneath him." Thus far wrote Sir W. Turner.

This same dog Tim had an eventful life. I took him home with me, and one day, to my intense grief, he was stolen from me when I was living in London, and I had to pay £3 to a dog-stealer for his recovery, with the stipulation that I would not betray or molest the dog-stealer in any way.

My dog was not as sagacious as one my old friend Sir Samuel Baker possessed, regarding which he tells the following story in his *Rifle and Hounds in Ceylon* :—

"I had not proceeded more than half a mile when we arrived at the edge of a small sluggish stream, covered in most places with rushes and water-lilies. We forded this about hip-deep, but the gun-bearer, who was leading the dog by a string, could not prevail upon our mute companion to follow: he pulled violently back, and shrinked, and evinced every symptom of terror at the approach of water. I was now on the opposite bank, and nothing would induce the dog to enter the river, so I told the gun-bearer to drag him across by force; this he accordingly did, and the dog swam with frantic exertions across the stream, having managed in his efforts to disengage his head from the rope. The moment he arrived on *terra firma* he rushed up a steep bank, and looked attentively down into the water beneath. We now gave him credit for his sagacity in refusing to cross the dangerous passage. The reeds bowed down to the right and left as a huge crocodile moved slowly from his shallow bed into a deep hole. The dog turned and went off as fast as his legs would carry him; no calling or whistling would induce him to come back, and I never saw him again. How he knew that a crocodile was in the stream I cannot imagine. He must have had a narrow escape at some former time, which was a lesson that he seemed determined to profit by. He was not my own dog, but a stranger, which happened to join in the chase of a deer I had wounded, and I had just before annexed him."

Another incident connected with the elephant expedition has left a very vivid impression on my mind, for although all providentially terminated happily, yet at one time I was, I confess, quite unmanned by the perplexities that environed me, and perhaps I was really more dismayed than I ought to have been under the circumstances.

Well, I can readily conceive that there are those who, lost in the jungle, would not have given way to the consternation that

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completely overwhelmed me when I realized my hopeless and helpless situation. I can only say that I envy the man who would retain his coolness and self-reliance when subjected to the tests by which I was baffled on that occasion.

On Sunday, a day of rest, at the first peep of dawn, Turner and self strolled down to a tank to bathe. As we drew near an alligator rolled lazily down from the bank into the only spot of clear water, and which we had fixed upon as our bathing-place. This was a warning not likely to be neglected, so, wading up to our knees, we filled some chatties which our coolies had brought for us with water, and poured the contents over our heads, a very refreshing kind of bath. After this we sat down on the bank under the shade of the trees, chatting and enjoying the perfect peace.

After a while I started off, partly to have a look at the surrounding country, and partly to inhale the cool, delicious breeze which was wafted across the plain at that early hour. My companion, Turner, returned to camp. I was attired in the lightest apparel, in nothing more in fact than a pair of mosquito pyjamahs and jersey and slippers; no hat or cap of any kind. What then happened I have just found recorded by Sir W. Turner, one of my companions and brother officers, in the *Sporting Review* of 1866. The account fits in very closely to the narrative I had lately written for these memoirs; but Turner's story seeming to me more graphic, I have given it the preference. It runs as follows:—

"A couple of hours had flown away, and breakfast was all but ready, when Jilks asked what had become of his brother Twig. I had been so intent upon my reading that I had not observed Twig's continued absence, but now that Jilks mentioned it, I started up at once, and related all about our bathing, and his going to explore the country. It was clear he had lost himself in the jungle. We ran down to the tank, Jilks with his cornet à piston, and I with my gun, to shout and fire and make as much noise as we could. On reaching the tank all was as still as when we left it. Jilks upon this mounted a tree with his cornet, and blew some unearthly blasts, whilst I fired off my gun, but not a sound could be heard of poor Twig. Leaving Jilks and Walmesly still shouting, I ran back to the village, and sent for the head-man, telling him to parade his best trackers, and giving them a gun, started them off ahead of us to try and track Twig, and each of us taking a guide, proceeded

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to scour the country in every direction. Half-way to the tank we saw the trackers whom we had sent out returning with a figure in the midst of them there was no mistaking, and a very pretty figure he certainly was—mosquito pyjamahs and vest torn, and hanging in shreds about him, his face deadly pale and flecked with blood, and his body scored with innumerable scratches. We were all curious to know where he had been. He then told us, that on leaving the tank he had strolled along the path, thinking how quiet and delightful was the life he was leading, how jolly to have no bugles sounding this call and that, no orderly room, no drill to tramp through, and to be shouted at for going wrong, until the shout of a large grey monkey just above his head awoke him from his reverie, and he began to wonder where he was. On looking about he found himself deep in the forest, on a track that had evidently been made by elephants. Similar ones branched off in all directions, but on none could be seen any signs that they had ever been traversed by human beings. Seating himself therefore on an old stump, he began to consider what to do, and to listen for the shouts that would be sure to be raised when his absence should be discovered; but all was still. He now began retracing his steps, but the paths were so numerous and so much alike, he became puzzled, and therefore climbed a tree, in the hope that he might be able to see something of the village or its smoke, or the crows that are always about it. Nothing, however, but trees, a vast panorama of trees, with low hills in the far distance, met his eyes, and it was with a sinking heart that he descended, to push his way once more through the tangled underwood. On he struggled, his clothes torn and his skin lacerated and bleeding, until he had gained sufficient distance to climb another tree, and have another look for the village. He chose the highest he could find, and began to ascend. Half-way up the trunk was a large hole, into which he put his hand to obtain a firmer hold, when with a spit and a hiss out jumped a large jungle cat right over his head, which so startled him that he almost let go his hold. The result of this survey was not a bit more satisfactory than the last, and he again began working his way through the jungle. Nor the third time he mounted a tree; but in doing so he pushed his head and shoulders through a red ants' nest. Now these red ants, as also the black ones, are so large and strong that they will nip through trousers and drawers hard enough to draw blood. You may imagine,

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therefore, the effect of their bite on the bare skin. It was sufficient to spoil his survey, and bring him down faster than he went up. He now wandered on at hazard, and coming upon a small dry *nullah*, he determined to follow its course, thinking that it would be sure to run into the tank; but over all these *nullahs* the jungle grows so thickly, and is so twisted and matted together, that it is no easy matter getting along them, and he soon gave up from sheer exhaustion and sat down. It now for the first time struck him that sitting still was the best thing he could do; his companions were certain to look for him, and that wandering about might only increase the distance from us, and prevent his hearing our shouts. He sat still therefore, until by and by he fancied he heard a distant call. He tried to answer, but the effort almost choked him, and he could scarcely hear his own voice. Again the call was repeated, and nearer to him. His voice this time came full and firm enough; back came the answering shout, and, guided thus, the trackers soon worked up to him and brought him out. He had heard nothing of the guns or cornet." This includes Turner's description of my wanderings.

I suffered no ill effects from the adventure, and I certainly was more frightened than hurt—at least, that is what I imagine my kind friends would say.

I think, however, it will not be forgotten by those who are acquainted with the habits of elephants, that I was not in the most secure and comfortable position on this occasion. The ground was, as I have stated, cut up in all directions by elephant tracks, showing that they frequented those parts. It was just about the time that these monarchs of the forest were accustomed to return to the shelter of the jungle, for it is their wont to emerge from their cover late in the afternoon, as soon as the heat of the day has begun to moderate, and after roaming about all night in quest of food they retreat into the depths of the jungle soon after sunrise. This habit, however, is not confined to elephants, for I fancy nearly all wild animals —excepting, perhaps, the rogue elephants, who wander about at all hours—withdraw into their most impenetrable fastnesses during the daytime. We certainly have very ancient authority for this conviction, for without being a sportsman, the reader of the oldest book in existence will perhaps remember where it is recorded—"Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions

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roar after their prey, and seek after their meat. The sun ariseth; they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens."

I was therefore liable at any moment to meet suddenly some of these mighty wanderers, who, had they caught sight of me, would have wanted to know the reason why I had dared to invade their private and particular haunts. I believe that most people have an idea that an elephant is a mild, inoffensive, and harmless animal, but I know they can be savage and revengeful. Their sagacity exceeds that of any other animal, and they are endowed with a keenness of scent and hearing which are, however, somewhat neutralized by the dimness of their sight, which often gives the hunters a chance of avoiding them at close quarters. But altogether their faculties are of such a sensitive and searching order that they are dangerous customers, and they have offensive advantages which are not possessed by any other wild beasts that I am aware of. The Ceylon *shikarees* display the most extraordinary cunning and skill in tracking the elephants, rivalling the instincts of the animals themselves—always keeping to windward of them, and exercising such extreme caution as not even to step on a leaf, the sound of which might disturb the prey. Then their unfailing knowledge as to how far the elephant is ahead, or how long he has gone before, although the footsteps of the animal are scarcely visible, are quite marvellous. There is nothing more formidable, more ferocious, or a greater curse to the villagers, than a confirmed rogue elephant. It will attack everything and everybody that crosses its path, and is ever on the watch for victims. It corresponds, I think, to a human being who has run amuck. It tramples underfoot and lays waste all cultivation, and seems to take a vicious pleasure in inflicting as much ruin and destruction as it possibly can on all around. The hunter who intends to confront such an infuriated brute has to be prepared for a most dangerous conflict, for a rogue elephant is as cunning as he is savage, and will wait for his opportunity to be down upon you; and woe betide you if there is the slightest failure or faltering at that critical moment.

Sir Samuel Baker says (and I can endorse it) that there is sometimes great risk in escaping from a pursuing elephant in the open, as the ground is often very rough and broken, full of holes and large stones, intersected with gullies, and bristling with stumps and tufts of grass. The elephant's broad splay

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foot has an advantage over such ground. However active a man may be, he is pretty certain to fall when going at speed over such impediments, especially as he has to be constantly looking back to see how he is holding his own against his pursuer. Baker says there is a great art in running away. It requires the perfection of coolness and presence of mind—two qualities, by the way, I should say were pre-eminently stamped on that dauntless man, and without such coolness the hunter is likely to run into the very danger that he is trying to avoid. This was, Baker believes, the cause of Major Haddock's death in Ceylon many years ago. He had attacked a "rogue," and being immediately charged, he failed to stop him, although he gave him both barrels. Being forced to run, he went off at full speed, and turning quickly round a tree, he hoped the elephant would pass him. Unfortunately he did not look behind him before he turned, and the elephant passed round the opposite side of the tree, thus, of course, meeting him face to face. He was instantly trampled to death.

I have mentioned that Ceylon elephants generally roam about all night, and return to the jungle about sunrise; but Sir Samuel Baker tells us that African elephants are quite different in their habits—that "instead of retiring to dense jungles at sunrise, the African will be met with in the mid-day glare, far away from forests, basking in the hot prairie grass of ten feet high, which scarcely reaches to his withers."

As a financial transaction the pursuit of the Ceylon elephant must be far less profitable than that of the African, as the latter are rarely seen without tusks, whereas I have very seldom come across a Ceylon elephant so armed. I have Sir Samuel Baker's authority for saying, that not one in three hundred is provided with tusks; and from my own observation I can really imagine that this veteran sportsman has struck about the average number; and with reference to this, as an ordinary tusk will weigh about fifteen pounds, each valued at about £7 10*s*., it will be understood that laying low an elephant with tusks is a paying transaction.

In Ceylon we always made it a rule not to fire till we were within a few paces of the animal, and then to aim behind the ear, or at the temple. It would have been thought bad form to fire at the shoulder. But in the open ground or high grass, in which the African elephant is usually found, Sir Samuel Baker says it would be both uncertain and extremely dangerous

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to attempt a close approach on foot. Should the animal turn upon the hunter it would be next to impossible to take the temple or the forehead shot with effect, and therefore it was usual to aim at the shoulders at a distance of fifty or sixty yards. Of course such a mighty hunter as Sir Samuel Baker would not deign to fire at the shoulder if the nature of the country admitted of an approach to within ten paces. In such a case he would invariably aim at the brain

And here I will close my elephant yarn. I must ask pardon if I have been a little tedious in dwelling on all these minute details. The fact is, the mental revival of these elephant expeditions, in which I took such intense delight, awakens such a crowd of pleasing memories, that I am almost wild with excitement as I think of them. It is impossible for me, having started the subject, not to linger over it, fancying, as I do, that my sporting recollections will perhaps fall some day into the hands of congenial friends, who will heartily sympathize in my elephantine feelings.

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CHAPTER III

FURTHER SPORTING ADVENTURES, AND THE CEYLON REBELLION OF '48

Expedition to Aripoo—An uncomfortable journey—At sea without compass—Land at last—Drawing a blank—Traces of elephants—First blood—Tackling the herd—Twig's narrow escape—A cowardly cur—My first rogue elephant—An ignominious tale—A tribute to Ceylon—My twin brother's shameful doggerel—Ceylon Rebellion of 1848—Administering martial law—Comments at home—Seizing the leopard—My hunting-knife to the rescue—A ghastly wound—Meeting an old friend—Unprovoked assault by a dog—Dr. Keate saves my life—Two buffalo adventures—Magistrates' justice in Ceylon.

I HAVE a vivid recollection of a sporting expedition we made whilst quartered at Colombo in 1851. I wrote an account of it at the time, but my manuscript has long since disappeared. However, a far more interesting narrative than mine has recently fallen into my hands. The writer, that famous sportsman and gallant soldier, Sir W. Turner, to whom I have more than once referred, who then belonged to my regiment, the 15th Foot, was one of my companions on this occasion, and he has described our adventures so graphically, that I cannot do better than transcribe them, as nearly as possible in his words, rather than trust to my own memory. He commences thus:—

"Having arranged a trip with the two brothers Wilkinson—called 'Jilks' and 'Twig'—and Walmesly, and sent on our horses four days previously, we got under weigh at about three p.m., four as happy fellows as could be found in a day's march, in a schooner of an unpronounceable name, which we had chartered to carry ourselves and baggage up the western coast as far as Aripoo, about one hundred and fifty miles, where we expected to meet our nags and commence sport. We had three weeks' leave, and felt joyous as those only can do who have been long cooped up in a dull, hot, and gloomy fort. As we cleared the harbour and got into the broad ocean, we found

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that all our high spirits must be put in requisition, for the wind was very light, the swell long and rolling, the sun awfully hot, and the smell from the old tub almost insupportable.

"Poor Twig soon succumbed, and looking very wretched, declared that he would willingly barter leave and sport to be out of the vessel. Walmesly also suffered, but—like Mark Tapley—became the jollier under the adverse circumstances, at one moment feeding the fishes, the next roaring out the fag-end of some old song. Jilks and I were all right, but impatient of our slow progress. To add to our discomfort, the rain began to fall in torrents; however, by rigging up one of our tents, we managed to get through the night with some sleep.

"The next morning we woke up rather stiff, and found we had made some progress, the wind having freshened, but it soon fell, and it became a dead calm. If there is anything more trying in the world, it is being becalmed under the equator, the long rolling sea unrippled by a breath of wind to break the glare, the sun pouring down his fierce, unclouded beams, the yards groaning and sails flapping idly against the mast with every roll, seeming to mock at your impatience with every creak and rattle. During the next night we again made some progress, but in the morning it again became a dead calm. On the fourth day, when we had begun to think that we should be able to quit our horrid old tub, we found that we had been blown out of sight of land, and having no compass, nor any confidence in our squint-eyed skipper, our position was serious. Misfortunes seldom come singly, and poor Twig, whom fate has been persecuting with constant sea-sickness since sailing, lost his watch and chain overboard, under circumstances that could hardly have been foreseen.

"Our skipper taking it so coolly, and keeping still away from land, excited my wrath to such an extent that I seized him by the turban, abused him soundly, and made him 'bout ship, and try for the coast on the opposite tack. The result was our running nicely into Aripoo that afternoon. Had I not taken the law into my own hands, we should have found ourselves—goodness knows where, and missed our horses, &c. However, snug at anchor at last, and the first boat full of baggage off with Jilks, Twig, and Walmesly, whilst I remained on board to see all discharged. An hour's hard work, and then we were all right in the rest-house, forgetting our late discomforts. Our

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horses having arrived, we were in the highest spirits. Aripoo was formerly one of the principal seats of the pearl fishery, from which Government derived a large income; now it is a miserable little village. Phœnix-like may it arise from its ashes, for many are the pleasurable recollections that spring up in my mind connected with this same despised spot.

"Twig opened the ball by bagging some partridges, which abound in these parts. Then I and Jilks went out deer-stalking, with no success. Twig and Walmesly wounded a buck but lost it, and there was on the whole a good deal of tailoring. After this we decided to change our camp.

"Accordingly, we all started on our way—Jilks, Walmesly, Twig, and self. For hours we wandered over a most lovely country, now tracking across a plain covered with short, green grass, and dotted thickly with trees and bushes, now pushing through a patch of splendid forest, and again moving lazily along the banks of a rapid, gleaming river, as it rolled along through the noiseless forest, its stillness broken only by the roll of some huge alligator into the depths below. How glorious and impressive is the stillness of an Indian forest! It is indescribable, deathlike; in the midst of it you can feel indeed your own insignificance. The actions of your past life rise up and pass in review before you, and you see talents misapplied, days wasted and frittered away, the happiness of an approving conscience bartered for false, unsatisfying, selfish pleasures, till you wonder at your folly, and think the past must have been some uneasy dream, and you look into the bright, blue, cloudless heavens with a freer heart and a brighter eye, as you silently register the resolve that the present shall be turned to better account.

"This day's sport proved a blank; but the next morning, having observed some elephant tracks the previous day, we determined to try and find them. The jungle thickened as we proceeded, and we moved along very cautiously. An hour's work brought to our ears the welcome, well-known rumbling noise occasioned by the thick breathing of the elephants. Presently Jilks stooped down, and made out the legs of some of them, but on advancing he found they had gone off so quietly as to be inaudible. It is strange that in such dense jungle such great brutes should be able to do this, but I have often known them to do so when the natives, with their sharp ears, have been listening. However, we followed in their track

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—Jilks first, then Walmesly, Twig, and self. Presently I heard bang—bang, and jumping out to my right, saw that the fun was all over, for Jilks had done the trick, and killed as large an elephant as I ever saw. He was a single one, most likely a rogue waiting on the herd. The second shot had come from Walmesly, who was a young hand, and could not resist pulling the trigger, although Jilks had killed him stone dead with the first shot. We pushed on quickly through marshy ground, and from the tracks in the mud saw that there must be some eight or nine elephants ahead of us. Suddenly the ground changed, and we found ourselves in an open forest, more like an English orchard, with the whole herd right before us. At them we went—Twig, with his long legs, leading—and at once opened fire, bringing down three of them. Seeing Twig hard at work with a vicious old mother, I gave her my left barrel, but without effect, and putting my hand back for my second gun, found that all the gun-carriers had bolted, scared by the trumpeting and screaming of the herd, who were standing their ground well. We had each now fired both barrels, and had consequently to take to our heels after our cowardly gun-carriers, whom overtaking, we got fresh guns, and back again to the herd, Twig again attacking the vicious mother. She turned, but I gave her a shot in the countenance which made her wheel round and again take to her scrapers, with us at her heels. Furious was now the chevy; through brake and brush we tore, and Twig again fired his last shot, without effect, excepting that the elephant turned on him, while at the same moment he stumbled and fell. I was fifteen yards behind him, and fearing he would be caught I put up my rifle and gave her a snap-shot. The instant I did so, to my horror, up rose a black cap in the line of sight, and I thought I must have hit Twig in the head. Fortunately he was a second too late; as it was, the shot turned the old lady, and Twig was safe. Every nerve did I now strain to head her, having only one barrel remaining, and determining to use it only as a final shot. Luckily she turned to the right, and putting on extra steam, I headed her as she tore through the jungle right down upon me, and killed her stone dead. So ended this memorable chase, and greatly pleased were we all at concluding it with the death of such a tough old customer.

"That same afternoon news was brought to us in camp, to which we had returned, that a 'Tusker' had been seen in the

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neighbourhood; we accordingly sallied forth in search of him. We soon stumbled on his tracks, and at last heard him crack a branch not far from us. We entered a dense, thorny jungle, covered with blossoming creepers, and stooping down and looking between the thorny stems, we soon made out the legs of a very large elephant, standing quite still and listening for us. As the jungle was so very thick, we tried, independently of each other, to get a shot, but our friend was a regular cur, and with a shrill scream crashed off through the jungle. In a moment we were on his track and after him, the brute making a way for us through the dense, matted jungle. We tried to head him, but he was up to us, and dashed away through a river which interposed, and we saw him clambering up the opposite bank, and off straight for the forest. He was a perfect monster, and we determined we would not let him off so easily. A moment's consultation found us a ford, which we crossed up to our arm-pits in water. We soon reached dry land, and forward was the cry. We came up to him again, standing quite still. I thought he had made up his mind for a fight, and made sure of him amongst us. Twig was to have first shot, and he got beautifully round to his full front. Slowly he brought his rifle up and fired, but off went our friend, and apparently unhurt, and so quickly that not one of us could get a shot, although we ran him hard for some distance.

"The sun was now close to the horizon, tinging the light, fleecy clouds and huge tree-tops with his golden beams, so home was the word. We came upon a herd of deer on our way. Twig stalked them most scientifically, creeping on his belly for a long distance, in the hope of bagging a fine buck, but, being out of sorts, again missed, and was quite down in the mouth the rest of the evening, whilst we, on the contrary, fought our battles over again, and did not break up till late."

I have shown, on Sir Samuel Baker's unquestionable authority, that a rogue elephant is probably the most dangerous wild animal that a sportsman can encounter in any quarter of the globe, and that it required the utmost nerve and circumspection to meet his persistent attacks successfully; indeed none but a most experienced hunter ought ever to attempt it. With this opinion I most thoroughly concur. I speak from personal experience, for I am now reminded of an adventure I and others had with a "rogue," which clearly proved what a formidable opponent we all regarded him, and how thankful we were when

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we got rid of him. I am almost ashamed to tell the story. It certainly does not redound to our credit; and I should have suppressed it—and thus avoided the ridicule it is likely to excite—were I not persuaded that kindly allowance will be made for us when I explain that it was the first elephant we had ever seen in its wild state, and that we have, I hope, since redeemed the character as sportsmen which we then so unmistakably lost.

And now for my ignominious tale. My regiment, the 15th Foot, had just arrived at Point de Galle, in Ceylon, when we heard of a rogue elephant having taken up its quarters in the neighbourhood. Accordingly my Captain (Wingfield), an officer of the Ceylon Rifles, and myself sallied forth to tackle this savage monster. After having tracked him for some miles through a dense bamboo jungle, we stole upon him when he was fast asleep. As we were stooping down, with a view of getting a shot at his head, he suddenly awoke and jumped up, at the same time giving a tremendous trumpet. This awful row and overwhelming sight seemed to utterly scare us three petrified heroes. None of us knew exactly what had happened for the moment, and it was but for a moment, beyond the fact that we were all apparently in such a blue funk that neither of us fired at the rogue, and in another instant he was out of sight in the dense forest; and perhaps it was as well for us that we refrained from firing, considering how unsteady we were, for the rogue had not winded us, and he providentially went straight away from us. Had he made for us it would have been impossible to get a clear shot in that almost impervious jungle. And so ingloriously ended this roguish expedition.

The next time I was engaged in elephant shooting, I was deputed by Lord Torrington, then Governor of Ceylon, to look after the Marquis of Tweeddale, who was an enormously stout man. His unwieldy figure prevented his following the game. He was therefore posted behind a tree, whilst I was hard by, to back him up in case of necessity. The jungle was beaten up to him, but the elephants all diverged from his direction. After waiting for a long while his lordship gave it up, and set me free to go on my own hook. No sooner had this happened than a herd was driven towards me. I need hardly say, that as this was my first encounter with a herd of elephants, it was awfully exciting hearing them come crashing though the jungle, straight down to where I was posted. I recollect that the first one that showed himself I stopped with one shot. He dropped slowly on his

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knees, and I put another ball into him as he was on the ground, but I believe the first shot killed him. The rest of the herd rushed by me on all sides; but I cannot remember why I did not make use of my second gun. I suppose I was too absorbed in my first trophy. Rogues (as I have said before) will make for you, and follow you everywhere; but herds will try and avoid you, unless a mother has a young one with her, and this her maternal feelings will under no circumstances allow her to desert.

The only other episode I can call to mind in connection with my elephant expeditions was rather singular, and somewhat ridiculous. During one drive we laid low three of a herd; all were on the ground apparently dead. Considering that this bag was quite safe, we went after the rest of the herd, and on our return, to our astonishment, we found all three of our (supposed) slain elephants had disappeared! I imagine they were only stunned; but it was strange that the same partial effect was produced on them all.

In bidding farewell to the island where I spent so many years of my life with my old regiment, the 15th Foot, I would fain bear my personal testimony to the loveliness of the Cinnamon Island. The scenery is rich beyond compare, and gloriously varied. There are the magnificent forests, the thorny jungles, the open downs, the park-like plains, the grand mountains clad with fine trees and verdure of every kind. The foliage is most luxuriant, and the colouring unequalled—of dazzling brilliancy and of every hue all the year round. The climate is unfortunately trying, damp, steamy, and enervating, excepting in the hills. The fact is, the forests and jungle prevailing over such a large portion of the country, malaria, fever, and dysentery are bound to be generated in the plains. Of course the chief attraction to me in this island was the abundant opportunities it afforded for sport of all kinds—from the majestic elephant to the timid hare or the little Jack-snipe. I have had my day amongst all the principal wild game, such as elephants, buffaloes, deer, elk, leopards; and the deer and elk hunting with a pack of hounds has given us great sport; but all is dwarfed into insignificance beside the breathless excitement involved in the stealthy tracking and laying low of the "lord of all created animals," who, notwithstanding all his strength and sagacity, is powerless to withstand the attack of a puny man, whose God-like faculty of reason is more than a

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match for the mightiest of the mighty of the brute beasts—no matter what may be their physical superiority.

With reference to our distressing failure with the rogue elephant, my twin brother, who is provokingly addicted to doggerel, on hearing of this untoward opening scene in our sporting drama, must needs describe our ridiculous and humiliating performance in the following nasty lines:—

"We duffers three slunk off to bed,
Each hiding his diminished head,
Disgusted with the craven trick
Of that fierce rogue who 'cut his stick,'
Afraid to face us dauntless men,
Who would have slain him there and then,
Had he the patience but to wait
Till we had time to seal his fate.
Recovered from our dread surprise
We should have fired betwixt his eyes,
That deadly spot, the very place
(When funk does not your aim disgrace !).
'Tis only by a sudden scare—
Those moments in our lives so rare—
That hunters e'er forget to shoot,
And rid the world of such a brute.
Our startled state recalls Tom Noddy,
Who came to see a human body
By neck suspended till stone dead—
So, at least, the poet said ;
But whilst he slept the deed was done,
And thus he lost all that day's fun.
Ere he awoke, to his dismay,
That wretched corpse was borne away,
So nothing could his lordship see,
Except that awful gallows tree.
Like him, aghast, scared at the sight
Of such a rogue, in such a fright,
Hallo ! we said, here's a rum go,
Fancy that brute behaving so ;
Whilst we were staring, like stuck pigs,
Watching that rogue so full of rigs,
Who'd just put on a frantic spurt,
Though he was neither hit nor hurt.
I felt so small, my mean condition
Found vent in sighs of deep contrition,
We shall be chaffed throughout the camp,
Condemned as men of doubtful stamp.
To staunch my shame I took to pegs,
Though stiff, I drained them to the dregs ;
I thought to keep my pecker up
By sipping oft the flowing cup ;
In justice to myself I may
Perhaps presume one word to say :
That elephants a score I've slain,
But never did I quail again."

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With reference to the above, might I venture to observe, that sudden scares such as I have described seem to overcome sometimes the bravest of the brave. I remember reading a confession made by Reynell Taylor, a man well known throughout India for his dauntless bearing in the face of danger.

He had been watching one night for a tiger, who was expected to revisit the carcase of a cow he had recently killed. "I had," he said "been straining my eyesight to make imaginary tigers out of the bushes around me, when suddenly some large animal sprang upon the prostrate carcase, and with a savage growl carried it, rather than dragged it, for a couple of yards. A large dark tiger stood within two spear-lengths of me. For several seconds I was completely incapacitated by nervous excitement; my eyesight swam, and for the life of me I could not for a time distinguish tiger, tree, or cow. This was not fear, but it was as like it as was pleasant! It was produced, I believe, by the suddenness and mystery attending the appearance of my formidable guest. When I got the peepers clear, the tiger had raised himself from the cow, and was standing broadside to me, and staring me in the face. He must have seen a movement of my head against the light. I slowly raised my rifle, and brought it to bear on the large but indistinct form in front of me. I perceived that the three hundred yards sight was up, so I passed my left hand down the barrel, and smoothed the sights down, but in the interval the tiger smelt a rat, and moved off. I fired at his retreating form, and missed him altogether." He freely acknowledged that he would probably be called a muff, but excused himself, saying, "'Twasn't my fault, I never was taught to shoot in the dark."

I must not quit Ceylon without referring to the rebellion which broke out whilst I was quartered in the island. Lord Torrington was our Governor at that time. It happened that the detachment of my regiment of which I was in temporary command was located in the very centre of the disaffected parts; and military law having been proclaimed, I was appointed President of Court-martial in the disturbed district. Lord Torrington's prompt and uncompromising measures were vehemently denounced by the people at home, and some of the sympathizers of the rebels brought the matter before Parliament, and accused Lord Torrington of having sanctioned the execution of a Buddhist priest in his sacred robes. Now, as a matter of fact, the priestly robes in question consisted of a very dirty yellow cloth, which encircled his sacred loins,

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and had we divested him of that priestly raiment we should have had no other alternative but to string up that holy man in a state of *puris naturalibus*, for persons of the sacerdotal class in that country do not, as a rule, wear any under-garments. Such a proceeding on our part, as ministers of justice, when revealed in all its "naked" truth, would have been, I am certain, pronounced most indecent.

It was sought by some of the agitators at home, who always seem to experience a pleasure in stigmatizing their countrymen abroad whenever they are engaged in some arduous service, and trying to do their duty, to hold *me* up to public scorn, as having been one of those, under Lord Torrington's instructions and orders, instrumental in suppressing the rebellion. Some member of Parliament described me in that august assembly as a young gentleman of the name of Mr. Twigg (my nickname), an ensign in H. M. 15th Regiment, who had been invested with the powers of life and death, and that it was monstrous that I—a mere boy —should have been allowed to exercise such tremendous authority during such a formidable insurrection.

As it happened, if I was a boy I was rather an old one, and I think rather a knowing one; and having had eight years' experience of soldiering, I had learnt pretty well how to deal with men of all sorts, not excluding natives, with whom I had been, as a sportsman, a good deal associated; and I flatter myself, as an Etonian, that I had my wits about me, and was quite competent to preside at a court-martial for the trial of the Cingalese rebels. If an officer of twenty-six years of age is not fit to be trusted, in a country like Ceylon, with exceptional powers in a time of great emergency, such as existed in those perilous days, then I say he ought not to have been allowed to retain his commission.

Adverting to the court-martial held under my supervision, I remember a bit of information elicited from one of the witnesses which rather startled those who were not familiar with the customs of the country. A young girl of about fourteen years of age was giving her evidence, and upon my asking her what relation subsisted between her and the prisoner, she replied that she was his daughter. I ventured to remind her that her father had been executed a few days before. "That is quite true," she said, "but he was also my father." The explanation of this singular circumstance is, that amongst the low class to which this girl belonged a woman divided her affections amongst several men, who were

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all equally regarded as husbands; hence the dual paternity in the above-mentioned case.

The only episode I can recall in connection with the rebellion in Ceylon in 1848 which could (and that only by a considerable amount of straining) be converted into a personal adventure, was really such a very mild affair that I am almost ashamed of mentioning it, and probably should have suppressed it altogether if my twin brother were less exacting in his demands on my personal experiences. However, in justice to myself, I must premise that I am not laying claim to a Victoria Cross, nor, truly, to any credit whatever, excepting that which may be considered fairly due to the fact of my having made for a Cingalese chief, who with some of his rebel men happened to appear in my front just then. He showed no fight, but gave in directly I closed with him, and we did not spill each other's blood, nor battle for dear life, nor do anything very sensational or heroic; but I rather think that my Cingalese chieftain would have been killed or severely wounded had he attempted to discharge the gun with which he was armed, for on relieving him of his weapon I found it was loaded up to the muzzle. It is a curious coincidence that my twin brother, who captured a rebel horseman during the Indian Mutiny under somewhat similar circumstances, discovered that the pistol of the *suwar* was also loaded up to the brim, and must have burst had it been fired off. I think it is a pity, for the sake of the twin-like affinity in our stories, that the gun and pistol were not both shattered to pieces on these occasions.

At the same time that I made the capture of the Kandian chief, I remember one of the Malay sergeants of the Ceylon Rifles, who were quartered with us during the rebellion, expressed his opinion that it was quite useless making prisoners of the rebels. He said—"What for you make prisoners of these fellows? They eat plenty of curry and rice, get fat, cost Government plenty of money, and then go out and rebel again. Why not cut off head of every man, and save trouble?" &c., &c. I need hardly say that a hint from us would have seen in a few moments every prisoner butchered.

I am coming nearly to the end of my sporting adventures. The one I am about to relate might have been attended with serious if not fatal consequences. From Poonah I went on leave to Ceylon, revisiting many scenes in which I had passed five years of my early soldiering days. I first stayed with a nephew, who is

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a coffee planter out there, and from him I went on to stay with a friend, John Baker, brother of the great traveller, Sir Samuel Baker, also an old friend of mine, with whom I have spent many delightful hours at his hospitable house in England. But that social enjoyment I can, alas! look for no more, as Sir Samuel has gone to his rest. I have never been associated with a more interesting companion, or one who more inspired me with a feeling that I was in the presence of a man of uncommon intelligence, resolution, and power. One day, whilst still staying with John Baker in Nuwara Eliya, I sallied forth with a pack of dogs in search of elk deer. We had not gone very far, when we suddenly heard a howl, which proceeded from one of the hounds, which had been pounced upon by a leopard and eventually killed. We followed on his track, and I soon came up with him, crouched like a cat up a tree, with all the hounds baying at the foot of it. Whilst cheering them on, one of the most eager took a run and jumped some way up the tree. Upon this down came the leopard into the midst of the pack, which at once rushed in upon him. He seemed to throw himself on his back, and to fight with his fore and hind legs, clawing the hounds fearfully. But they were not to be shaken off. The more they were mauled, the more fiercely they tore at the leopard. But their persistent worrying seemed to have no effect on the leopard's skin, which being thick and loose seemed impervious to the teeth of the dogs.

Whilst this savage fight was going on, my companion, a Mr. Downall, ran up and sent his spear into the brute, but this proved ineffectual. The leopard still resisted the dogs with unabated determination. I then took a personal part in the struggle. I seized the leopard with one hand, and drove my long hunting-knife into his throat with the other. I paid dearly for my temerity, for the leopard got a clutch at my hand, and dug "the crooked daggers of his claws" into it so fast, that I was at first completely pinned. I succeeded at last in tearing my hand away, the effort producing a lacerated and ghastly wound. I at once plunged my maimed hand into a mountain stream, which was a very painful operation, as the water was icy cold! I then never ceased to suck the wound, spitting out the blood, which continued to flow freely from it. This remedy I adopted for no less than three hours, the period it took me to reach home from the scene of our encounter. I don't believe any doctor could have applied a more efficient antiseptic. The poor dogs might have followed my plan if Nature had only put them up to

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it; but as it was, all their wounds became very angry, suppurating badly afterwards, and I think some of them either died or had to be destroyed The leopard succumbed at last, from loss of blood and exhaustion, and was brought home in triumph. It was probably the only one that had ever been done to death in the way I have described. It was appropriated by my companion, Mr. Downall, the master of the hounds, and I heard no more of its destination, till one day, when walking down Piccadilly, I saw in Ward's the naturalist's shop two leopards in a case exhibited in the window. I went into the shop to have a further look at them, and on my remarking what a very fine specimen one of them was—"Yes," he replied, "it is the largest we have ever had, and there," he said, "is a printed account of the fight in which he was slain."

On perusing it, I found that it was the very animal, the scars of whose claws are indelibly imprinted on my left hand. I met my old foe once again under unexpected circumstances. I was at the Colonial Exhibition, and there I at once recognized him, holding a very prominent position in the Ceylon Jungle Department, and above him was written this superscription:

"A LEOPARD KILLED BY A KNIFE."

Another very curious coincidence connected with this leopard occurred about two years ago. I was travelling in Germany, when I met a gentleman at the *table d'hôte*, and we fraternized that evening. The conversation happened to fall on matters relating to Ceylon, and on his asking me whether I knew anything about the country, I told him I had very good reason to remember the island, as I was once very badly mauled by a leopard there, when he exclaimed—"I was the doctor who attended you on that occasion!" We had neither of us recognized one another up to that moment. It was very ungrateful of me to forget him, as he most generously declined to accept any professional fee for his attendance, because I was a guest of his comrade.

I have gone pretty fully into the circumstances of my conflict with a leopard, which eventuated in my having several holes drilled into my hand by the claws of that animal. I will now tell a story which will account for my having had to endure the very painful operation of having some more holes drilled into me, but this time through my leg instead of my hand, by the fangs of a large dog.

On this occasion I was having a wrestling match with my

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cousin, Captain Pardoe, who was, as I have stated before, a brother officer in the 15th Foot. During the struggle we both fell, and my cousin's too faithful dog—a large, powerful animal—which happened to be watching us, evidently thought I was attacking his master, flew at me as I was sprawling on the ground, and seizing me by the leg just below the knee, worried me savagely. Quite disabled, I was placed in the hands of a country doctor, who washed and dressed and plastered up my wounds. Some days afterwards I went up to town, and my dear old anxious mother insisted on my consulting Dr. Keate, the famous surgeon, who at once tore off the plaster and cauterized the wound freely, burning it right through from one side to the other. As I was notorious for my spindle-shanks, I suppose the doctor had not to traverse much ground in effecting his cauterizing purpose; I mean he did not take long to probe right through my leg. But whether that was or was not as deep as a well, I only know that I suffered great agony for hours after the application of the caustic, and I was completely disabled for some time. I believe it is more than likely that Dr. Keate saved my life on this occasion, as I myself may claim to have contributed by my remedy to my salvation on the former occasion, for the wounds inflicted by the leopard and the dog were, I believe, both most dangerous. The great surgeon who treated me was a brother of the still more famous Dr. Keate, head-master of Eton College, whom my elder brother (then nearly head of the college) assisted in suppressing a rebellion in the school. Dr. Keate in the middle of the night had the boys one by one out of their beds, and flogged, I think, about one hundred and fifty of them soundly. My brother superintended this operation, which, though severe, was not, I'll be bound, a thousandth part as painful as the operation which Dr. Keate's brother performed on me.

Whilst in Ceylon, besides my escapes from elephants by the providential intervention of my brother (which I have before described), I had two rather narrow squeaks from buffaloes. On one occasion I had been shooting hares with a friend—Sutherland, a coffee planter—and when passing down a narrow lane we were suddenly charged by a buffalo, which we had not seen till it was nearly atop of us. At the unexpected onslaught my friend shrank back, and in doing so fell and knocked me over. We were both sprawling on the ground, and the buffalo was in the very act of transfixing my friend, who was slightly ahead of

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me, when I managed to push the muzzle of my gun to the brute's forehead, and shot him dead with small shot. So instantaneous was my movement, that I had not time even to get my rifle to my shoulder. The whole charge of shot entered the buffalo's head like a bullet.

On another occasion I was in a paddy field, shooting snipe, when I happened to see one of a herd of buffaloes approaching me. He began circling round me, I being quite unsuspicious of any sinister designs on the part of this innocent, domesticated-looking animal; then, without any further warning, he dashed straight down upon me. I had just time to realize his polite intentions, so was fully prepared for him. I waited till he nearly touched me, and as he lowered his head, preparatory to hurling me into the air, I fired full in his face, with exactly the same result as in the case of the other buffalo. The snipe-shot penetrated his skull like a bullet, and he rolled over at my feet as dead as a door-nail.

No sooner had I released myself from this extreme peril, exulting in my success, when I was surrounded by a crowd of villagers, with the head-man, who all assumed a threatening attitude. Upon this I deliberately cocked my gun, and let them understand that they had better keep their hands off me. I then gave the head functionary my card, and he subsequently brought an action against me. I was tried, and the plaintiff swore I had shot the buffalo when it was running away. Fortunately the judge was an enlightened, shrewd man, and did not think it possible that a flying buffalo, said to have been shot in the hind-quarters, could be killed dead with snipe-shot, and he accordingly gave a verdict in my favour. The magistrate advised me to remunerate the man for the loss of his animal, but considering the lies that he had told, I objected.

I am here reminded of the magistrate's method of administering justice. He said niggers were such liars it was useless questioning them, and as he was a good judge of character and countenance, he used to put litigants alongside of one another, and not allow them to say anything. After looking at them earnestly for a moment or two, and having made up his mind, he would say to one of them, "You are the guilty man," and dispose of him accordingly.

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CHAPTER IV

OLD-TIME VOYAGES AND INDIAN EXPERIENCES

Nearly shipwrecked—Given up for lost—Parallel voyages—An unexpected meeting—A foolhardy leap from the mess-room window—More doggerel by Twin—India in 1851—Captain Watson's trial—*A propos* of billiards—Poonah—Pursuit of a wounded tiger—On leave at a hill station—A picnic accident—Delhi—The camp of exercise.

I HAVE had a very rough time of it in sailing ships, with their erratic and peculiar performances, in conveying troops across the seas in tempestuous weather, and on more than one occasion I believe we were in the extremity of danger. The exposure and the hardships we had to endure, from want of all the necessaries of life, including water, fuel, and food, involved awful experiences such as no one who had the misfortune to share in them could ever forget. My regiment was one of those which were ordered out suddenly to New Brunswick in 1861, when war with America seemed imminent.

To give an idea of the capabilities of our miserable tub of a ship, to whose security hundreds of lives were committed: from various mishaps and delays we did not arrive at our destination for three months, the ordinary passage occupying three weeks. After going 1000 miles we met with a terrific storm, some important part of our machinery at once gave way, and we were reduced to perfect helplessness, tossing about at the mercy of the waves, which were rolling mountains high, and the winds, which were blowing a hurricane. Our condition was so critical that I believe it was expected that we might go down any moment. The sailors managed, after almost insuperable difficulties, to effect repairs sufficient to enable us to obtain partial control over the ship, and we at length retraced our steps and put back to Plymouth, where we were detained for a fortnight, our cranky old vessel being all that time under repair. When all was ready we made a fresh start. We had not gone very far when we again

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encountered fearful weather, and were for five days and nights battling with the storm, and knocking about off the coast of Bermuda. It was then that our supply of coals ran out, leaving only enough for the steam requirements of the ship; and our supply of food at the same time became as scanty as the coals. When at last we succeeded in getting into harbour we were unable to communicate with the shore for three whole days. I forget how long we were again detained for repairs in this port, but I think ten days or a fortnight. Finally, we mercifully reached our destination, St. John's, New Brunswick, after as trying a time of it as I suppose not many soldiers have undergone. More than once, as I have stated, we were in imminent peril of foundering, and apart from the dangers that threatened the rotten old ship, we poor devils on board had to lead the most miserable lives, crowded into that old tub, subjected to every conceivable anxiety, hardship, and discomfort, unsuitably clad, and half fed, and righteously indignant at the authorities who so mercilessly and unnecessarily exposed us to such cruel and preventable trials.

The transport which caused us all this suffering was named the *Adelaide*, and I heard that she had an evil reputation, for to her shortcomings was attributed some vexatious delay that occurred in the operations during the Chinese War. So grave were the suspicions entertained by the captain of the unsoundness and unfitness of the ship, from the way she had behaved in the storm that drove us back to Plymouth, that he unconditionally declined to have anything more to say to her when we put to sea again, and two other commanders also refused to accept the responsibility; but a young man, who had to make his way in the world, at last undertook the very precarious duty. I was told that the ship was re-christened after we parted from her, in order that she might not be identified, her breakdown, and our grievances, having been brought before Parliament. We were so long lost sight of, and were so much over time, that we were given up, and included in the long list of hapless vessels —"Lost at Sea." The wing of the regiment, which had safely arrived at its destination long before us, and which had abandoned all hope of ever seeing us again, had to cancel all the promotions which they had mentally arranged amongst themselves in our absence. I forgot to mention that a very curious incident occurred in connection with our voyage to Ceylon in 1845. The two sailing vessels in which we embarked left

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Ireland within three or four days of each other. After a successful passage of about two months, the vessel in which I was sailing arrived at Simon's Bay, and during this interval the two vessels had never sighted one another, and we therefore did not in the least know where our comrades were. Of course all on board our ship went on shore, and having hired our steeds we rode over to Cape Town. About half-way we met a party coming in our direction. We did not quite like the look of them. They appeared a rowdy set of fellows, and were probably a half-drunken lot of sailors on the spree. We did not want a row, so we determined to give them as wide a berth as possible. But on getting nearer to them we found, to our infinite delight, that they were our own officers, whose vessel had just put in at Cape Town, and they were on their way to see Simon's Bay. We all turned back, and had a jolly dinner together at Cape Town. In sallying forth to explore the place after our convivial feast, I came to grief. I rather prided myself on my activity, which in those days was a marked feature in my bodily accomplishments—"though I says it as shouldn't"; and by way of displaying my special agility, I jumped over a high wall, behind which there was a deep descent, and I was completely disabled, and had to be carried home, and I therefore was debarred from exploring the country, and making myself acquainted with the neighbourhood, which is the first duty of an officer in visiting strange lands.

Before reaching Ceylon we had one more adventure, which might have been a fatal one. We had been knocking about off Simon's Bay in a thick fog for several days, in some doubt, I suppose, of our exact whereabouts, when we suddenly found ourselves ploughing our way through some fishing-nets; just at this juncture the fog lifted, like an overspread curtain, and we discovered that we were gaily sailing straight for land, and should have been ashore in a few minutes more. I have now finished my nautical tales, and although I cannot say with St. Paul, "that thrice have I suffered shipwreck," yet I think I have clearly shown that three times I was within an ace of being involved in that disaster, and I hope I am deeply sensible of the protection that was vouchsafed to us on those several occasions.

Whilst in this rather swaggering humour about my feats of agility, regarding which it is possible some of my kind friends may think it would be perhaps more becoming in me if I were to

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be a trifle less boastful, I am reminded of a circumstance that occurred to me two years ago.

My old regiment, the 15th Foot, was quartered at Londonderry, and the officer commanding there wrote and told me that there was a tradition still prevailing in the corps, that some forty odd years ago, when I was there, I jumped out of the mess-room window, across the intervening area and the surrounding spiked rails, into the road beneath, and wished to know, for the satisfaction of himself in particular, and of the officers and men generally, whether the tradition was founded on fact. I had no difficulty in confirming the story, although I do not believe that I had given the incident another thought till it was thus most unexpectedly brought to my recollection, and the only excuse I can offer in behalf of myself is this—that I was quite a young man, and that the very mad and perilous feat was performed under the frisky influence of a champagne luncheon. Youngsters have often been known to do and dare a good many wild and adventurous things under such exuberant excitement, especially if they are known to be exceptionally active. Their companions thoughtlessly encourage them to try how near they can venture on the chance of breaking their necks. Should I be putting my foot in it if I were inclined to suggest, "that my fault-finders would not find my fault written in my forehead," but in my "feat" in this and similar instances? It is, I think, strange that my youthful indiscretion should have "leapt" forth again into the broad light of day after the lapse of nearly half a century. This incident my twin brother commemorated in his usual playful style:—

MY LEAP FROM THE BARRACK WINDOW.

"My leap from barrack window wide,
O'er gaping area and rail;
Old soldiers with becoming pride
Delight to tell that stirring tale

That we are measured by our deeds,
Is quite, I think, beyond dispute;
For in our regimental creeds
That feat of mine has ta'en such root,

That still the story oft is told,
Which made the soldiers quake and shake;
How I, the General now so old,
Tried hard my precious neck to break.

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My comrades who beheld that leap,
With bursting hearts each sighed, Ah! me,
He's jumped his last! (their blood did creep)
He's landed in eternity.

But I declined to be expunged,
Though death I did not fear to meet;
So when I through the window plunged,
I lit quite safely on my feet!

Why I escaped, all safe and sound,
Explain it? yes, of course I can;
'Twas after lunch, so I'll be bound
I drank my champagne like a man!"

In 1851 I went on nine months' leave from Ceylon to India. My first object was to see my twin brother, in the Bengal Light Cavalry, and next, to see the country. I don't think I met with any adventures on my travels. There were no railways in those days, and I had to make my way by any sort of conveyance—dhoolies, camels, carts, steamer, boats, &c. Having effected a meeting with my brother, I pushed on to Lahore, and thence returned *viâ* the Indus in a small covered boat, and I shot my way down the river to Hyderabad, walking most of the way. From Hyderabad I went on to Kurrachee by steamer, and thence back to Ceylon. In the course of the journey I visited all the notable places—Calcutta, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, Bombay, and Madras. At the last-named place I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Muirhead, one of the judges of the High Court. I was to a certain extent interested in this gentleman, as he was one of three judges who had been sent to Ceylon to investigate certain charges preferred against a Captain Watson, in connection with a proclamation which had, it was alleged, been issued under his order during the Ceylon Rebellion in 1848. The said proclamation was considered bloodthirsty, cruel, and unbecoming a British officer. Captain Watson, who was commanding in the disturbed parts (in which I was quartered), denied all responsibility for that document, and declared that the signature was a forgery. The Indian judge gave a verdict against him. Captain Watson was ordered home to appear before a court-martial. He was tried and acquitted, and was rewarded with a regimental majority in compensation for all the anxiety, obloquy, and annoyance to which he had been subjected by his unscrupulous persecutors.

I don't mind, at this late date, confessing how I managed, with my generally limited resources, to command the funds

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sufficient to carry me over the long journey from Ceylon to India, extending as it did over the length and breadth of the land. Well, this is how it happened. I was not a gambler, but I was fond of billiards. I never betted more than a pound on a game, and that not often; but at this moderate rate I succeeded in winning no less a sum than sixty golden sovereigns, and it was with these hard-earned gains that I spent my time so profitably, and learnt and did so much. I recommend all subalterns not to gamble, either at billiards or any other game; but if they *should* happen to win sixty pounds, I advise them straightway to go and do as I did. Perhaps, as "the ball is rolling," I might put my views more explicitly in the following couplet—

> Young men from me should take their "cue,"
> And do what I was wont to do.

À propos of billiards, my brother once told me a rather queer story. Whilst passing the summer season at Simla, he happened to be in a billiard-room, when an officer whom he knew very slightly came up, and offered to play with him a game of billiards for one hundred gold mohurs (1600 rupees). Now as this gentleman had never seen my brother's performances in this line, it was an exceedingly presumptuous challenge, and my brother rather indignantly asked him his reason for making such an offer. This elicited no satisfactory reply. My brother, who was not an expert, but a very fair player, told the gentleman in satirical terms that he had never possessed such a sum of money, nor was he ever likely to do so—even a hundred rupees was not often at his command; but he stood greatly in need of half-a-dozen shirts, and he agreed to play him for that number of under-garments. My brother won pretty easily. They were in an hotel in which the defeated gentleman was living; so they there and then both went together up to the officer's bedroom, and my brother came back with six of his opponent's best shirts under his arm. He heard afterwards that this said gentleman did not miss his shirts much, as he turned out an arrant scamp, was tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service.

I have been passionately fond of sport of every kind all my life, and I have never let slip an opportunity of gratifying my sporting proclivities. Even now in my old age, when I have got quite on the wrong side of the span of life allotted to man, I am, I believe, as keen with my gun—though not, of course, as

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successful in manipulating it—as I was more than half a century ago; and if I could only be certain of securing some real good salmon-fishing, I think I should like to live ever so many more years.

From circumstances for which I am not the least responsible, I have never killed a tiger. I once had a shot at one which had mauled one of our poor beaters. An officer named Sartorius (son of the grand old Admiral), who has two Victoria Cross brothers, and who would himself be the third thus distinguished if he only had the chance, had wounded this tiger. He and I tracked him upon foot, till night closed in upon us; and we slept on the ground, and followed up the trail the next morning, but we never succeeded in coming up to him again. Perhaps it was fortunate for us that we failed, as it is, I believe, considered very dangerous attempting on foot to confront a wounded tiger.

My regiment was quartered at Poonah at this time, and I managed to participate in some of the sport of the country. For instance, there was a garrison pack of hounds, and I became the Master—much to my enjoyment. I also had a few hunts after wild boar with Captains Hogg and Elliott, two well-known pig-stickers, belonging to the Bombay Cavalry.

Whilst quartered at Poonah I went on leave to Mahableshwah, the magnificent mountain station in the Bombay Presidency, corresponding to Simla in Bengal. To that lovely and life-giving spot every soul who is fortunate enough to be able to escape from the sweltering heat of the plains in the summer season eagerly repairs.

In these hill-stations there is always a ceaseless flow of gaieties of all kinds, including dinner-parties, balls, horse-racing, cricket, polo, &c., but merry picnics formed one of the chief amusements on those joyous days. After having been prisoners to the house for so many hours in the plains during the hot weather, no wonder the holiday-makers were almost intoxicated with the freedom, the fresh air, and the glorious scenery that prevails in the Himalayas; no wonder that picnics were the order of the day.

It was at one of these entertainments, when all was "merry as a marriage bell," that the happiness in which all were revelling was suddenly turned into fearful gloom by an awful-looking accident which befell one of our young lady friends. We all thought that nothing but a miracle could have saved her. She

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was a high-spirited, adventurous young girl, daughter of a distinguished officer of Engineers. I had been the instant before chatting pleasantly with her, when she playfully dared me to follow her across a narrow strip of ground on the edge of a precipice. No sooner had she given me the lead, than she, poor thing, lost her balance, and over she fell—down, down into the depth below!

It was a frightful sight. On looking over the precipice, I could perceive her lying at the bottom, apparently dead; at least she was quite motionless at first, but after a few seconds I saw her raise her head, look round, and then fall back, subsiding again, as it seemed, into a state of insensibility.

I saw enough to convince me that she was not killed. Of course the first all-absorbing impulse of us all was to hasten to her assistance, but how to accomplish the object most expeditiously was the question. Unless by a long and tedious detour, the only direct course was down the face of the precipice, which was steep and rugged. However, it was decided that the rescue should be attempted by the shorter and direct route, viz. by the "khud" side, at all hazards. Accordingly, the young lady's father and Colonel Deane proceeded to scramble down the precipice, and after encountering some risks of no ordinary kind, as the slightest false step might have been irretrievable, they succeeded in reaching the spot where the unfortunate girl was lying. They found her still unconscious. In the meanwhile I, having my horse close at hand, at once galloped off for the doctor, and for the materials required to raise the poor creature on to the top of the precipice. A basket was lowered, into which she was carefully placed, and by this means she was conveyed safely to the landing-place. During this operation she recovered her senses for a moment or two, and was heard to mention my name, and then she again relapsed into a state of insensibility. I suppose from the fact of my having been at her side just at the moment of the accident, she connected me in some way with it. Never shall I forget the shrieks of horror that issued from every one, as the hapless girl suddenly disappeared. They are ringing in my ears as I think of the catastrophe.

Marvellous to relate, excepting one finger, not a bone was broken, but of course the poor thing was terribly shaken and bruised. However, in a few short weeks the brave girl was about again, scarcely showing any traces of her miraculous escape from what appeared to us all an inevitable death.

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It was whilst I was quartered at Poonah that the Prince of Wales came on a visit to India, and a grand army was assembled at Delhi for his Highness's edification. As it was intended to have some grand manœuvres, in which contending forces were to meet in battle array, and engage in some terrific imaginary fights, all preparations as if for real warfare were made, and I had the honour of being summoned to the camp with a view of my being appointed one of the infantry umpires. On arriving at Delhi, I found that my twin brother had also been appointed one of the cavalry umpires. It was rather a strange coincidence that we, who had never soldiered together during our service—which must then have extended over nearly thirty years—should have thus met as umpires in this camp, having been selected to fill exactly the same official posts.

I think our friends at home are to be pitied who have never witnessed one of those magnificent Oriental gatherings, such as was collected at Delhi in honour of the Prince of Wales. Apart from the glorious display presented by an army composed of soldiers representative of so many distinctive races, which can be seen nowhere else in the world, the gorgeous assembly of native chiefs and their followers, arrayed in bejewelled costumes of dazzling brilliancy, rivalling the rainbow in the variety, richness, and beauty of their hues; many of them fine, stalwart, handsome men, strikingly picturesque and manly, and though independent in their bearing, yet courteous in their address, which would not suffer in comparison with the good breeding observable in the most refined society in the civilized world. These polished manners are not confined to the higher classes, but descend to the very lowest strata, and it is, I think, characteristic of all Asiatic people. My brother has told me that any ordinary native trooper in his regiment, in any function apart from his military duty, would always conduct himself just like an English gentleman.

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CHAPTER V

AMERICA AND CANADA

In the Civil War—Guest of the Commander-in-Chief—The Southerners' preference for Britishers—Lecture on the war—An amusing contretemps—Moose and cariboo hunting in Canada—Sagacity of the Indian hunter—Salmon-fishing.

EXCLUDING the rebellion in Ceylon in 1848, the only real warfare I ever saw during the forty-two years I served her Majesty was in America. I was quartered at New Brunswick, and my gunner brother was Brigade-Major of the artillery at Montreal. We both got leave, and joined the Northern army as guests of General Burnside, commanding one of the divisions in that fratricidal war. My brother and I had an introduction to the General, who received us with a cordiality and kindness that left a most grateful impression upon us both. He placed four horses at our disposal, attached us to the head-quarters, and most hospitably entertained us as his personal friends so long as we remained with the army. I stayed with him for a month, but the limit of my brother's leave compelled him to return to his duties after a fortnight. Whilst with the Northern army, I remember finding the bullets whistling unpleasantly close to my head one day. I don't know whether I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but I quite remember that I did get under cover as soon as I realized my dangerous position. General Burnside afterwards became Commander-in-Chief of the Northern army. He had previously been Governor of Rhode Island. He was a fine, handsome, gentlemanly man, both in manner and appearance. As regards his officers, there was a marked difference and superiority in those who had been educated at West Point, the American Military College. The rank and file of this army were probably not inferior to our men in physique, as they existed in those days, before the short service had been introduced into our present boyish regiments. But they would

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not come up to our standard of efficiency as regards discipline, drill, soldier-like bearing, and smartness; and from what I gathered I do not think that the Americans attached much importance to such matters. I remember, when passing through Washington on our way to join the Northern army, I saw a lot of half-clothed rabble go by; and on my asking a gentleman who they were, I was informed that it was a cavalry regiment proceeding to the front as soon as the men could be horsed and clothed. Upon my remarking that we consider it takes two years to turn out a thoroughly efficient cavalry soldier, he replied—"I dare say it does require that time with you, sir; but you must remember your men are not educated, whereas ours are; and therefore two months' instruction is sufficient for our fellows."

My brother and I joined the army just after the great battle of Antietam, at Harper's Ferry, where the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers meet. The scenery is so beautiful in that vicinity that it would amply repay a traveller all the time, trouble, and expense of a journey from England to visit that lovely spot. We accompanied the army from Virginia to Maryland. It was in hot pursuit of the enemy, with which it was skirmishing daily. We were much struck with the admirable way in which the Commissariat Department was conducted. Although we were marching all day and every day, and in face of the enemy, the supplies of all kinds were punctually brought up to the front, and ready for distribution directly they were required. Of course I do not know how far this undeviating regularity would have been maintained had we been the pursued instead of the pursuers. We daily occupied the Southerners' villages, which had been evacuated by the enemy only the night before. We could not but be attracted by the appearance and bearing of the Southerners, who, as a people, would certainly find favour in the eyes of Englishmen rather than the generality of the Northerners. But however warmly we might sympathize with Southerners in the ruin of their country, what free-born Englishman could uphold the system of slavery? Our friendly reception by the Southerners whenever we were billeted upon them in their village homes, could not fail to make a reciprocal impression upon us; for they all evinced so unmistakably their relief and gratification directly they found that we were British officers, only bent on watching professionally the course of warlike events, and not in any way intending or desiring to contribute to their destruction.

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It was a cruel fratricidal war, but it demonstrated clearly, by the stubbornness with which the fierce struggle was carried on, that indwelling tenacity of purpose so characteristic of the ancestors from whom they were descended. On my return to my regiment at St. John's, New Brunswick, I delivered a lecture on the war, as far as I had seen it. The subject excited enthusiastic interest in the town. One thousand five hundred people presented themselves at the hall door for admission, and five hundred were rejected, there being no room for them. One rather awkward episode occurred during the delivery of the lecture, which I am bound to relate. I had large maps hung up, illustrating the various scenes in the campaign, and I was armed with a long pole to point out the exact spots I wished to indicate. But at a most interesting juncture, just when I was, I thought, becoming most eloquent, and had worked my audience up to a pitch of intense excitement, I turned to the map in order to show to my listeners the critical position, but for the life of me could I find it. I poked here and I poked there, and I poked everywhere, but all in vain! The spot was not shown. It was a most painful moment of perplexity, so at last I boldly faced the audience, and carefully explained to them that I had not come there to teach them geography. I would not so insult their cultured capacities! If the place was not marked in the map, so much the worse for the map! They all doubtless knew full well where the spot for which I had been long in search ought to be, and therefore there was no necessity for my pointing it out to them. This brought down the house, and I decidedly won a triumph which I might not have achieved in any other way.

Among the most exciting kinds of sport in Canada is that of moose and cariboo hunting. But it is not followed without some hardship and exposure in the depth of winter, and unless a man be rather keen, I do not think he will quite appreciate it. In the expedition in which I was engaged, I started off with a friend and two American hunters. They were father and son, the latter being about thirty, and the former well advanced in years. Our troubles began the very first day, as we were overtaken by a heavy fall of snow, which effectually prevented our attempting to proceed to our first encampment by carriage conveyance, as we had intended to do. We were obliged to take at once to our snow-shoes, and as I had only practised this mode of progression for a few hours before our start, I found it

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pretty hard work. However, we toiled manfully along. The night had closed in darkly by the time we reached our destination. On arrival, rather fagged by our long journey, shod as we were with our lumbering snow-shoes, we found our hut completely buried in the snow, and we had at once to set to work and dig it out. Our labours did not cease with the disentombing of our hut, for we had to cut down large logs of wood for firing, and then to cook our dinners. Having done justice to our culinary skill, we made all snug for the night, and turned in.

The next morning, keen as mustard, I arose before daybreak, longing to be up and doing. My companion did not seem to share in my enthusiasm, he preferred remaining cosily in bed, so I sallied forth with my two Indian hunters in search of cariboo. The outlook was not cheery to any one but a sportsman. We were in the midst of a boundless plain of snow, the crust of which was hard enough to bear us on snow-shoes. These broad plains were fringed here and there with fir, birch, and other trees, and excepting some juniper shrubs, there was no other vegetation.

After scouring the country with (I think) a praiseworthy perseverance for several hours, we at last caught sight of a herd of cariboo; they were some way off, and we carefully proceeded to stalk them. This is an exciting operation, requiring the utmost patience, caution, and cunning, for the cariboo is very acute, both in hearing and scenting, and is exceedingly wary. It is necessary to take advantage of every bush, or cover of any kind, in order to have a chance of approaching him, and here the American hunters are invaluable. They are thoroughly conversant with the habits of the cariboo, and up to every dodge, and their sagacity never fails them. They seem, like the Cingalese *shikarees*, to be endowed with all the instincts which the animals themselves possess, never having the slightest difficulty in retracing their steps back to camp, although they may have wandered twenty miles over pathless plains. The tops of the trees, which always bend from the north, and are clothed with moss on the south side, appear to represent the only compass by which these guides direct their course.

But to hark back to my chase. When I digressed I had just discovered a herd of cariboo, and was following them with all the stealth and caution of which I was susceptible, but it requires some little self-control to be wary and eager at the same time, when one's natural temperament is of a decidedly highly-wrought

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order. However, the stalk was successful, for on getting within about one hundred and fifty yards, I took a steady aim, fired, and had the gratification of seeing one of the noble animals, armed with a fine pair of horns, fall to the ground. He then began plunging about violently, trying to rise, but all in vain; I came up instantly, and gave him the *coup de grâce*. As it was my first cariboo, and I had not secured it without a laborious and persevering pursuit, I was, as it may be well imagined, not a little elated. My trophy was borne back to camp in triumph, and presented to the envious eyes of my companion, whom I found still in bed! I need not say that I did feel "cocky," and crowed a deal. Stimulated by my success, my companion accompanied me the next day, and several other days, but fortune was unkind to us, for we never came across another cariboo, though we toiled and tramped all day long. Still to me it was exciting, I never lost heart, making sure that any moment we should be rewarded. My friend, not sharing in my imaginative zeal, at last gave in and returned home, leaving me with no other associates but the two Indians, who could hardly speak a word of English.

The weather became intensely cold, falling to eighteen degrees below zero. We had no covering but the heavens above us, and walls of snow around us. With a large log fire in the centre of the snow-clad camp, even at that low temperature, I could manage to keep tolerably warm, provided there was no wind, but when that blew it was impossible to sleep. I found my water-proof cloak—on which I had been in the habit of lying—kept out the cold more than anything, when I used it as a covering instead.

My next essay was after a moose deer, in pursuit of which I underwent one of the hardest day's work I ever experienced in my life. I followed the deer for several hours, and when at last I came up to him, he was standing about fifty yards distant broadside on, and dead beat. I was intensely excited, and had forgotten to remove the covering in which my rifle was encased to prevent the barrels being clogged with snow in the event of my falling. Whilst I was madly endeavouring to tear off the cover, the moose recovered his wind and trotted off. The next time I came up with him, just as I was in the act of firing I tripped up, and pitched head-foremost in the snow; and so exhausted was I, that I had to be lifted up by the Indians, and during this interval the moose again slipped away. This was so heart-

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breaking, and I was so worn out, that I thought I must give in. However, after a few minutes' breathing-time I started afresh, and persevered till I for the third time overhauled my game, and this time I polished him off to my infinite delight, and I made the woods resound again and again with my joyous wuhoop. It will perhaps surprise some of my readers to find me able to keep pace with a deer, and I must therefore mention, that hunters with their snow-shoes pass over the surface of the snow, whereas the moose's hoofs sink deep into the snow at every step. In this way the hunters have a great advantage. A curious incident connected with this chase occurred that day. On our return home we passed a lumber camp, where men engaged in cutting down timber reside, and we found that the head-man of this party was an old acquaintance of mine. We had not the smallest idea that we were anywhere within hail of one another. On accosting me my friend said, "This is a marvellous coincidence, your coming here to-day, for I had only a short time ago told my men that I had observed when peering into the embers of the fire a sportsman whose dress and appearance I described as exactly corresponding to yours." As I said before, we were not aware that we were within one hundred miles of one another. We prevailed on these men to assist in bringing the moose into camp; it was then buried in the snow for some weeks, and eaten, fresh and tender, having suffered no injury under the process. I only succeeded in shooting one more cariboo on this expedition, and nothing particularly exciting happened on this occasion.

I have a word to say about my Indian hunters. One day I watched the old man looking carefully at the trees in the vicinity, and upon my inquiring what he was in search of, he replied, "About thirty years ago I was trapping hereabouts, when this son of mine was a child in arms, and I remember blazing (that is marking) some of the trees," and sure enough, he soon identified his marks: there they were without a doubt. It was strange to see him recognizing them, after being so many years away from civilization of any kind, in the midst of boundless plains of snow interspersed with forests of birch and fir, and where probably the foot of man had rarely trod.

As another instance of their sagacity, I remember I had been pursuing a cariboo for the whole day, but I never succeeded in coming up to him, so we were obliged to give it up. The next day the guide took me a detour of ten or twelve miles ahead of the place where I gave up the chase the previous day, when I

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came upon the first tracks of my friend. After following for several miles I came up to him and killed him. The Indian asked me if I knew where I was, and upon my saying no, he took me back a short distance and showed me the tracks of the day before. It seemed that I had returned to the very same spot where I had pulled up the previous evening.

Whilst quartered at New Brunswick I obtained a month's leave, with a view of trying my luck for the first time at some salmon-fishing, which was reported to be very good in that part of the country. I think my friends who are enthusiastic about this kind of sport, as most men are who indulge in it, will be interested to read the result of my first experience as a fisherman.

To begin with, I must admit that probably no such duffer had ever before been seen at the river-side. I began badly enough, and wonder I was not discouraged altogether. I lost every salmon I hooked. The fact is, I could not refrain from giving too strong a strike when I felt the fish was on, and consequently I broke my casting-line, and lost both my temper and my fish. I resolved and re-resolved every time the fish took the fly that I would be calm and gentle with him, but my impatience would not be restrained, and bait after bait was carried away. At last, after a week's disappointment, I began to overcome my excitement and impetuosity and to steady myself. After losing forty salmon one after another, I killed forty-four without a failure. It was grand sport, but there were serious, almost fatal drawbacks to the fun. In the first place, the heat was terrific; and secondly, the myriad of mosquitoes, midges, and every sort of insect was tormenting beyond expression. The only possible remedy was the application of tar and lard, spread thickly over your hands, face, and every exposed part of your body, and even this had to be renewed every half-hour.

On the way home from the river I came to a place where you could catch trout of a couple of pounds or more, at almost every cast; but after landing so many fine salmon I was proud, and despised such ignoble sport.

Having given my first experience of salmon-fishing, I must now conclude with my last exploit, which occurred only a few weeks ago. I was staying with a detachment of my old regiment at Galway, and I managed to secure the privilege of fishing in the Shannon. After various disappointing days, I was at last rewarded with a success so signal and complete, that I felt (of

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course I know only a fisherman can sympathize in this sentiment) as if I wanted just then nothing more to fill up my cup of happiness, and that, come what may, I should end my days in perfect contentment and peace. My bait, a fly, had evidently been taken by a good-sized fish. Off he went at a terrific pace, and his headlong course took him under a bridge, where I was unable to follow him. I had no alternative but to bear against him till he was exhausted. It was exquisitely thrilling sport, and for a whole hour I was playing him with all the dexterity that I was master of. At last I managed to haul him back, and killed him, at the only place where my fisherman could get down to gaff him. He was a beautiful specimen, and weighed exactly twenty-two pounds. I sent it as a present to my Twin, and he said he and his servant lived upon it served in various forms for a whole week, and were very sorry when it was finished. The scene of the capture was a very animated one. The bridge was crowded with people watching the delicate and precarious operation, and all seemed to share in the excitement; and to add to the novelty of the sport, two companies of my regiment, quartered in the barracks, were all, men and officers, collected at the windows (which overlooked the bridge), intently watching the old warrior engaged in his piscatorial fight, and finally winning a glorious victory over what I should call the prince of fishes.

It was considered by fishermen of experience a feat of no ordinary character to kill so large a salmon with a fly. So delighted was I with my success, that I treated my brother officers to some bumpers of champagne, to celebrate the occasion of my landing the largest salmon I had ever taken with a fly.

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CHAPTER VI

MISCELLANEOUS STORIES AND IMPRESSIONS

Alpine climbing—Vicissitudes of climate—The thief, my pearl pin, and an Irish jury—A big bully—Various accidents—Boxing—A mortal combat—More doggerel illustration by Twin—Stories of brother officers—Capturing deserters—Lord Charles Wellesley—Close of my military career.

ALTHOUGH I have been, as I have already shown, addicted to almost every pursuit in which active, ambitious, and pleasure-loving young men delight, such as hunting, shooting, fishing, racing, running, boxing, even prize-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting; and although I am passionately fond of mountain scenery, and have wandered far and wide, and revelled in the magnificent Himalayas, with General Sir Sam Browne, V.C., in India, and the lovely mountains in Ceylon, and the Alps in Europe, and have traversed the wild hills in Canada and America, yet I have never been much given to Alpine climbing. Whether I have no natural taste for this diversion, which is so extremely attractive to many men, or whether my brief Alpine experience was so inauspicious, and fraught with such extreme peril, that it quite discouraged me for such adventures, I cannot say. But there is no doubt that I once had an escape whilst ascending a mountain in Switzerland, the recollection of which will certainly last as long as I have any memory left.

Many years ago I was one of a party which arranged to ascend the mountain of Pilatus, well known to Alpine travellers. It became very precipitous towards the top, on approaching which we had to climb in single file, closely following each other's footsteps. Most of us were inexperienced climbers, but we had all, with one exception, acquitted ourselves thus far with such commendable skill and courage, that our guides had no cause for doubting our capacity to complete in perfect safety the task before us, though it was perhaps rather more

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risky than any other part of the way we had successfully traversed. But this proved a great delusion, for suddenly, just as we were about to attain the summit, one of the climbers above me displaced a large stone, which came bounding down, straight upon me, and, catching me on the legs, rolled me head over heels. In another instant I must have been sent flying down the mountain side, which just at that spot was nearly perpendicular, had not one of the guides been able to get a grip of me, and so firmly did he hold on to me, that my headlong course was effectually arrested, and I was saved. But for that guide's extraordinary intervention, I must have been in another instant dashed to pieces.

I do not believe that there was anything particularly formidable in the ascent of this mountain, but my escape clearly demonstrated that there was some danger to be incurred, and I remember that it presented such difficulties to one of our party, that he at last fairly gave in, and had to be carried the rest of the way.

We had another climb up the well-known Rigi mountain. This was a very simple exploit, and a railway now winds its sinuous way up to the very summit. I only mention this expedition in consequence of its having been connected with a *contretemps* which was rather awkward in its development.

I was escorting a married lady and her sister, who had not up to that time been wedded. To provide for their and my accommodation on arrival, I telegraphed for a room for them and one for myself. This requisition was duly complied with, but in a manner rather embarrassing. The two rooms were reserved for us sure enough, there was no mistake about that, but they were so situated that they opened into each other, and there was no exit from or entrance into the inner room, except by going through the outer one! I remember there was an awful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain that night. The ladies were greatly alarmed, and, discarding their beds, tramped up and down their room in terror the livelong night. The fact of my being so close at hand and ready to render them any assistance in my power, did not seem to have any soothing effect upon them whatever. How very extraordinary!

I have mentioned the delightful trip I had in the Himalayas with my friend Sir S. Browne and his wife. As I recall those days, I remember the marvellous power of climbing that he displayed, assisted by his Afghan servant. I think I should

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have been quite satisfied with my own performances, had not one of the *shikarees* taken the conceit out of me. He had been expressing great admiration of my activity, and declaring that he looked upon me as a wonderful man for my age, when I inquired of him how old he thought I was. "Well, sir," he replied, "I do not suppose that you can be less than seventy." The brute! I was a little over fifty.

When I think of all the vicissitudes of climate to which I have been exposed in the course of my long service, and remember how utterly reckless I generally was of the possible effects of these constant changes, I begin to wonder, now that I am approaching that last stage of all, that ends my eventful history, that I am still so very much alive and kicking—that I still find a pleasant enjoyment in life; and though, as each year departs, I make up my great mind that I will positively give up sport of all kinds, and leave the fishing and shooting to younger men, yet as sure as September returns I feel a tickling in my trigger finger; and when the keeper tells me that it is a good season for partridges, and better for pheasants, and that the salmon prospects are more promising than ever, all my prudent resolutions vanish, and I snap my fingers at the old fogies in the Senior, snoring over their papers, and thinking of absolutely nothing but what they shall order for that day's dinner, and off I hurry to the turnip fields and covers, convinced in my heart of hearts that the old dog has not yet had his day, and that I will cut in, just for one year, only one year more, for my favourite sports.

What mortal man can resist instincts which prompt him at such moments, no matter what may be his age, to be up and at 'em, and never say die?

But I have digressed. I was referring to all the countries I have served in, comprising Ceylon, India, Gibraltar, North America, Bermuda, Ireland, and England. To give an instance of the sudden change to which we were once exposed, I may mention that we were moved from North America, in the depth of winter, when the river was frozen, to Bermuda, where, after a four days' journey, we found the flowers all in full blossom. Sickness of a typhoid type soon broke out amongst the soldiers, and we were put in quarantine on an adjacent island. I was in command of several companies, which had to go through this trying ordeal. It was a most depressing time for all, and to add to our gloom, a sad and fatal accident befell our little

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community. One of our brother officers, with his young wife, her brother, a young midshipman, and a soldier, were all drowned within a few hundred yards from the shore whilst in a sailing boat, which, from want of experience, they were unable to control. This calamity, added to the dejection which resulted from the depressing and lowering nature of the fever, quite overpowered the soldiers, and so unmanned them that I had actually to place two sentries over the bodies of the poor victims of this disaster, as one man by himself seemed to be in terror of being left alone.

We lost a good many of our poor fellows during this epidemic. I am afraid some of them met their miserable deaths through indulging in a frightful spirit, which was so deadly in its effects that some of the thoughtless, reckless men fell senseless immediately after giving way to their uncontrollable passion. We warned and protested and entreated the men to abstain, but in too many cases it was all in vain.

There is not much in the following story, except as giving an illustration of Irish justice.

One day, when in Ireland, I felt a tug at my neck-tie, and found that my pearl pin was gone. I saw a fellow running away, so I gave chase, and overtaking him, I taxed him with stealing my pin. I told him to open his hand, and he did so; I did not see it fall, but there it was, lying at his feet. As I stooped down to pick it up he bolted; I went again in pursuit, caught him, and handed him over to a policeman. I took the trouble to hire a car, and conveyed him to Naas, some four or five miles off, and charged him before the magistrate with the theft. The magistrate bound me over to prosecute him at the Assizes, which would assemble in three weeks' time. This entailed my having to return from England, where I was then going. However, there was no help for it, so back I came at the appointed time. The jury patiently heard the case, and having taken into consideration all the circumstances, especially that I had not actually seen the pin in the prisoner's hand, nor had I seen it disappear from the scene, though it lay at the prisoner's feet, thought it only right and fair that the prisoner should have the benefit of the doubt, and so they acquitted the scoundrel, and I lost my time, my money, and my temper. I returned to England with a very mean opinion of the justices of Ould Ireland ever since. Pretty fellows for Home Rulers, and no mistake!

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The only shred of consolation I had in this affair was the flattering exclamation of a traveller in the railway carriage (the affair took place in a railway station), who had observed the transaction. He called out—"Look at that plucky old gentleman tackling a thief!"

One of the nearest shaves I ever had in my life of coming to awful grief occurred only last year; but had it happened half a century ago, I am quite sure I should not have forgotten it, for the wonderful escape from such a frightful death could not but leave a lasting impression on the mind.

I was at a railway station, and just about to start on a journey, when the train by which I was to travel began moving off. I most foolishly and recklessly made a dash for the carriage, and attempted to enter it. In an instant I was taken clean off my legs, and hurled violently to the ground. I fell full length on the platform, parallel to, and within a few inches of, the space between the platform and the carriages. Had any part of my body projected beyond the edge of the platform, I must have been caught and whirled into eternity. The accident was witnessed by the railway officials, who rushed to my rescue; the train was immediately stopped, and I was picked up, more or less dazed. I fancy every one thought I was killed, but I mercifully escaped with very little bodily damage. I was probably more scared than hurt. Of course I was a good deal shaken, but the only pain I felt seemed to be confined to my hip, which must have received the full force of the blow. The doctor, who happened to be on the spot, said that the cartilage covering the bone connected with the hip-joint had been injured—at least that is what my unprofessional knowledge inferred from his explanation. I felt the effects of this accident continuously at first, but now I am only occasionally reminded of my fall. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater squeak. Had I been propelled in my fall two or three inches nearer the edge of the platform, I must have been there and then crushed into a mass of mangled humanity. I would venture to take this opportunity of warning all my septuagenarian friends that activity, however stubborn and obstinate, will not avail them in attempting to jump into a moving train.

Of accidents in the racing and hunting field I have had my share, and I began my adventures in this line very early in life. As a boy, I was riding a race on the Cromer sands with the present Colonel Reeve, a squire in Lincolnshire, and formerly in

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the Guards, when my horse put his foot into some soft sand, and came down, head over heels, and sent me flying. Though the ground was not hard, the speed at which we were going was so terrific that the concussion almost knocked the life out of me, and I was carried home senseless. According to the prevailing custom of those days, I was copiously bled, and kept in a dark room for some days. The next occasion on which I was carried home senseless occurred at Ceylon, when I was riding a horse belonging to Lord Torrington, the Governor, in a hurdle-race. His Lordship had selected me as his jockey, and I was proud of the honour he had conferred on me. It was a great disappointment, and I was very sorry for myself, and trust that there were others who also sympathized in my misfortune. The doctors (as in my previous accident) depleted me to their hearts' content.

Bad luck again befell me many years ago, when I was staying in Bedfordshire with a friend, who mounted me on one of his horses for a day's fox-hunting. We were going well, and I was quite satisfied with myself, when my friend suddenly came up to me in the middle of the chase, and asked me to change horses with him, as his was getting pumped under his heavy weight, and I, being a light weight, would probably not be too much for him. Of course I acceded to his request, with the result that after a sharp run of half-an-hour, my half-blown horse came down with me, and I was thrown violently. I broke my collar-bone, and was otherwise much shaken. Moral: Don't swap steeds in the middle of a sharp run, if you can avoid it. There was no alternative in my case. Both nags belonged to my friend, who had therefore a right to the preference. I was laid up for three weeks by this accident.

My mishaps and fractured bones were not confined to falls from horses, for I came to serious grief from a cart accident one day. I was staying with a Mrs. Osgood, an American lady, who was renting Knebworth, Lord Lytton's place in Hertfordshire. I had been to a ball and slept out that night. The following morning I started off in my dog-cart to drive back to Knebworth. There had been a frost, and the road was very slippery, and I am afraid I had not sufficiently taken this into account. I expect I was driving very carelessly. Anyhow, the even tenor of my way came to an abrupt termination; my horse came down a regular smasher. I was pitched head-foremost out. Both the shafts were broken, and the horse dashed off with the

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cart. After going some distance he met with some obstruction, for he was found on the ground, unable to move, with the cart on the top of him. He was awfully cut about, and the cart considerably wrecked.

I myself had received a very severe shaking. A farmer travelling that road found me lying on the road more or less dazed and helpless. My knees were terribly lacerated, and cut to the bone; one or two of my ribs were broken, and I certainly was in a very dilapidated condition, in proof of which I may mention that I was laid up for three months. The protracted nature of my recovery did not weary me as much as it would have done, had I not been tended by such a charming, pretty hospital attendant, who nursed me most tenderly. I believe I had a very narrow squeak for my life in this accident. And how far my heart was affected by the tender watch and care that was bestowed on me, deponent sayeth not. I never see a hospital nurse now, that I do not think of "my ministering angel!" My experience of these careful attendants might be summed up as follows. My brother says—

MY NURSE.

"The best of nurses sometimes tease,
But mine, God bless her, loved to please;
'Tis almost nice one's ribs to break,
Such care of us the nurses take!

I thought myself 'twas quite a pity,
When I with nurse, so sweet and pretty,
Got well so fast; 'twas sad to part:
She joined my ribs, but broke my heart!"

Besides the late Sir W. Turner, a grand soldier and sportsman, whose exploits when elephant-shooting with me in Ceylon I have described, we boasted, and justly boasted, of some fine specimens of officers who excelled in field sports of all kinds.

First, I would speak of an old companion, with whom I have enjoyed many an exciting day's sport in the hunting field—I refer to Major Ward. He left his mark as a mighty hunter, and has given some signal proofs of his courage and skill. One day, when in the jungle together, we had drawn lots for places, and had taken up the assigned positions, when two panthers were driven simultaneously down upon him, and he shot them both dead, right and left.

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On another occasion, when entirely alone, he wounded a tiger, but it got away, and he lost it for a while. Presently a report was brought to him that it was lying down under a tree not far distant. He at once started in the direction indicated, and sure enough there was the tiger, though wounded, very much alive, and apparently quite capable of being unpleasantly aggressive. Ward dropped on one knee, took a steady aim, and fired, with the awful result, that the infuriated brute instantly sprang at him with a terrific roar. Ward had only one barrel left, his *shikarees* having bolted, but he used it with such splendid effect that when the smoke cleared off there was the tiger lying stone dead within five yards of him.

Colonel Rushbroke, one of our young hands in those days, had a narrow squeak for his life. A leopard got hold of him, and they rolled over together—not a pleasant embrace—and his mauled and withered arm attests the escape he had that day. Dashwood, Thomas, Farquhar, and Carey were also all keen sportsmen in our New Brunswick days. With regard to this incident, Colonel Rushbroke has kindly sent me the following details—

"In March 1881, I was in charge of the Sanatorium at Khandalla, a hill station in the Western Ghats about half-way between Poonah and Bombay. On the 19th news arrived of a tiger having been seen some few miles down the line. Lieutenant Bertram Astley, Rifle Brigade, myself, and a party composed of men of my own regiment (the East Yorkshire), of the Rifle Brigade, and Royal Artillery, and one or two railway guards, went down the very steep incline on trolleys, doing some four or five miles in twice as many minutes, and soon arrived at the spot where Mr. Stripes had been sighted by an engine-driver. Thick scrub abounded, and by way of ascertaining the exact position of our game, intermittent fire was opened with Martinis by our keen sportsmen at any spot which seemed likely to hold a tiger. An adventurous lance-corporal of my regiment, I forget his name, wished to advance singly on the hidden foe, and I had to have recourse to stern military authority in order to restrain his martial ardour. Eventually, as the day wore on and Martini bullets flying about promiscuously promised more danger to the pursuers than to the pursued, moreover as the row had undoubtedly set the beast a-moving, Astley and myself decided to get away from the remainder and to endeavour to head him before he broke.

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"A mile or so ahead some natives marked him down somewhere amongst a small patch of jungle consisting of small trees and shrubs; we arranged that Astley should get on some higher ground whilst I moved on and endeavoured to make the tiger break in his direction. The surroundings got thicker and thicker; I began to doubt the wisdom of proceeding further, and wanted to climb some rocks to get a view ahead; a friendly native, however, caught my coat, and pointing to a narrow passage between bushes and low trees said, 'Yit rasta, Sahib,' 'This way, Sahib.' Not liking with my ·577 Express to betray nervousness before an unarmed and unclothed son of the jungle, against my better judgment, putting the plucky chap behind me, I advanced, and soon came on an open space some twenty yards square. No tiger, but apparently a gigantic tabby cat appeared at the further end lying on his stomach with paws extended ready for me.

"No time for considering the situation, but to shoot—bang! On came the panther, belly to ground like a cat after a mouse, then up on his hind-legs with a hoarse cough, and thinking 'Either you have me or I have got you,' I pulled the left trigger without raising gun to shoulder, the muzzle not three yards from his chest. He caught me by the left arm and backwards I tumbled; he then began nipping my left leg above the knee; the oft-derided shikar knife was now stuck into his ribs, and rolling him over I managed to stand up. On he came again, and whilst endeavouring to defend myself he got my right hand in his mouth, making me drop the knife; what afterwards ensued I cannot distinctly remember. I have a confused recollection of getting my hand clear, of trying to make for higher ground, of stumbling over rocks, and of eventually kneeling down holding my enemy by the throat, of feeling him give a sort of convulsive struggle, and finally of hearing a shot fired. Sergeant Arnand of the Rifle Brigade it was who had come to my aid and had lodged a bullet behind the brute's shoulder. One or two of my own men then loosed their pieces, and had I not shouted to them all to desist, not a square inch of sound skin would have been left as a trophy.

"On examination my first bullet was found an inch or so from the centre of the skull; the second shot at close quarters had paralyzed his fore-arms and so saved me from any clawing wounds, which are always the worst. As a matter of fact I experienced little or no pain from the bites, whereas a small

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scratch not half-an-inch long on one finger often kept me awake at night. Thanks to the able attention and kind care of Doctor Beattie, A.M.S., I was out and about in sixteen days. Thus ended my first and last interview with a panther."

There is another officer still in the regiment, a Major Conran, a capital sportsman. He and I have had many a bursting run together with the Poonah hounds, when I held the proud position of Master of that famous pack. My intense love for my old corps, in which I served thirty-five years, must plead as my excuse if I venture to brag a little about it. I believe it would have been difficult to point to a regiment in which there were so many officers who excelled in games and sports of all kinds. I am sure that I am not exaggerating when I say that whether at cricket, boating, boxing, hunting, racing, shooting with rifle or gun, we invariably held our own, nay, more, I would venture to say we carried off the palm in such contests wherever we were quartered, whether in India, England, Ireland, Gibraltar, Ceylon, Canada, or elsewhere. We suffered under one great, grievous misfortune, which we as soldiers all deplored —we never in my time, excepting in the rebellion in Ceylon, were engaged in any campaign.

We have fought with every kind of wild animals, but never with human beings. On three occasions we were ordered off sharp to countries where war was considered imminent, first from Ceylon *en route* for the Crimea, and then to Canada when America was showing her teeth, and when the Sikh War was doubtful we were warned for service; but I suppose the very fact that H. M. 15th Regiment had arrived on the troubled spot, and was ready for action, had a tranquillizing effect, and put a stop at once to all bellicose intentions. At least I cannot otherwise account for the invariable cessation of hostilities directly we appeared on the scene. But of this I am confident, that it was very fortunate for the enemy that they never gave us a chance of showing them what we were made of.

Boxing used to be, as I have stated, one of our accomplishments in the regiment. In those days prize-fighting was in vogue, and it was not considered unbecoming an officer and a gentleman to encourage that barbarous custom!

It is certain that some of our officers were thus far pugnaciously inclined, and I remember on one occasion, in the notable prize-fight between Ned Adams and Johnny Walker, we conveyed in our drag the former of these competitors to the

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scene of the fight, and after the defeat of Ned Adams we brought him home again terribly punished. How such brutal exhibitions could have found favour with any of us I can now hardly understand. Some of our officers used to box with the men, especially on board ship, and that skill in the noble art was of some service, both for offence and self-defence. I will give two illustrations.

Firstly, we were driving one day in our drag to Ascot, when some roughs grossly insulted us. Captain Price at once jumped down from the coach, and challenged any one to fight. This was accepted. A ring was there and then formed, and Price, who was a powerful man and good boxer, gave his antagonist a sound thrashing.

My second instance refers to myself. When quite a youngster, quartered at Cahir in Tipperary, in command of a detachment of about thirty men, I kept a prize-fighter in the barracks, who lived with the men, and taught them and myself the science of sparring. I must, I think, have profited by the instruction I then received, for some three years afterwards, whilst on detachment duty in Ceylon with a great friend—Captain Wing of the Ceylon Rifles—I challenged him to single combat. The terms ran as follows—that I must hit him straight in the face before he knocked me down. I must premise that these conditions were governed by the fact that he was a heavy, powerful man, whilst I was not half his size, and could not have stood an instant before him unless I had managed to avoid his blows. Captain Wingfield, who afterwards commanded the regiment, was the umpire, and the wager on this terrible fight amounted to a whole sovereign, a sum I could ill afford to lose in those days. Well, we confronted one another unflinchingly, and set to work with a will. In the first round, after dodging about and frustrating his fearful onsets, I planted my right and left slap on his flashing eyes, and blackened them both most beautifully, while I escaped without a scratch of any kind. Having thus fulfilled my task and won my bet, remembering that prudence was the better part of valour, I thought it safest to get quickly beyond the reach of danger, and so—I ran away!

My defeated and humbled competitor was so disfigured that he was obliged to absent himself, to his great disappointment, from the ball which took place that night, where probably the girl he loved best was present, but whom he, with two black

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eyes and swollen face, could not decently have taken under his "wing" on that festive occasion, at least not without incurring the ridicule of his friends, and perhaps a revulsion of feeling on the part of the adored one.

My Twin, who rather fancies himself in his doggerel proclivities, has described my fight in the following lines, which are supposed to emanate, I may say, from me :—

MY FIGHT.

"I saucily, in days of yore,
When fisticuffs prevailed,
The biggest man throughout the corps,
In friendly fight assailed.

The terms were made by men so wise
(The forfeit half-a-crown),
That I should bung up both his eyes
Before he knocked me down.

The ring was formed; we stood, brave men,
In attitude of fight;
Just fourteen stone and eight stone ten,
For twenty shillings bright.

In round the first, arose a shout
From friends alike and foes,
For both his peepers I shut out,
Drew blood from his poor nose.

Though pugilists I now abhor,
I fought not all in vain;
For that great giant was so sore,
He never fought again.

Lest in a hasty moment, he,
Thus worsted in the fray,
Might vengeance sternly wreak on me,
I scuttled fast away."

I forgot to mention that the result of my fight with "Wing" never impaired our friendship in the very least; we were, to the last, bosom pals.

In former years there is no doubt that although our officers were fine, manly fellows, their professional knowledge was scant in the extreme; and so far from this ignorance being regarded as a disgrace to an officer, any one who attempted to talk shop was shut up at once. It was said of one officer that he was known to be able to identify only two men in his regiment,

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one was his sergeant and the other his servant; and on parade, in order to appear very knowing, he was always ordering these two men, by name, to dress back or dress up, &c. Another officer, who had been up for some examination and failed, asked how it was possible to bring out correctly a subtraction sum with a farthing at the top and nothing at the bottom.

A story is told of an officer in the old purchase days, who had been constantly passed over in promotion, seeking an interview with the Duke of York on the subject of his super-session. The Duke remarked, "Why, you, a comparatively young man, are quite bald—like me." "Yes, sir, I am, but not from the same cause; my baldness arises from the number of officers you have allowed to go over my head."

I am afraid our mess pranks half a century ago were not of a very edifying or intellectual order. I remember one night a very ridiculous wager being made as to who could stand on one leg longest. A good many officers competed, and as the trial proceeded a good deal of money was laid on the one-legged competitors, the odds varying as each man began to show signs of distress or the reverse. The contest finally rested between my cousin and myself; we were as nearly matched as possible, and both began to totter about the same time. The excitement was intense, and our respective backers gave us the most vociferous encouragement—"Hold up, Twig; don't give in." "He's done for, he can't stand up another moment." "He's shaking, he's quaking, he's going, he's down." And down he was, and I beat them all, and won the wager, after hopping about for nearly two hours. My cousin, who was a very fine fellow, but with rather a hasty temper, could not stand the defeat and chaff, and he seized a candelabra and hurled it—not at my head, but straight down the mess table, breaking to pieces every bit of crockery and glass that came in its way.

As I cannot boast of many accomplishments, perhaps I shall be pardoned if I venture to brag of my success at cock-fighting in my younger days. I remember in a contest between my regiment and the artillery, I had the best of them all; I suppose, being so very scraggy, I had more liberty when "trussed up" than those who were of a stouter and more inflexible frame. I know that in almost all three cock-fighting encounters I went away with my tail well up, and crowing lustily.

A very plucky feat was performed by Captain Farquharson of my regiment when we were quartered at New Brunswick which

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is worth recording. In those days desertion from the army was very prevalent, the soldiers taking advantage of the proximity of the United States frontier line, across which they were at once free. To check this was of the utmost importance.

One night the orderly sergeant reported to Captain Farquharson, who was commanding a party of his men in camp some four miles from head-quarters, that two men who were on pass had not returned, and on searching the tent it was found that nine others had broken out of camp, and had taken their rifles with them. "I made ready at once," the Captain writes, "to proceed to head-quarters, with a view of procuring conveyances to pursue them, as I was certain they were deserters. When on the point of starting I heard a great commotion in camp, and found that the barn in which I left my horse, some few hundred yards distant, was surrounded by numbers of the men, as it had been reported that the deserters were there, my servant having been scared by a soldier—one of the absentees—who, overcome by drink, was lying asleep in the manger. The men, not being armed, were afraid to enter the barn, but one more plucky than the rest, seizing a lantern, said, 'Come on, you cowards, they can't shoot the lot of us,' and dashing in only found one solitary man, the inebriate above-described.

"On my arrival at head-quarters I collected four men who were good shots, on whom I thought I could rely, and two smart sergeants, to whom I gave revolvers, arming myself with the same. We started off in two American buggies in the direction I was pretty certain the deserters would take, being most accessible to the frontier. I had no difficulty in tracking them by the imprint of their ammunition shoes. I followed them for some time till I found they had turned off from the main to a lumber road. Here we had to abandon our conveyances and follow on foot. Knowing the country well, I made a rendezvous with the drivers on a road which I knew the deserters must strike. It came on to rain heavily, and we had a bad time of it wading through a creek nearly up to our armpits. The deserters had evidently crossed this creek. After a couple of hours' tracking through the woods we struck the road and soon met our wagons. The rain was so heavy that all tracks on the road were lost, so I drove on as fast as possible to a lake which I knew they must cross, and where there were boats. On my arrival there I found that they certainly had not got there before me. I concluded that I had passed them, and therefore retraced my steps in the

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buggies, and soon met the sheriff of Coramactoo, who had come out in his trap to see the fun, as he said. He told me that he had passed the men about a mile away, and that they were marching towards us. He had remonstrated with them, and advised them to return, but they scorned his counsel, and said they were quite able and prepared to take care of themselves. We then dismounted from the buggies, whose drivers I ordered to go back and conceal themselves while we advanced on foot. I asked the sheriff to drive towards the deserters, and as soon as he viewed them to give me a signal which I had arranged with him. As soon as I received this I prepared an ambush for them, as I was desirous of capturing them without loss of life. In a very short time I saw them coming towards us, little thinking what was in store for them. My men began to feel the excitement of the occasion, and one of them said, 'I have seldom missed the target this year, Mr. Farquharson, and if I can't hit some of those beggars I ought to be ashamed of myself.' When the deserters were about one hundred yards off they halted, and reminded me of a herd of deer who smell danger from afar. The reason was soon apparent to me, as the drivers of our wagons had disobeyed orders and had shown themselves. Seeing there was no time to be lost I made the following dispositions. I ordered the privates who were armed with rifles to follow me, and immediately drop on one knee in skirmishing order across the road, and to remain covering the deserters, but on no account to fire unless they saw me do so. The two sergeants I ordered to advance with me, they on one side of the road and myself on the other, so as to give my men the opportunity of firing if necessary. We then dashed out of our ambush, much to the astonishment of the deserters, towards whom I advanced rapidly, ordering them at once to ground their arms. Seeing that resistance was useless they did so with one exception, and that one prepared to use his rifle. I covered him with my revolver, and ordered him to surrender, which he promptly did. Another second, and he might not have been alive to meet me after his return from penal servitude. He turned out a good soldier, and was made a Pioneer.

"The rest is easily told. We handcuffed the lot without difficulty, and brought them in triumph to head-quarters, passing the camp, where all the men turned out to greet them with jeers. The number of the deserters was nine, all carrying rifles and several rounds of ammunition per man. Their rifles were all

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loaded and capped when I captured them. They were tried by court-martial, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from five to seven years' penal servitude, as far as I can remember."

My brother has told in his memoirs an interesting story where he describes his capture of an insane native soldier, who had violently resisted an escort of two Sepoys sent to apprehend him; and my brother has attributed his success on that occasion to the instinctive feeling of discipline which swayed that poor maniac. He resolutely refused to yield to men of his own class, but had just sufficient glimmering of intelligence to recognize an officer, and to submit to his authority, which as a soldier he had been taught to respect and obey.

In order that I may keep on a level with my Twin I will now relate an adventure of a similar kind, when a man—influenced apparently by my moral power—allowed me to arrest him without making any attempt at resistance, but I must premise by saying this man was not insane, but had all his wits about him as thoroughly as, I hope, I have mine at this moment. The affair took place at Cork, where I was quartered years ago.

One night as I was proceeding from the mess to my quarters I heard some heart-breaking screams near the barrack gate. I immediately ran in the direction of the sounds, and I came upon a man standing over the prostrate form of a woman, whom he was cruelly beating with a thick stick. Of course I went straight for him, but the coward did not wait for me, but made off down the steep hill to the town. I pursued him, and called to a couple of soldiers as I passed the guard to follow me. They did so, but, accoutred in their great-coats, they were unable to keep up with me. However, I persevered in the chase; I came up to the rascal at the bottom of the hill, and I collared him. He was a great, big, powerful man, who could easily have made mince-meat of me had he possessed an atom of pluck, but he actually remained perfectly passive when I laid hold of him, and allowed me to take him back as a prisoner, and to hand him over to the custody of the soldiers who had followed me. On reaching the barracks I sent for a policeman to take charge of him. Before moving off to jail he himself actually asked for some men of the guard to reinforce the policeman, as he was a well-known ruffian in the neighbourhood through which they wanted him to pass, and an attempt at a rescue would very likely be made. Here is a very remarkable instance where right prevailed over might, and

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where, as in my brother's case, I think the fact of my being an officer, for I was in uniform, had the moral effect of over-awing this great big bully.

It is, however, quite possible that in the darkness of night the scoundrel was just able to distinguish my stature, which is considerably above the average, and was not able to see that I was a shrimp beside his great muscular frame, and that I should have been a mere child in his grasp, and should have fared badly had he attempted to exert his strength on that occasion.

Colonel Lord Charles Wellesley, our Colonel, was always strangely indifferent to appearance and dress. He held both in contempt. In fact, he seemed designedly to adopt a slovenly and plebeian style with a view of deceiving ordinary people in regard to the position he held amongst the "upper class." Well, I suppose "live lords" may venture to follow any eccentric line of this kind, and in their case it is very harmless, but if we inferior beings, who move in a social scale just beneath the aristocratic border, were inclined to identify ourselves with those who belong to the lower orders, we should probably be considered as wanting in good taste, and perhaps be held cheap for our pains!

The father formed a striking contrast to the son, a Guardsman who is a particularly high-bred-looking gentleman, and sets a good example to both officers and men by his smart, soldier-like appearance when on or off duty. Lord Charles's uncouth appearance one day placed him in a very humiliating and undignified dilemma. He had just arrived in Canada to take up the command of our regiment quartered there, and was proceeding towards the barracks, when he was stopped by a sentry, who asked him who he was. "I am Lord Charles Wellesley," he replied. "Oh, are you; then you will have to step into the sentry-box and remain there until the relief comes round, and I shall then find out whether you are Lord Charles." The Colonel had really only himself to blame for the mistake, for there is no doubt that his whole "get up" was quite unlike that which the soldiers were accustomed to see in the costume of their officers, whether in or out of uniform. However, Lord Charles's popularity in the regiment was not in the least impaired by this uncomely peculiarity in his dress. He was a commander whom all the officers and men esteemed and respected, and from his sonship to the great Duke, then Commander-in-Chief, our regiment was indebted for many advantages in respect of favourite quarters,

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and other privileges; and personally I had the greatest reason for regarding him as my best friend, for he protected me on two occasions, as I have shown elsewhere, when my youthful indiscretions had involved me in serious difficulties, one of which must have been fatal to my professional prospects, but for the powerful influence he brought to bear in my behalf. It is a sad reflection that he, and two other Colonels of my regiment, both very dear friends of mine, went stone blind.

My regimental service came to an end on the completion of my time. I had spent thirty-five happy years in the 15th Regiment, living the whole of that period as a bachelor at mess. This speaks well for my constitution, and I hope also for my self-control, which was, I trust, not without advantage to my brother officers, to whom I was of course bound to set an example of prudence and propriety. My task was, thanks to the excellent tone and brotherly feeling that always prevailed in the regiment, made a very simple one; and I look back with gratitude to the ready assistance invariably received from all those good fellows, my comrades, during the time that I, as Commanding Officer, was mainly responsible for the credit of the dear old corps.

The curtain fell on the last act in my military career whilst I was commanding the district of Dorchester. I then had served her Majesty for forty-two years. I scarcely fought for her, as I have before mentioned, but that was no fault of mine. I am pretty certain that my martial ardour was all there, ready to burst forth if I could only get the chance, but the fates were always against me; my lines always ran in quiet times. I don't say that I should have cut out my brother, but neither would he have cut out me. The chances are, that if we had been equally tested in peace or war, we should, as becometh Twins, have come off as we have always done—exactly even!

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PART III

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS

By GENERAL OSBORN

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PREFACE

IN introducing the following biographical sketches of distinguished officers, I have selected those (civil and military) whose careers I have more particularly studied, and in whose success I have been especially interested. I have been more or less personally acquainted with nearly all of them; and some of them I may perhaps venture to claim as old friends. The historical references, bearing on these sketches, I have gathered, at different times, from the following authorities—Kinglake, Malleson, Sir W. Butler, Sir W. Napier, Napier Bruce, Forbes, Low, Shadwell, Sir R. Temple, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Bosworth Smith, General Sir J. Adye, Sir J. Kaye, General Innes, Laurie, Escott, Sir W. Hunter, Gambier Parry, A. Durand, Sir C. Wilson, A. Wilson, Sir H. Gordon, "War Correspondents," and perhaps some others. If I have failed anywhere to acknowledge the source from whence my information has been derived, I must crave pardon for the unintentional omission.

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SKETCHES OF

DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS

SIR CHARLES NAPIER

THE first name that occurs to me amongst our Indian heroes is Sir C. Napier. He was Commander-in-Chief in India in my earlier days, when I was quartered at Peshawur, and where I first met him about 1852.

I am not going to write a history of this great soldier and eccentric man. I shall confine myself to merely giving a sketch of him, and I will commence by just touching on some incidents which I find recorded in his life by his brother Sir William, and Mr. Napier Bruce and Sir W. Butler, and then tell one or two stories about him of which I have some personal knowledge; and this will be the plan I propose to adopt in all my sketches of distinguished officers. His brother describes him as sickly as a child, caused by the misconduct of a barbarous nurse. He was consequently stunted in natural growth, was slight and low of stature, though his parents were tall and strong, his father particularly so, being of gigantic proportions; being six feet three inches in height, and described by his son Charles as the handsomest man he ever laid eyes on. But as he grew up his constitution became hardy, and he was capable of immense physical and mental labours. As a child he is described as demure and thoughtful, but his expression had generally a touch of greatness. When only ten years old, his brother says he rejoiced to find he was short-sighted, as a portrait of Frederick the Great hanging up in his father's room had strange eyes, and because Hannibal had only one eye, and Alexander's eyes were of different colours. He must have been a strangely incon-

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sistent character, that is to say, he was constituted of two diametrically opposite features, for it is recorded of him, that he had a longing for fame, it was a master passion with him, and in his childhood he looked for war, first, with intense eagerness, yet his brother says that nothing savage ever entered his mind. His compassionate sensibility was that of a girl. Of his moral resolution and pluck an anecdote is told of him. A wandering showman was balancing a ladder on his chin, and his father asked him if he would venture to mount the ladder and sit on the top. The boy shrank back and was silent for a moment, but suddenly looking up, said, "I will," and he was borne aloft amidst the shouts of the spectators. He was then only six years old. Another anecdote is told of him as a boy. The famous Sheridan offered him a present, some money; he instantly declined it, saying, "Papa told me never to take money, and I will never have yours!" One can hardly realize that the fiery Sir Charles Napier, who panted for war and all its fierce excitement, should have been notorious for his gentleness and grave demeanour at school, a boy who never fought and never quarrelled, and shrank from all rough fellowship. He seems to have been of a very amorous disposition, for at seventeen he was desperately in love with Miss Massey. He describes himself thus: "I am a desperate rake, in love with four Misses at once, and I am most wickedly in love with Miss Jaye." Who in turn is replaced, says Bruce, by a dear little scarlet thing, with a beautiful face and a beautiful figure, a beautiful dancer and a beautiful genius. "My heart is a cinder, and as heat is said to cure heat, I stand by the fire all day to draw out my flame."

Sir W. Butler writes that the three remarkable brothers, Charles, George, and William, soon took the lead at the village school. Charles was captain, by reason of his superior intelligence; George was lieutenant on account of reckless daring; and William was ensign, because of his immense strength. Their father, who was a born leader of men, formed their characters. From him Charles inherited that inflexible adherence to truth, justice, simplicity of life, sympathy with the oppressed, and fearless independence of character. He must have been ill educated at school, but voracious in his studies as he grew up, for I read, both in his brother and Sir W. Butler's books, that he used to quit the mess at five o'clock, and from that time till ten o'clock he applied himself to his books, and by this means he made up for his deficient training in his school-boy days. At the age of

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twelve he was gazetted to the 33rd Regiment, but he did not join till some years afterwards, having been sent to school in the interval. At last the time came for him to commence his military career, and he became extra aide-de-camp to the General Officer commanding at Limerick. There he enters into all the usual diversions which generally fill up the subalterns' time. He was, as I have already mentioned, very often in love, as most men are at that time of life, and he rides and shoots, and then occurred an incident from which, as Sir W. Butler says, we get a glimpse of the nature of the future man coming out clear and distinct. The story told of him is as follows:—Charles and his brother were out shooting; a snipe gets up; Charles fires, and the bird drops; but a deep ditch intervenes, and in springing across this obstacle the boy falls and breaks his leg. It is a bad fracture, and the bone is sticking out above the boot. First, he draws himself near enough to recover the weapon, then he crawls on to where the snipe is lying; and then, when his brother has come up, and looking deadly pale at the protruding bone, the fallen sportsman cries cheerily out, "Yes, George, I've broken my leg, but I've got the snipe." They carry him on a shutter, and he is laid up for two months with his shattered leg, but at eighteen a broken heart or leg is soon set right. And young Charles Napier was anxious to be up and about again; but his General had written to his father advising leave of absence and rest. Charles hears of this letter, and is indignant, and he writes to his father begging him not to apply for leave for him, as he should consider it disgraceful, and unbecoming the character of a British soldier. "The General," Charles went on to say, "would not have done such a thing for himself, and could not have considered much when he proposed it for me." I think this incident shows pretty clearly what sort of stuff he was made of. Sir C. Napier seems to have begun his military career just as the Peace of Amiens had been proclaimed; a most unfortunate occurrence for him, as it deprived him of all chance of seeing immediate service; and as he was burning with military ardour, his inactive, listless garrison life vexed and fretted him beyond endurance. At one time, his brother writes, he thought of leaving the army, and purchasing a commission in the German service. Fortunately for his country, he did not carry out this intention. But at length Sir C. Napier's warlike aspirations were to be gratified. War with France broke out in 1808, and an English army was sent to

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the Peninsula. Sir C. Napier joined the second division, and sailed for Lisbon. His first experience of war was a very bitter one. He began by sharing with his two brothers, George and William, in the horrors of the march to Corunna, where he was taken prisoner, and his life saved by a French drummer, after he had been desperately wounded. I believe it was for some time supposed that he had been killed, and it was so reported, and "when he reached England he was to his family and friends as one risen from the grave." During the summer of 1810, Charles Napier was again employed in the Peninsula. At the fight of Busaco he was orderly officer to Lord Wellington. He was the only officer in red when Reignier's corps reached the crest of the position (I am again quoting Butler). A furious fire was opened on the British line. The staff dismounts; Napier remains on horseback. If he will not dismount, won't he at least put a cloak over his flaring scarlet uniform? No, he won't. It is the dress of his regiment, and he will show it or fall in it. Then a bullet hits him full in the face, passing from the right of his nose to his left ear, and shattering all before it, and he is down at last. Four days afterwards, though in a most pitiable condition, he writes, when the confusion of the retreat was at its height: "I am wounded, dear mother; you never saw such an ugly thief as I am; but melancholy subjects must be avoided, the wound is not dangerous." As soon as he was cured he was again in the thick of it, and one day an ambulance-litter, borne by soldiers, is seen ahead. "Who is it?" he asks. "Captain Napier, 52nd Regiment, arm broken." Another litter follows. "Who is that?" "Captain Napier, 43rd Regiment, severely wounded." They halt under a tree; Charles says a word to each, and then mounts his tired horse and presses on to the front (*Butler*). His next field service seems to have been in the American War in 1813, which ended in nothing, and it was little wonder it should have proved abortive, the historian says, for it was three parts naval, two parts military. There were three Commanders, two Admirals and one General. Sir Charles says a navy officer steps on shore, and his zeal, his courage, and his ignorance of troops makes him think you are timid. A General in a blue coat or an Admiral in a red one is mischief. After this, being on half pay, he entered the Military College at Farnham, in order that he might indulge his passion for reading. He was not at Waterloo. At the close of 1842 he went to

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India, and assumed command at Poonah. The army in Afghanistan had just been annihilated, and Lord Auckland was succeeded by Lord Ellenborough, and the first man to whom he turned for advice, says Bruce, was Sir C. Napier, who was now sixty years of age. His powers of work were prodigious. He seldom gave more than five hours to sleep. He rarely took wine, and would go many days without meat. Though he practised the strictest economy himself, he never counted the cost when a generous action had to be done; and Bruce tells us he sent his nephew £5000 to enable him to marry, and this too when he was struggling to provide for his own children. He was hot-tempered, and was conscious of it. "No man," he said, "can command without having a bit of the devil in him." Though he professed to hate war, there is no doubt that he coveted the fame and honour that accompanied it. When he went to Scinde, so aware was he of his longing for distinction in the field, that he wrote thus of himself: "Charles Napier, take heed of your military glory. You have scotched that snake, but this high command will, unless you are careful, give it all its vigour again. Get thee behind me, Satan." He was (see *Bruce*) a radical of the radicals in his respect for honest labour and hatred of privilege. But it appears to me, that in his democratic views, and in his implicit trust in the people, he was liable to be unjust to the higher classes, almost taking it for granted that they must be wrong when disputes arose between the rulers and the ruled. I myself have never been able to understand this invariable distrust of our own class. As Governor of Scinde, he was in continual conflict with the Court of Directors, and he had finally to give up his command and return home. But he had not very long to wait for a triumph over his masters, who were, as he considered, not "only depreciating his fame as a soldier, but were insulting him by endeavouring to deprive him of his prize-money taken in the Scinde War." About this time the second Sikh War had broken out, and on the news of the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah reaching home, all England cried out for Sir C. Napier to retrieve our laurels, and the Court of Directors had to accept him as Commander-in-Chief in India. The Duke of Wellington sent for him, by orders of the Queen, and offered him the command, saying, "If you don't go, I must."

He was, as I have stated, Commander-in-Chief in my time, and I remember being in a precious funk when it was announced

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to us that he was going to inspect my regiment, the 10th Bengal Light Cavalry, of which I was then the Adjutant. In order to prepare for the awful ordeal, I anxiously and sedulously fortified myself with every atom of information regarding the minutest details of my duties. I learnt, for instance, the name and character of every man in the regiment; the length, weight, and range of every carbine and pistol, the average number of men in hospital, and their complaints; where every horse came from, its age and breed, and how long it had served, and any defects it may have suffered from. And so on—and in fact I was pregnant with regimental knowledge of every sort and kind, and I hoped that not even a Napier would be able to puzzle me. As regards the drill I had no fears, as I felt certain that I probably knew more than he did, for General Officers, as a rule, are not acquainted with cavalry drill unless they have been cavalry officers; at least, that was my experience; and I have since been inspected by many General Officers, one of whom, I remember well, imparted to me that he came to learn, not to teach me my cavalry duties.

Well, when the awful day arrived, this terrible warrior saw us perform two or three simple evolutions; and after the usual marching, trotting, and galloping past, the fine old soldier quickly dismissed us with the cheerful assurance that we were quite the finest fellows that he had ever seen, or something to that self-evident effect, which naturally greatly impressed us all with the length, breadth, and depth of his discernment. After having worked myself up to an intense pitch of anxiety, the result was ridiculous in its simplicity. However, I must own I felt an immense relief when the inspection was all over, and I breathed comfortably once again. I cannot remember whether I came across him after this dread inspection; but I heard and read a good deal about him, and his aide-de-camp, Sir Edward Campbell, was a great friend of mine.

My brother recalls the circumstance of his having an interview with the old soldier at Simla, when he asked for leave for me to join him there, he having come all the way from Ceylon, where his regiment was quartered, to see me. The Chief said, on his submitting his request—"Osborn Wilkinson, oh yes, he is the sort to whom I do not object to give leave, though he is Adjutant of his corps, and engaged with his drill, &c.; but I am determined to stop those fellows who come up to Simla only to spend their time in gambling," which was rife at that time, and which he

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checked with a heavy hand, trying by court-martial one or two officers of some standing, and dismissing them from the service. Duelling he treated in the same way, if I remember rightly.

His General Orders were often most eccentric and original. They used to create quite a sensation throughout the army, and we watched for them with an impatience and curiosity never, I am sure, felt for General Orders emanating from any other Commander-in-Chief.

I remember one of his well-known orders had reference to furious riding of young officers through the camp and bazaars. It is, as Bruce remarks, a delightful specimen of the combination of humour and authority, which made him the idol of the soldiers. It ran thus—"Gentlemen, as well as beggars, if they like, may ride to the devil when they get on horseback; but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people to the devil, which will be the case if furious riding be allowed in the bazaar."

It was a fearful thing to be within reach of his lash, if he were angry, and meant castigation. But though unique in all his ways and words and works, he was a remarkable soldier. The battle of Meanee proved this. It was a splendid feat. Besides reading all about it, I have had an account of it from the lips of more than one officer who took a part in it. My wife's uncle, General Sir George Hutt, then only a subaltern, commanded a battery of artillery attached to Sir C. Napier's army. The Belooch warriors, who displayed reckless bravery, charged down upon the battery, and some of them were slain in the midst of the guns. Sir George Hutt owed his life on that occasion to the gallantry of one of his *havildars* (a native sergeant), who ran a Belooch through the body just as he was in the very act of cutting down his commander. I do not think I at all exaggerate if I venture to maintain that the service performed by Sir George's battery on that eventful day contributed in an important degree to the success achieved at the battle of Meanee. Sir George was then only a subaltern, but so highly was his conduct appreciated by Government, that directly he became a captain he was rewarded with a brevet majority, and made a Companion of the Bath, an unprecedent honour in those days. My near relationship to the late Sir George Hutt will excuse my specially dwelling on this incident. I think a reference to the Meanee despatches would bear out my statement.

With barely 2000 men, of whom only about 400 were Euro-

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peans, to have overthrown 30,000 of the enemy, was about as daring and desperate an encounter as has ever been recorded in English history.

Many strange stories have been told of this most uncommon and eccentric British General. Amongst them I select one I think rather characteristic of Sir Charles. A native juggler one day, to show his dexterity, severed a lemon placed on the palm of his own hand. The General thought there was some trick, and jeered at the man. Upon this the juggler begged Sir Charles to hold out his hand. This was an awkward request, and the General confessed that he felt disconcerted, and would gladly have retired from the experiment, but having mocked at and ridiculed the man, he felt bound to submit to the operation. Accordingly he stretched out his hand bearing the lemon, and the juggler with a swift sweep cut the lemon in two pieces. Sir Charles said he felt the keen edge of the scimitar on his hand, like a cold thread being drawn across it. I am bold enough to say that I think this sensation was a delusion, for if the action of the sword felt like a thread drawn across the hand, then, in my opinion, there must have been a cut, however slight. The whole secret consists in giving a direct blow with the weapon, as if using a hammer when driving in a nail. The very slightest drawing action is fatal to the success of the feat. I am speaking on a subject in which I have had a good deal of experience, as I was constantly trying these experiments.

Well, I have given this sensational tale, as I thought it would interest my readers, but I must explain that the feat is not really as critical as it looks. Although I am not a juggler, I have over and over again at the inspection of my regiment before General Officers, severed lemons, not only on my right hand, but also on my left, for I could use a sword with both hands indiscriminately, and I have allowed others to do the same, not only on my hand, but also on my stomach, as I lay full length on my back, merely my shirt interposing between the sword and my body, I having taken off my coat and waistcoat for the purpose. I do not mean to say that every one could be trusted to perform this feat, nor should I like to present my bare hand or stummey for experiment to any untrained lady or gentleman. Of course I knew my men, and had confidence in their skill, and I never suffered either in hand or body by their performances. I used to be fond of feats of horsemanship and swordsmanship, and practised them as an example to my men, who always entered

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with much spirit into such pursuits, and in which some of them often attained to surprising proficiency!—as I have shown elsewhere.

There was, it seems to me, something very inconsistent in Sir C. Napier's character, and I think he must have been a most impracticable man, for he invariably fell foul of every authority who differed with him. Speaking of Outram before they quarrelled—"I like him much, because he is of my opinion, but I confess not to like those who differ with me. I may love and respect them, but do not like them." Look how he fought with Sir James Outram and Lord Dalhousie. The fact is he could not brook opposition of any kind from any one. I have said that he was inconsistent. He was for ever denouncing oppression and evincing an intense pity for his poorer fellow-creatures, upholding their cause with a vehemence which probably often aroused the enmity of men of his own class of life; and yet his love of glory quite blinded him to the possibility of his being unjust and uncompromising towards the Ameers of Scinde.

I read that he actually expressed a wish that the Ameers would reject the proffered treaty and defy him, in order that he might have the gratification of defeating them. One can hardly imagine that this same fire-eater should, at the battle of Meanee, have covered a Beloochee with his pistol, who was close to him, and refrained from firing, as he did not like to kill the man!

Sir W. Butler seems to have taken his measure pretty accurately, for he says—"There was a spring in Charles Napier's mind more potent than any picture, more powerful than any prompting. Above everything he was a soldier. The clash of arms was dear to him as music to the ear of an Italian. No lover ever longed for mistress more than did this man long for fighting. Was he bloodthirsty?—not in the least. His heart was tender as a child's, his sympathies were far-reaching as a woman's. But for all that, every fibre of his nature vibrated to the magic touch of military glory, and his earthly paradise was the front rank of battle."

Just before the battle of Meanee he laid bare his own mind. The three historians whom I have been quoting give the very words contained in his Journal. "My tent overlooks the beautiful encampment; 20,000 various costumes, and languages, and the many religions produce a strange scene. Why is all this? Why am I, a miserable little wretch, supreme here? At my word all this mass obey. Multitudes superior to

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me in bodily and mental gifts. A little wretched experience in the art of killing, of disobedience to God, is all the superiority that I, their commander, can boast. My God, how humbled I feel when I think! How I exult when I behold! I have worked my way to this great command, and am gratified at having it, yet despise myself for being so gratified. Yes, in the depth of my soul I despise myself. Not as feeling unworthy to lead, for I am conscious of knowing how to lead, and my moral and my physical courage are equal to the task; but I despise my worldliness. Am I not past sixty? A few years must kill me, a few days may, and yet I am so weak as to care for these things. No, I do not—I pray to do what is right and just, and to have strength to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Alas! I have not that strength. There was but one being that could say that. All that I can do is to feel that I cannot say it; the weakness of man and the fruits of war are too powerful for me, or I should not be here. He who takes command loves it well: this comfort remains—with a wish for war, and having the power of bringing it on, I have avoided it studiously. These Ameers deserve everything, but I have not done anything to draw down war on them. So ends my soliloquy. O! what a magnificent sight! If we had but an enemy on our front."

As regards his dealings with the Ameers, I should think that in pluming himself on his impartiality he was deceiving himself; for, as I have stated before, he expressed a desire to have the gratification of defeating them. I should say there was little to indicate any merciful consideration for the rights of the Ameers. In the controversy between Sir C. Napier and Sir J. Outram, my sympathy is certainly with the latter; at the same time I should require to be better acquainted with the facts of the case before I could join in Sir J. Outram's implicit belief in the peaceful intentions of the Ameers.

I have the greatest admiration for Sir C. Napier as a soldier. He was, beyond all doubt, a genius of a very rare type—and one of the most remarkable men of his day. The Duke of Wellington considered Sir Charles Napier's march on Eman Ghur as one of the most curious military feats he had ever perused an account of in his life. He moved his troops through the desert against hostile forces—he had his guns transported under circumstances of extreme difficulty, and in a manner most extraordinary—and he cut off a retreat of the enemy which rendered it impossible for them ever to regain their position.

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His brother, Sir William, who was devoted to him, describes his last hour. At five o'clock he expired like a soldier, on a naked camp bedstead, the windows of the room open, and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his manly face. Addressing the soldiers who stood by his grave, his sorrowing brother said—"There lies one of the best men; the best Christian, and the best soldier that ever lived. He served you faithfully, and you served him faithfully. God is just."

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FIELD-MARSHAL LORD CLYDE

BEFORE entering into any matters in which I had myself any personal knowledge of this glorious old soldier—and I regret to say it was very slight—I must refer to his wondrous career. It affords an instance, rather rare in the British army, of an officer descended from parents of a humble class—without any professional interest whatever, and without any brilliant talent, simply by the aid of a stout heart, a persevering attention to duties, and a resolute determination to get to the front—rising from the lowest grade in the commissioned ranks to the summit of his profession —from an Ensign to a Field-Marshal! The motto he adopted, mentioned by my old friend and school-fellow, Shadwell, was characteristic of him—"By means of patience, common-sense, and time, impossibility becomes possible." His father was a cabinet-maker at Glasgow, and his name was McLiver. The family had evidently come down in the world, consequent on Lord Clyde's grandfather having joined the Pretender in '45, a proceeding which entailed on him the confiscation of his property. Our hero's mother sprang from a rather higher level—she being the daughter of a small farmer named Campbell. Young Colin never followed his father's trade; according to Low, his two maiden aunts, sisters of his mother, gave him a home from his infancy, and he assumed their name of Campbell. These ladies were bent on their nephew becoming a soldier, and with the pertinacity of their sex they succeeded in their object; Sir Charles Napier saying with reference to this—"A maiden aunt, who keeps a pet nephew in Colton, and for whom she is resolved to get a commission, is a fearful one. The devil cannot pacify the virtuous ancient, especially if there be a record in the family that one of the race was slain at Agincourt." I do not find this story in my old school-fellow Larry Shadwell's *Biography of Lord Clyde*, but I have no doubt it is, fundamentally, a true one. According to Shadwell, Lord Clyde's maternal uncle, Colonel

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Campbell, adopted the boy when he was ten years of age; up to which time, I suppose, his aunts took charge of him, from what Low says. The young soldier seems to have had a fair military education at the Royal Naval and Military School at Gosport. His uncle, Colonel Campbell, introduced him to the Duke of York, who promised him a commission. The Duke, supposing the boy (Shadwell says) to be another of the clan, entered his name as Colin Campbell. Upon leaving the Duke's presence with his uncle, he made some remark on the subject, which was met by his uncle telling him that Campbell was a name that would suit him for professional reasons to adopt—a hint which the youth was quite shrewd enough to understand. His first regiment was the 9th Foot (the East Norfolk Regiment). He was barely sixteen years of age; and within a month of joining his corps he set sail for the Peninsula, and two days after landing, he shared in the battle of Vimiera. With a view of giving him confidence under fire, his Captain took him by the hand, and led him from the rear company to the front of the column, where he kept him for several minutes in full view of the enemy's artillery, which had begun to play on our troops. Lord Clyde used to tell the story himself, and said it was the greatest kindness that could have been shown to him at the time, "and through life I have felt grateful for it." After this he accompanied his regiment in the disastrous retreat, culminating in the battle of Corunna. The hardships that the troops endured in that terrible march are well known. As an illustration of some of their sufferings, Lord Clyde relates—"I had to march for some time with bare feet, the soles of my shoes being completely worn away. I had no means of replacing them, and when I got on board ship, I was unable to remove them, as from constant wear, and from my inability to take them off, the leather adhered so closely to the flesh of the legs, that I was obliged to steep them in water as hot as I could bear, and have the leather cut away in strips, a painful operation, as in the process pieces of the skin were brought away with it." Lord Clyde's heroic conduct at St. Sebastian, where he led the forlorn hope, and was twice severely wounded, elicited the special thanks of Sir Thomas Graham, by whom he was recommended for promotion. At the passage of the Badassa he was again severely wounded, shot through the thigh, and was compelled to return to England.

Kinglake gives the following list of Lord Clyde's services after Corunna—

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1. The Walcheren Expedition.
2. The Battle of Barossa.
3. Defence of Tarifu.
4. Relief of Tarragona.
5. Combats of Malaga and Osma.
6. St. Sebastian.
7. Vittoria.
8. Passage of the Badassa.
9. American War.
10. West Indies.
11. Chinese War.
12. Sikh War.
13. Crimea.
14. The Mutiny.

Colin Campbell had a hard time of it to support himself, when he first entered the service. He had nothing but his bare pay to depend on, yet he resolutely avoided debts. He often spoke in after years of the temptations to which he had been exposed, and the narrow straits in which he often found himself in his endeavours to effect his purpose. His rigid economy enabled him eventually to place his sister in a position of independence; and this, he said, produced a lightness of heart to which he had been a stranger. The purchase system is a thing of the past, and one cannot but rejoice at its abolition, when a gallant soldier like Colin Campbell, who had shared in many hard-fought fields, and had shed his blood repeatedly, should have been compelled to sacrifice all his hard-earned savings in preventing himself from being passed over both in the grades of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel.

Lord Clyde's services during the second Sikh campaign, especially at Chillianwallah, were invaluable. The Duke of Wellington expressed a very emphatic opinion that he had restored the fortunes of the day, by the masterly way he had handled the 61st Regiment at a critical moment, wheeling up some of the companies to the right, and taking the enemy in flank, rolling up thereby that portion of the Sikhs which had just decimated the 24th Regiment. This able manœuvre was the theme of conversation in every mess-room in India.

I was myself greatly interested in this successful feat, as I knew the 61st Regiment well, when they were quartered at Jullunder, a few miles from my own regiment. In carrying out the manœuvre, which probably averted a defeat, Lord Clyde

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received a deep sword-cut in the right arm, given him by a Sikh artilleryman, when he charged the battery. The same man first fired at him with his matchlock; the ball struck him in the side, but did not penetrate, a pocket-pistol having intervened, and saved his life. The pistol was smashed to pieces. His charger was shot in the mouth.

At the next action, the battle of Gujerat, which terminated the campaign, and which eventuated in the annexation of the Punjab, Lord Clyde again greatly distinguished himself.

That such a complete victory should have been attained with such an inconsiderable loss was mainly due to Lord Clyde, who, on his own responsibility, ordered up some artillery to enfilade a *nullah*, which was crowded with the enemy, instead of attacking them with his infantry as he had been ordered to do. Lord Clyde said—Shadwell, I think, is the authority for this statement—that had he stormed the *nullah* in accordance with his instructions, there must have been incurred a very useless and unnecessary loss of life, whereas he effected his object by the employment of the artillery without losing a single man. This was a great satisfaction to him, as much slaughter at Chillianwallah had occurred in consequence of the insufficient use of the artillery.

At the conclusion of the Sikh campaign, Lord Clyde had evidently made up his mind to retire from the service, but fortunately for his country he did not carry out this resolution. The Government could not spare him. They had other work cut out for him just at this juncture, and at the call of duty he was, as always, "ready, aye ready." The most important post in India had fallen vacant, and Lord Clyde was required to fill it, viz. the command of the Peshawur Division, during which time he was engaged in various operations, including the expedition against the Affreedees, the forcing of the Kohat Pass, and the Mohmund Expedition. There seems to have been divided opinions as to the success, or otherwise, of Lord Clyde's operations in this hill-warfare; and I think I have some recollection of the enemy being let off too cheaply. The fact is, in dealing with these hill tribes you must set aside all feelings of humanity.

Sir Neville Chamberlain's opinion on this matter is on record. That gallant officer thus wrote—

"To have to carry destruction, if not desolation, into the homes of some hundreds of families is the great drawback to border warfare; but with savage tribes to whom there is no right but might, and no law to govern them in their intercourse with the

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rest of mankind, save that which appeals to their own interests, the only course, as regards humanity as well as policy, is to make all suffer, and thereby, for their own interests, enlist the great majority on the side of peace and safety." The voice of nearly all experienced frontier officers, I believe, proclaims this measure, though harsh, the only effective one in dealing with these wild hill-men. I know that Sir Colin Campbell and Sir C. Napier both denounced such devastating punishments, but I also know that their benevolent theories did not answer in practice. In the maintenance of order along the Trans-Indus frontier, Lord Lawrence was, I believe, sometimes blamed for the frequent military expeditions ordered in his day; but Sir R. Temple tells us that they were not undertaken before the wild tribes had plundered or burnt our villages and killed our officers in our own territories; and this notwithstanding that we had never interfered with their affairs, and had allowed them to enter our villages, trade in our markets, and settle in our boundaries, affording them the same protection as was given to our own subjects. If such loss of life and property could only be stopped by force, was not force to be applied? asks Sir R. Temple, who adds, "that tribes after chastisement usually professed and evinced repentance; at all events they never repeated the offence which had brought on their punishment. In almost all cases, the aggressive tribes behaved badly before, and well after, suffering from an expedition. By this policy the foundation was laid of a pacification whereby these border tribes were kept quiet during the Mutiny. Had a feeble or inefficient treatment been adopted towards them from the beginning, they would have become thereby emboldened to rush upon us at the hour of weakness; as it was, they had been accustomed to a firm and just policy. The awe of us still rested on them for a while, and they refrained from mischief when they might have done us grievous damage." This is what Temple wrote, and I would back his opinion against sentimentalists like Sir Charles Napier and Lord Clyde. From what Shadwell says in his *Life of Lord Clyde*, there is no doubt that the expeditions into the hills were most distasteful to the old soldier. In the first place he objected, as I have mentioned, to the penalities inflicted on the refractory tribes; and in the second place, he deprecated European troops being employed in the fearful hot weather which generally prevailed on these occasions; and he was not, moreover, satisfied always with the strength and composition of the force placed at

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his disposal for carrying out those operations. In fact, if I read history aright, so strenuously did he demur to the invasion of the Swatt Valley with the force at his command, that he incurred the serious displeasure of Government.

Chafing under the rebuke, he at once submitted his resignation of the command of the Peshawur Division. If I am not mistaken, besides Lord Clyde and Sir C. Napier, there were many other distinguished officers, civil and military, who objected to the system of reprisals adopted by the Punjab Government on the refractory villages beyond the frontier. John Jacob, Sir Bartle Frere, and Lord Mayo all considered that measures of a more merciful and conciliatory character would as effectually attain the end required. I confess I find some difficulty in appreciating Sir C. Napier's views on this subject, when I remember the character of his dealings with the Ameers of Scinde previous to the battle of Meanee, and I cannot help thinking that Sir B. Frere's go-ahead principles would have led him to follow very closely in the steps of the Punjab Government had he been nearer the scene in which the coercive measures were considered imperative. I have an idea that the Beloochees, with which Sir B. Frere was chiefly concerned, were not as intractable and independent as were the warlike tribes on the Punjab frontier. I seem to have formed a right conclusion on this head—for I arrived at that some little time ago—but within the last few days I have come across Sir Lepel Griffen's article on the Chitral frontier policy. He says—"It must not be supposed that the complete control which Sir Robert Sandeman obtained over the Belooch tribes can be repeated on the Afghan frontier. The Beloochees have an oligarchical form of government, rendering obedience to their acknowledged chiefs, who are the natural channel of communication with their tribesmen, and through whom any desired amount of control can be effectively exercised. The Afghan constitution is rather republican than aristocratic; every tribe is divided and subdivided into numerous clans, each independent of the other, and yielding but small obedience to its own petty head-men. They are consequently far less amenable to control, and the system of management of Afghans and Beloochees has always been essentially different. Analogies drawn from the southern border are certain to be misleading when applied to the north, and those who find it convenient to oppose what they call Sir Robert Sandeman's policy to the Punjab policy, are either ignorant or disingenuous."

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Sir Colin returned to England in 1852, and two years afterwards he went off to the Crimea in command of the Highland Brigade. The fact of his having been at once selected for such an important post showed clearly that his conflict with the Government of India in connection with the suppression of turbulence on the Peshawur frontier was not viewed with disfavour by the authorities at home. At the battle of the Alma Sir Colin led his Highlanders with his accustomed skill and gallantry. The story is well known of Sir Colin fiercely denouncing some one who had proposed that the Guards, who were suffering severely, should fall back. "It is better, sir," he said, with an impassioned vehemence, "that every man of her Majesty's Guards should lie dead on the field, than that they should turn their backs on the enemy." The effect of this remonstrance was electrical. The Guards at once rushed forward. How grandly Sir Colin handled the Highlanders is graphically told by Kinglake. I shall confine myself to his characteristic soul-stirring address. "Now, men, you are going into action. Remember this—whoever is wounded, I don't care what his rank is, must lie where he falls till the bandsmen come to attend him; no soldiers must carry off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish church. Don't be in a hurry about firing; your officers will tell you when it is time to fire. Be steady. Keep silence. Fire low. Now, men, the army will watch us. Make me proud of the Highland Brigade." The great heart of the Highlandry bounded proudly to his touch.

The charge of the Russian cavalry on Sir Colin's "thin red line" is another glorious episode in the Crimean War, which will never be forgotten. The repulse of the Russians on this occasion —conducted by Sir Colin with such consummate coolness and confidence—elicited the admiration of numbers who witnessed the feat. It would have established the reputation of any officer, and considering it in connection with all Sir Colin's previous distinguished services, I, like Low and other writers, cannot help wondering why Generals Simpson and Codrington were preferred before him on the death of Lord Raglan. The former officer was no doubt senior in rank to Sir Colin, and he therefore had the first claim, but he did not aspire to such a supreme position—at least so I read; but Sir W. Codrington was junior in rank to Sir Colin. However, it is acknowledged that no officer in the whole army, whether commanding brigade

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or division, had a more successful record of services performed in the Crimea than Sir Colin. He was not, I think, at Inkerman, or much engaged in the trenches, but he shared in all the hardships of the dreary winter of '54. I have seen the story mentioned more than once, and told by Lord Clyde himself, which shows his wonderful memory of his comrades, and accounts for his popularity amongst his men. He said—"Whilst inspecting a depôt at Chichester, I noticed an old man, evidently an old soldier, on the ground. He was in plain clothes, and apparently watching my movements, and as I was leaving the barrack-yard he came up, and saluting me, said, 'Sir Colin, may I speak to you? Do you recollect me, sir?' I replied, 'Yes, I do.' 'What is my name?' he asked. I told him. 'And where did you last see me?' 'In the breach at St. Sebastian,' I replied, 'badly wounded by my side.' 'Right, sir,' said the old soldier. 'I can tell you something more,' I added; 'you were No. —— in the front rank of my company.' 'Right, sir,' said the veteran. I was putting my hand into my pocket to make the old man a present, when he stepped forward, laid his hand on my breast, and said, 'No, sir, that is not what I want; but you will be going to Shorncliffe. I have a son in the Inniskillings quartered there, and if you will call him out, and tell him that you knew his father,—that is what I should wish.'" That was forty-three years after the storming of St. Sebastian. Mr. Forbes regards the incident as characteristic of the relations between officers and men in the old army, before the era of short service set in. Lord Clyde, when Commander-in-Chief in India, could recognize by name the men of his regiment who had served with him in the Crimea. The old Chief had rather a hasty temper, and of this infirmity no one was more conscious than the old soldier himself. Shadwell, who knew him intimately, says he was always taking himself to task in his journal for having forgotten himself. For instance, he alludes on one occasion to his having got very angry the previous night. "I wish," he wrote, "I had not allowed my temper to beat me, but I am too old, I fear, to change my bad ways and habits, and this heat of temper has always told against me."

On the breaking out of the rebellion in India in 1857, with the universal approval of the nation Sir Colin was selected for the supreme command. At the very outset of the campaign he incurred extreme peril of being captured by the enemy. He was travelling up country one night, on his way to gain the

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army, when a party of the rebels crossed the road on which he was proceeding, about half-a-mile in front of him. Fortunately his carriage was not seen by the rebels, but their retinue of elephants and camels were distinctly visible to the Chief, who watched them with his glasses from the roof of his conveyance. Whilst some of the occupants of the several carriages accompanying the Chief were rather disconcerted, and beat a hasty retreat, the old soldier was, Shadwell says, as cool and calm as if the enemy were miles away and far out of striking distance; whereas, had Sir Colin's carriage been discovered, he must have been overtaken by the horsemen who formed part of the rebel force. Lord Clyde commenced his campaign by the relief of the Lucknow garrison. If he had never done anything else, this feat alone would have stamped him as a great commander. Rescuing six hundred women and children, and removing them, together with one thousand wounded and sick, to a place of safety, without the loss of a single life, in the face of a besieging army of enormously superior strength, was, as Sir Vincent Eyre said, a feat more difficult in warfare than the defeat of an enemy in the field. The same authority expresses an opinion that Lord Clyde showed great judgment in resisting the efforts made to induce him to assault the city. This, if successful, would have cost many lives, have occasioned great delay, and perhaps have imperilled the lives of the women and children he had come to save. The fact of Lord Clyde getting back to Cawnpore only just in time, as I understood it, to succour General Windham, who was in great difficulties, might be considered a full justification for his refraining from an attempt to drive the rebels out of Lucknow. Had he delayed he must have been too late to render assistance to Windham. I am not quite sure whether Innes altogether approved of the evacuation of Lucknow, for he says—"Opposition to the measure was futile. The Chief had made up his mind, whether rightly or wrongly I do not propose to argue, though I hope to be excused for suggesting that in questions of military operations throughout the struggle, their political aspect, that is their effect on the spirit of the enemy, was a point of nearly as great moment as their purely military or strategical bearing, and the enemy would now certainly think and feel and proclaim that they had at length so mastered the British as to have driven them into evacuating and surrendering the recognized seat of their rule and power." Outram evidently was averse at one time to abandoning Luck-

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now, for on September 17 he writes—"The moral effect of the evacuation will be very serious, as turning against us many well-disposed chiefs in Oude and Rohilcund, who are now watching the turn of affairs, and would regard the loss of Lucknow as the forerunner of the extinction of our rule. Such a blow to our prestige may extend its influence to Nepaul, and will be felt all over India." To have refused to be influenced by such an adverse opinion, coming from such a great and experienced soldier as Sir J. Outram, shows, I think, that Lord Clyde was endowed with an indomitable will, and a wealth of moral courage.

The final siege of Lucknow was a most skilfully and scientifically conducted operation. Within a fortnight, palace after palace was taken, and obstructions of every kind removed, and the capture was complete, the whole rebel army having been driven out of the city. The British loss was not heavy—only one hundred and twenty-seven killed, and about six hundred wounded. The enemy in their retreat managed to escape almost unmolested, through some unaccountable failure on the part of the cavalry, and in consequence of their getting away unscathed, they spread all over the country, necessitating a hot-weather campaign, into the details of which I cannot undertake to enter. It would involve a description quite beyond my scope.

After the successful siege of Lucknow, Sir Colin was made a peer of the realm. At first he rather shrank from the proffered honour. This was owing to his innate modesty of character, which prompted him to retire within himself when it became a question of his own exaltation. General Mansfield said he was "much disposed to run restive at first at being put into such strange harness, but he is now reconciled, and I think very much pleased." I myself had very few opportunities of seeing this grand old soldier. His Excellency was in Calcutta when I returned to India in October '57. Of course, as in duty bound, as well as by inclination, I lost not a moment in proceeding to head-quarters, with a view of paying my respects to the Commander-in-Chief. I sought and was granted a personal interview. I cannot say I was quite at ease at the thought of presenting myself before such an exalted functionary, who was, I fancied, rather rough in manner, and hasty in temper, and prone to show his teeth if ruffled at all. My profound awe at the prospect of confronting such a formidable personage was intensified by the fact of my wanting to ask the favour of some

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employment with the troops engaged in the front. One never does feel comfortable in making a personal request, however honourable and unobjectionable may be the nature of that request. But the reception I met with was divested of all ceremony. The frank, straightforward, genial old warrior removed all my qualms and embarrassment by at once anticipating my motives, and asking me to what particular branch of employment I aspired.

I respectfully replied that I should only be too thankful for any post his Excellency could provide. I added that my regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry, had disappeared in the general ruin of the native army, although it had at first and for some time continued staunch under great temptation. By its defection I had been obliged to join the ranks of the unemployed, and thus over thirteen years of my military service had been miserably blighted.

The kind old Chief listened to my story very patiently and graciously, and then said—"Ah! I see you want a berth, and are willing to accept anything. That is just like you all; you are all ready, and anxious to do your duty, and to serve your country in her necessity. I will consider what can be done for you."

I believe my case was then made over to General Mansfield, to be dealt with as the Chief of the Staff should decide. It was not my lot to start off with an appointment such as an ambitious man, brimming over with martial ardour, would have chosen, had he been allowed a voice in the matter. It was no doubt an important vocation, but more useful than attractive in its nature and general conditions; but beggars cannot be choosers, and Lord Clyde had taken me at my word, viz. that I was prepared to give my best services to my country in whatever capacity the Government might require them. The result of my application for employment ended in my being told off, in conjunction with Captain Wickham of the 61st Regiment, to take charge of the 2nd Dragoon Guards (the Queen's Bays) on the march of the regiment from Calcutta to Allahabad, from whence they took the field.

Captain Wickham of the 61st regiment had been some years in India, and knew the language and the country, and was therefore a valuable coadjutor to me on this occasion. Our duties were unique, something between commissariat, interpreter, and general helpers and advisers.

I have elsewhere given a description of my experience with the Queen's Bays, which was the opening scene in the Mutiny

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drama as far as I was concerned. It was not, I regret to say, my privilege to enjoy the personal friendship of Lord Clyde. Beyond having served under his command at the final siege of Lucknow, my duties carried me to fields other than that in which Lord Clyde was operating, as I was transferred as Assistant Quarter-master-General to Sir Edward Lugard's Division, which was marching in hot haste to the relief of Azimghur, and thence to Jugdeespore; and my only personal communication with the famous old soldier was confined to the incident which I have just mentioned. Lord Clyde received the highest military reward, viz. a Field-Marshal's bâton, only the year before he died. His old companion-in-arms, Sir James Outram, preceded his departure by a few months; and both were buried in Westminster Abbey, the fitting resting-place for two such warriors. Lord Clyde's own inclinations tended towards a private funeral, and he had expressed himself to this effect just before he died; but the country could not and would not be satisfied unless the very highest honours possible were paid to the remains of one of England's most illustrious heroes.

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SIR J. OUTRAM

I HAVE been carefully scanning the pages of our Indian History, and I can find no chapter which presents more attractions to me than that which describes the brilliant career of our most popular of all Indian heroes, the chivalrous Sir J. Outram. In his life has been left to us an inheritance of glory, which will, as Rawlinson eloquently said, descend to after ages wherever the English language may be spoken, and wherever the memory of gallant actions and of generous feelings may be cherished.

Almost from his first entrance into military life he began to show what stuff he was made of, developing all the instincts of a self-reliant, capable soldier by bringing under the yolk of discipline the Bheels, a predatory tribe, which had never before, so says Low, been reclaimed from barbarism. He raised a corps of these wild marauding fellows, and with them performed some useful and gallant service, ending in the pacification of their countrymen. From my own personal experience I can testify absolutely nothing to the numberless deeds of bravery by which this dauntless hero won his way to fame; but from what I have heard and read, I have, like every one else—Sir Charles Napier excepted—regarded him with intense admiration.

He, in the commencement of his career, like several other distinguished officers, had no interest whatever to help him in his professional advancement; but Mountstuart Elphinstone, one of our ablest Indian statesmen, very soon discovered Sir James's merits, and placed him on the first step which led up to his imperishable fame. Lord Lyveden, in a speech he made many years ago, said that Sir J. Outram had peculiar qualifications for success in India. He had a special power of ingratiating himself with the native chiefs and the native people. It was not only that he possessed an intimate acquaintance with them and with their feelings and habits, but a sympathy with

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them and a respect for their rights. It was this that won their hearts, and it was through this medium that he achieved such wonderful results.

Apart from his brilliant military services, his chivalric character, combined with a nature almost feminine in its tenderness and benevolence, attracted every one. Low, the historian, has remarked on the general similarity of character subsisting between these two heroes, Lord Napier and Sir J. Outram. This resemblance had previously occurred to me. I can only speak from a very transitory acquaintance with Sir James Outram; but I knew Lord Napier well, and he was the very impersonation of valour and firmness, and yet so soft and yielding when the uncompromising dictates of firmness were not required; and this contrast between unbending decision and gentleness must, I am sure, have been especially characteristic of Sir J. Outram. I read somewhere a story of Sir J. Outram's school-boy days which indicated the inherent manliness of the lad, which developed into such heroic proportions as life went on. On the occasion I refer to he was, as was natural to him, upholding the weak against the strong. One day he came home from school with his features so battered that he was hardly to be recognized, and in reply to his sister's anxious inquiries he said, "Never mind, Annie, I have licked the biggest bully in the school." His escapes in the sporting fields were as marvellous as those recorded of my old friend, General "Jim" Travers, to whom I have alluded elsewhere. Once, I was told, he speared a tiger to death from horseback, a feat which has never before or since been attempted as far as I know. On another occasion he heard of a tiger lurking in a densely-wooded ravine, the bottom of which was not visible from the top. Outram was not to be baffled, so he climbed up a tree, a branch of which overhung the ravine. Then his followers tied their turbans together, and passed a band round his chest, and connecting it with the branch of the tree let him down, dangling in the air. From his aërial position Outram saw all that was passing beneath; and the tiger, having been driven up the ravine, came within range of Outram's rifle, who, from his extraordinary perch, got the desired shot, and killed the brute. I should like to know whether that feat has ever been matched!

I could tell of numberless other hairbreadth escapes "by flood and field," of war services the importance of which cannot be overrated. But I am not writing, as I said before, History.

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Were it otherwise, I could fill pages with Outram's varied services: of his reclaiming the Bheels of Kandeish from barbarism, and reducing to order and good government other wild countries; romantic adventures in Afghanistan to carry the first news to Bombay of the successful storm of Kelat; his perilous ride of four hundred miles in disguise through hostile countries all alone, and liable to be cut off at any moment; his defence of the Residency at Hyderabad, with a handful of men against nearly eight thousand Beloochees; his pursuit of Dost Mahomed; his gallant conduct at the sieges of Ghuznee and Kelat, always in the hottest of the fight, and rendering invaluable personal assistance to the several Generals commanding, who all recognized his worth, and were only too glad to avail themselves of his experience and advice. He it was, Low tells us, that first urged the Government, more or less demoralized by the terrible massacre at Cabul, to be up and doing, to avenge that fearful disaster. He it was who protested with all his might against the withdrawal of General Nott from Kandahar, entreating him to go forward rather than retire.

All readers of Indian history know of the controversy between Sir C. Napier and Sir J. Outram regarding the invasion of Scinde, which Outram had deprecated; and all ought to know, if they do not, that this high-minded gentleman not only refused to accept his political pay, but declined to touch his share of the prize-money, amounting to some 30,000 rupees, though I believe he was not by any means a wealthy man at the time. He gave the whole over to charities. Although Sir C. Napier became such a bitter opponent of Sir J. Outram, Sir Charles must have had a thorough appreciation of the brilliant services of Sir J. Outram in the defence of the Hyderabad Residency, for that defence was characterized by Sir C. Napier as "that extraordinary defence of the fearless and distinguished Outram." General Outram was inclined to be sometimes a little too outspoken when he was offended, as was the case whilst he was political agent at Baroda, the Court of which disgusted his honest soul by its venality. His intemperate language on that occasion cost him his appointment, but Government could not long do without him, and he was soon in harness again and holding one of the most responsible appointments in India, viz. Resident at the Court of Lucknow, and it was during his tenure of this office that Oude was annexed, to which high-handed (as some thought) proceeding a great many people attribute

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the breaking out of the Mutiny. Whether it was or was not the cause of the revolt of our native army, the greater part of which was recruited from Oude, in my humble opinion Lord Dalhousie (the ablest Governor-General that ever ruled in India) had no alternative but to annex the country. Every attempt to induce the rulers of the unhappy oppressed people to alter their atrocious ways had signally failed.

Even Outram himself, who had always been a staunch advocate for the maintenance of the Native States, gave it as his deliberate opinion that the Oude Government was so vicious and absolutely incurable that it behoved us, that it was in fact our bounden duty, to assume the control of the country. The existence of such a cruel and corrupt kingdom on the borders of our dominions was "a menace to our power, and a discredit to us as the paramount authority in India and the protector of the liberties of the people." Sir J. Outram had only just time to initiate the measures he considered necessary for the British control of Oude, when his health gave way, and he had to go home on leave. But there was no long rest in store for him. The Persian War broke out, and Sir James Outram was nominated to the command of the expedition.

It is not within the scope of this narrative to give any description of this war. I content myself with stating that the campaign was conducted with Sir James Outram's accustomed ability, and carried out with brilliant success.

Sir James Outram was, I fancy, more nearly killed by a fall from his horse than from any bullet of the enemy. His charger came down with him a tremendous cropper, and fell upon him. He was stunned and did not recover consciousness for some hours, just before the Persians began to give way. The whole campaign did not last more than about three months; a treaty of peace was signed in March 1856.

It was most providential that the war terminated just at this critical juncture, as it released the troops urgently required for the Mutiny, which broke out in May 1857. It is almost superfluous to say that one of our foremost Indian Generals was at once summoned to the scene, when our Empire was threatened with extinction, when there was scarcely a station in the Bengal Presidency, and not a few in the Bombay Presidency, where European troops were few and far between, that the desolation of abomination was not threatening our helpless countrymen and women.

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Sir J. Outram was appointed to the command of the division which was operating against Lucknow, thus superseding General Havelock; but Outram was too noble, too unselfish to avail himself of this professional advantage, and he at once surrendered the trust to General Havelock, announcing his resolution in the following generous order—

"The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been entrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B.; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished. The Major-General therefore, in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the forces to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, and tender his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer. On the relief of Lucknow the Major-General will resume his position at the head of the force." The noble disinterestedness of this surrender speaks for itself, and as Mr. Headley, an American writer, said, "the days of chivalry can furnish no parallel to it." It was a noble act, and I am not going to detract one iota from the credit due to Sir J. Outram for his generous abnegation of self in declining to supersede Havelock (as by his superior rank he was entitled to do), and thus insuring for the latter all the honour of the relief; but from what I have read of the operations conducted by these two great soldiers, it seems to me that Havelock only nominally commanded, for the whole of the arrangements for the relief were the product of Outram's masterful mind, and he insisted on their being carried out, under his guidance, although they were not always in accordance with Havelock's views, and were sometimes in conflict with them. This is clearly Innes's opinion. (See his book, page 212.) I cannot follow the steps of this grand warrior through the various phases of the Mutiny; suffice it to say, that wherever fighting was to be done there Sir J. Outram was sure to be found; and wherever successes were most complete it was pretty certain that he had shown the way and contributed largely to the signal result. If I am not mistaken, he designed

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and carried out the plan by which the whole of the women and children were withdrawn from the Residency at Lucknow. That feat alone stamped him as a consummate soldier, and immortalized his fame.

I only met the Bayard of India a very few times, I am sorry to say. I have a lively recollection of the first occasion on which I had the honour of interviewing him; it was during the final siege of Lucknow. I attended at his tent to report the approaching arrival of the brigade of cavalry, to which I was attached as Staff officer. The General was entertaining a large party of officers at dinner, and the feast was nearly over. I was at once admitted, and the General in the kindest manner possible ordered a seat to be made for me at the table, and sent back for all the best dishes. As I had been marching the greater part of the previous night and all day I was ravenously hungry, and I did, indeed, ample justice to my repast. After a while I asked permission to leave, with a view of rejoining the brigade, which would be then close at hand. As I was going out of the tent, the thoughtful General called out, "You had better not pitch the camp; it is late; bivouac for the night." Now as it was pitch dark, about nine p.m., and we were all tired, this order was a relief to me at all events, and I did bless the old man. The next day we were on the march from Alum Bagh, and Sir J. Outram, who was accompanying us, had just despatched his Quartermaster-General (Moorsom, I think, who was killed a few days afterwards) to ascertain whether there was any water in a well hard by. The officer returned and reported that there was some water. "How much?" inquired Sir James. Not being satisfied with the reply, he turned round and desired me to go and find out. I was proceeding to obey the order, wondering to myself how the dickens I was to solve the knotty point, unless I somehow descended into the depth below (a sort of feat Outram himself might, I thought, accomplish), when he sung out as I was almost off and away, "Throw a big stone down the well, sir." I had no difficulty in fulfilling this task, and Sir J. Outram was quite satisfied with the expression of my opinion as to the probable supply of water, which I thought was abundant. My estimate, as far as I remember, was never put to the test, so I can only take it for granted that I was right.

The last time I met this old warrior was, I think, at Cairo. He was then, I believe, sorely afflicted with asthma, and worn

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out. He appeared to me to be very near his end. A better or a braver man never lived or died. As I gazed on his poor wasted form, and thought of all he had done for his country, might I not well have exclaimed—

> "Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times."

Sir J. Kaye has summed up his character in the following eloquent words—

"His was a life of sustained devotion to the public service, a life made beneficial by repeated acts of heroism and chivalry, by a life of stainless truth and unsullied honour"—and I venture to add my humble judgment, that I believe no memory in our national history will ever be more affectionately cherished than that of the chivalrous, generous, noble-hearted Sir J. Outram.

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FIELD-MARSHAL
LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA

I NOW come to another of our most illustrious Indian heroes —Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala. I enjoyed the privilege of his friendship for some forty years. This was not only a great honour, but it was, also, a substantial advantage in my military career to possess the good opinion of so brilliant a soldier; and I believe I am indebted to him for the decoration of the Bath that has been conferred on me, in recognition of my services during the Mutiny. I first became acquainted with him before he had reached any rank beyond that of field officer, but as Major Napier or Lord Napier he was always the same to me and mine, constantly giving us proofs of his kindness and good-will. I remember especially in the days when he resided a short distance from our house at the Murree Hills, he was always trying to render some service to my wife when she was living alone during the hot season, and she felt she could appeal to him without hesitation, whenever she wanted advice or assistance of any kind. I need not say that it was a great comfort to her, and a relief to me, to know that such a true friend was always within hail, and ready and anxious to give help and advice if required at any time. Only a few days before he died he made an effort to write and apologize to me for the delay that had occurred in answering an appeal I had made to him on behalf of some charitable object in which we were both interested—saying that serious illness had prevented his replying earlier. I need not say I did not appeal in vain. He wrote that letter from what proved to be his dying bed. It was just like his noble, sympathizing nature—kind and considerate and generous to the very last.

All the great military charities, such as the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, the Royal School for Daughters of

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Officers at Bath, and the Gordon Boys' Home, were under the deepest obligations to him for the warm interest he always took in their well-being. I know from personal experience, how freely, how constantly, he gave us his time, his attention, and his money; and he never seemed to be wearied in so doing.

Lord Napier was notorious for one failing—he never could or would see a fault in those who had the good fortune and happiness to win a place in his regard. He would never let go a friend, nor would he allow any one to breathe a word against him. His unwavering loyalty to Hodson was a case in point.

In his kindly disposition I should say he was exactly the reverse of the character depicted by the poet—

> "In other men we faults can spy,
> And blame the mote that dims their eye,
> Each little speck and blemish find,
> To our own stronger errors blind."

I dare say I shall be told that this incapacity to discern blemishes in others denoted a weakness in so able a man. Well, I can only say, *I* loved and admired him all the more for this admirable defect, if defect it be. It was like what we read of regarding the prompting of ambition—"The last infirmity of a noble mind."

One of our grandest soldiers—Sir James Outram—to whom Lord Napier was Military Secretary and Chief of the Staff, pronounced his services as of priceless value. In him, he goes on to say, were combined extraordinary dash and energy, together with all the scientific attainments of the engineer. His valour and genius, his tender and chivalrous disposition, won the hearts of all who served under him. In strange contrast to his gentle nature and tender heart, to which Sir J. Outram deposes, and to which I can bear personal testimony, Lord Napier seemed to be utterly indifferent to the risk to which he would subject his nearest and dearest friend in the performance of any military duty, if he considered it necessary. At such times he was hard as adamant. I remember Colonel Brooke, who was killed at Kandahar, when setting a noble example to his men at a critical juncture, telling me one day that Lord Napier sent him on an errand during the Chinese War without the slightest apparent compunction, although he knew perfectly well that the order carried with it a peril that could hardly be exaggerated. Brooke was directed in broad daylight to make his way across an open plain, with

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scores of Tartar horsemen all in full view, and to examine the ditch of a fort some hundreds of yards distant. Brooke, providentially (most likely owing to the swiftness of his horse), fulfilled his dangerous task without accident, but he thought (as I understood him) that it was more than likely he would have been intercepted and slain. Colonel Brooke was then Lord Napier's aide-de-camp, and despite his chief's utter disregard of the lives of his Staff, he swore by him, knowing well that no sacrifice he demanded of others would he hesitate for a moment to make himself, if circumstances required it.

I, as a cavalry officer, have never ceased to admire the magnificent achievement by which he overthrew a contingent of the Peshawur army. The enemy were in battle array, between eight and ten thousand strong. The approach to their position was covered by some rising ground, which prevented the advance of the British force being perceived. Lord Napier had only a battery of artillery (Light Foots), about four hundred native cavalry, and a squadron of the 14th Dragoons. It was a critical moment. The odds were fearful; the slightest hesitation would have been fatal. The horse artillery and cavalry, led by Lord Napier in person, after firing one or two rounds into the enemy's battery, dashed into the midst of the startled Pandies, who, scared by the suddenness of the onslaught, broke at once, and before they had time to rally, he utterly routed them, pursuing them till horses could go no further. It was an audacious feat, and just the dashing exploit one would expect from a Lord Napier or Lord Strathnairn, whose adventurous characters seemed to bear an affinity to each other. There was certainly the *fortiter in re* in both these leaders, but perhaps the *suaviter in modo* would not be so apparent in Lord Strathnairn. If I remember rightly it was my old friend Sir Peter Lumsden who first gave me the above account of Lord Napier's brilliant action, but those who wish for further details will find them fully recorded in Low's work on *The Soldiers of the Victorian Age*, which treats of all our Indian heroes, and is most interesting to me, who have personally been acquainted more or less with the majority of them.

I doubt whether any feat more dashing than that cavalry and horse artillery charge of Lord Napier's occurred during the Mutiny. It was almost recklessly daring in its conception, and the slightest failure in its execution could not have been retrieved. What an awful risk to run! Lord Napier

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never would have been forgiven had he not thoroughly succeeded.

Such is the slender thread, such the precarious tenure by which a soldier's reputation is sustained. To compare small things with great, I shall never forget the squeak I had of coming to unutterable grief during the Mutiny. I was Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General of Sir Edward Lugard's Division, then hastening to the relief of Azimghur, which was beleaguered by the rebel leader, Koor Sing. I had received information, that in the course of a certain march we should have to pass near some difficult country, full of ravines and broken ground, to avoid which it would be necessary to make a considerable detour. In order that I might make myself perfectly sure of the right road, I mounted my horse the evening before the march, and carefully inspected the country, and I satisfied myself that I could not go astray. We started on our march in the middle of the night, and when we were approaching the dangerous ground I was on the *qui vive;* but by some unaccountable fatality I missed in the dimness the right direction, and I led the Division bang into the very jaws of the ravines; and there we were, plunged into inextricable confusion, and had the enemy come down upon us, we should have been at their mercy. Providentially, they did not molest us. After several attempts to emancipate ourselves from our dilemma, we were obliged to halt until the daylight appeared. My feelings can be more easily imagined than described. It was only by the most indulgent consideration of my commander, the kind-hearted Sir Edward Lugard, that I was not there and then shunted from my appointment—a penalty which I could not but feel I richly deserved—and I shall never, to my dying day, cease to be deeply grateful that he so mercifully spared me on that occasion. Sir Edward Lugard, not long after this, was driven home by failing health, and he was succeeded by Sir J. Douglas, under whom I served in the field for the best part of a year, and I never got into such a scrape again. But I was sketching the life of Lord Napier of Magdala, and I must resume the thread of my story. It is not, of course, within the scope of this narrative to traverse the ground over which Lord Napier passed whilst fulfilling his important duties. After discharging his arduous functions at Lucknow with a zeal and devotion that could not be surpassed, which evoked from Sir J. Outram the following testimonial—"But skilful and

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courageous as have been the engineering operations, and glorious the behaviour of the troops, their success has been in no small degree promoted by the incessant self-devotion of Colonel Napier, who has never been many hours absent by day or night from any one of the points of operations, and whose earnestness and kindly cordiality have stimulated and encouraged all ranks and grades amidst their harassing difficulties and dangerous labours,"—having, I say, performed all these brilliant services, he passed on to Central India, and under Sir H. Rose he again showed what indomitable stuff he was made of, by defeating Tantia Topee's forces by his magnificent cavalry and horse artillery action, which I have described. In the midst of his absorbing work he kept in mind the advancement of any friend in whom he was interested. I remember receiving a pencilled note from him during the final siege of Lucknow, in which he and I were employed. It was only a few lines. It was to this effect, if not the very words—"Dear Wilkinson, poor Wale, commanding 1st Sikh Cavalry, has just been killed; now's your time, go in for his regiment," and I think he added he would assist me. It happened that I had been provided for, and I did not care to change; but of course Lord Napier's thinking of me, and desiring to serve me, at such a time, was a favour that has left an indelible impression on my heart!

Some years after the conclusion of the Mutiny, on Lord Napier devolved the task of conducting the Abyssinian campaign. There was not much fighting, but the physical difficulties were tremendous; and to meet them, and to triumph over them, no man was better qualified than Lord Napier. His scientific attainments here shone forth with renewed splendour; and his great experience, and unbounded reliance on his own resources, filled every one with confidence. How he justified all expectations, how he brought to a successful issue that wonderful Abyssinian campaign, is known throughout the world.

It will have been clearly gathered from the foregoing that I should be one of the last men in the world to find any fault in Lord Napier, and personally I knew of none. But I am bound to admit, that many years ago I remember hearing of his being taken seriously to task for the extravagant way in which it was considered he had employed the Imperial resources whilst carrying out some great public works which were being executed under his immediate supervision. I suppose he, with

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his large heart, thought it beneath the dignity of Government to be restrictive of expenditure where boons of an incalculable benefit were to accrue from his magnificent undertakings (the palatial barracks, for instance); and in connection with this subject I also remember, that whilst carrying out his princely designs, he was by no means infallible in his system of keeping accounts, which were of course on an enormous scale, and that it required all the unrivalled skill of an expert accountant, like his old brother officer and friend, the late General Boileau, R.E., to disentangle and reduce to order the almost hopeless chaos into which his accounts had fallen, and his generous nature never failed to acknowledge the debt of gratitude he owed to his comrade for having successfully extricated him from his financial difficulties. Bosworth Smith, in his *Life of Lord Lawrence*, quotes the Viceroy's opinion of Lord Napier as a financier. The Chief Engineer, with a hundred good and noble qualities, is no man of business. He dislikes details, and accounts of all kinds. He has no proper idea of economy. He himself said when taken to task for his lavish expenditure that he had no idea that he could go too fast, but supposed that Government might believe that enough was not being done, sufficient money not being spent. He considered that accounts are nothing but snares to entrap engineers. He had been formerly allowed his full swing, and to do exactly as he liked, and that lax system "I," Lord Lawrence said, "disapproved of, and endeavoured to check, insisting on a punctual rendering of accounts."

Lord Napier evidently sprang from a rare stock, just the resolute, energetic, dauntless sort one would have expected. I had never the honour of meeting Lord Napier's mother, but my wife enjoyed the privilege on one occasion, and the result of that interview was interesting and worth recording. Observing that my wife looked delicate, the grand old lady said to her—

"My dear Mrs. Wilkinson, if you would just get up at five o'clock every morning and dig vigorously in the garden for two hours before breakfast, you would be as hale and hearty as I am, and free from all the aches and pains of life."

She was then, I believe, over eighty years of age. She had evidently not overlooked the proverbs—"If you would be in good repute let not the sun find you in bed;" and again, "The early riser is healthy, cheerful, and industrious." Her illustrious son was worthy of her; when real work was to be done he was,

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as I have shown, indefatigable, and he would have known no rest, no difference between night and day, if his duties demanded of him ceaseless labours.

On his return home he scorned to be idle; his leisure hours were employed in promoting philanthropic works of all kinds. I have mentioned how valuable were the services he rendered to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, the Royal School for Officers' Daughters at Bath, and the Gordon Boys' Home. I can speak with some authority on this subject, as I am vice-chairman of the first and vice-president of the second institution, and I was therefore closely associated with him in the management of these charities, and I always felt we had a tower of strength when supported by his lordship.

As the welfare of his fellow-creatures engaged a large share of his thoughts in time of peace, so, when Commander-in-Chief in India, did his benevolent disposition find a congenial occupation in constantly designing and maturing fresh schemes for the comfort and happiness of the British soldier in his barrack life.

I am aware that there have been other chiefs who have also taken a deep interest in these innovations, but I am under the impression that in earlier days, before Lord Napier's time, the refining process, if I may so define it, had not been introduced into the ranks of the British army.

But perhaps as an Indian officer, who has had to assist in forming only the native soldier, I am scarcely entitled to criticize the system adopted in the British service. Well, I will say no more, except that I believe no one has served under Lord Napier who has not been inspired with a love and veneration for his noble character, and who will not cordially join with me in saying—

> "Search the land of living men,
> Where will ye find his like agen?"

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LORD SANDHURST

My first acquaintance with Lord Sandhurst dates back many, many years. I was quartered with him at Peshawur in 1853-4. He was then Major Mansfield of H. M. 53rd Regiment, several of the officers of which were friends and some old Etonian school-fellows of mine, notably Payne, afterwards Sir William, who was at Eton with me; and the last time we met in the field was at the action of Meangunge, where the 53rd were, I think, well to the front, and lastly during the final siege of Lucknow. If I remember rightly, I was only very slightly acquainted with Major Mansfield in the Peshawur days, but he was a friend of my father-in-law, who was Colonel of my regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry, and I think I met him as a guest at my father-in-law's dinner-table. My impression of him is that he was then a handsome man, strikingly intellectual-looking, and exceptionally quiet and reserved in his manner, and dignified in his bearing. What reputation he had as a regimental field officer I never knew, but I think I heard he was at the head of his term at Sandhurst, showing substantially that he was endowed with the talents which were displayed so conspicuously afterwards.

As I was a good deal at Simla when he was Commander-in-Chief, I knew him neither more nor less than others in my position, perhaps rather less, as he was not particularly pleased with my refusal of the offer of a second in command of a cavalry regiment when I was unemployed. I thought I was entitled to a command, having been promised one by his predecessor, Lord Strathnairn, and I told him this; but he did not apparently approve of my bumptious attitude, giving me to understand that he had nothing whatever to do with Lord Strathnairn's pledges, or something to that effect; and I am now not in the least inclined to dispute the fairness of his decision. Although I had received this wholesome rebuff, I

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never joined in the clamour with those who so bitterly opposed and denounced him in the Scot Jervis business, which happened to take place whilst I was at Simla. I thought, and it has been, I believe, proved up to the hilt again and again since, that Scot Jervis was unworthy of any consideration. I had at first an idea that Lord Sandhurst would have done well had he dismissed Scot Jervis from his Staff when he discovered how grossly he had abused his trust; but on considering the matter further, I quite saw the force of Lord Sandhurst's argument, that he could not feel justified in sending back to his regiment to associate with honourable gentlemen a man whom he regarded as so dishonourable.

I for one rejoiced that Lord Sandhurst finally triumphed on that occasion, throughout which I always thought he was morally right, in opposition to some intimate friends, who took a diametrically different view, which seemed to me to be governed more by personal prejudice than by pure reason. How any one could have a particle of sympathy for Jervis, even admitting that Lord Sandhurst might have dealt with his scandalous conduct differently, I cannot conceive; and after this lapse of years, in reviewing the whole matter, I hold the same opinion I did when on the spot, and at the time of the discussion.

Some two or three years afterwards, I think it was, there was an army collected at Umballa for the edification of the Cabul chief, Shere Ali, who had come to interview Lord Mayo; and on this occasion I was appointed by Sir W. Mansfield, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Cavalry and Horse Artillery. My old friend, Donald Macnabb, now Sir Donald, lent me for the manœuvres a great big bounding waler, which certainly enabled me to cut rather a dash, for besides its size and very high action, it was a grand fencer, and carried me with consummate ease over all obstacles that happened to come in my way; and I dare say, if the truth be told, I took good care that my performances on horseback should be seen, and I have a sort of a notion, but this is pure conjecture, that my horse and its doings brought me approvingly under the immediate eye of the Commander-in-Chief, for not long after this I was offered the command of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, which had just become vacant, and this appointment I held for some ten years; and if the reports of the various Generals under whom I served are worth anything, I think I have a right to say that I never

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gave Lord Sandhurst reason to regret that he had put me at the head of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry.

The last time I was in any way associated with Lord Sandhurst was at Umballa. His lordship was with Lady Sandhurst in camp, and he did us the honour to invite my wife and self to dinner. There was no party, one of the personal Staff being the only other guest. After dinner there was a slight difference of opinion, and a somewhat warm and lively discussion arose between Lady Sandhurst and the aide-de-camp, regarding, I think, some arrangements to be made for the following day's march. I remember Lord Sandhurst scrupulously abstaining for some time from taking any part in the controversy, or evincing any leaning towards one side or the other. But at last, thinking, I suppose, that the arguments were waxing a little too animated, he intervened, and without expressing an opinion one way or the other as to the merits of the discussion, he, with grave dignity, at once put an end to it. He merely said, "Let there be peace," and there was peace, for all was immediately still. It really was quite a small matter, otherwise I should not have referred to it, and nothing occurred afterwards to disturb the harmony of the evening; but trifles light as air, as I have mentioned before, grow into an importance, and are not easily forgotten, when they have any reference to an officer so distinguished as Lord Sandhurst; and I hope, therefore, I shall be pardoned for taking notice of this incident. And after all, if the circumstance betrayed a slight impatience of contradiction, such as poor human nature is always liable to amongst most of us, and such as one might, perhaps, expect from one so masterful as Lady Sandhurst was known to be, it at the same time evinced a dutiful and unquestioning deference and submission to the will of one still more masterful, viz. her distinguished husband, whose ascendency was evidently absolute. I have ventured to speak of Lady Sandhurst as being so well known, she seemed to me to court publicity. By this, I mean, her words and works have become as it were public property, by her frequent appearance in public, advocating social questions, to some of which I could cordially subscribe; but as regards others, though no doubt they were the outcome of benevolent desires, yet they seemed to me calculated to create a bitter feeling of hostility on the part of the lower orders against all who, in the wisdom of Providence, have been set over them. I may be mistaken, but I am under the impression that besides

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holding very advanced views on all social questions, her ladyship harboured a wish to Americanize old England—a poor look-out for our dear country in my humble opinion. Among the American ladies and gentlemen that I have met, only a few, I admit, appear to me to be enamoured of their own system of government, and much preferred ours. However, Lady Sandhurst has gone to her rest, and perhaps she now knows who is right and who is wrong in these national problems.

With reference to these social questions, I remember once, and only once, attending quite by chance a socialistic meeting in Trafalgar Square. On that occasion I distinctly heard one man use language disgusting and obscene; and yet ladies, at least they seemed to be ladies, were present, and they showed no signs that they were ashamed. If Lady Sandhurst had been there she would have been sickened with these regenerators and remodellers of society! To me, a British officer, brought up to consider it a duty to respect our laws, to venerate our institutions and our monarchical government, and to honour our country and our Queen, I need not say that the sentiments which appeared to find such favour amongst the leaders of this socialistic meeting were simply revolting. The police interfered and broke up the meeting.

Only the other day one of the candidates for the Board School was, as I inferred from the papers, an atheist, or something very like it; and his chief qualification for a seat on the Board was the fact of his being half-educated, and therefore better able to know what sort of education the child of a poor man required. I suppose if he had been wholly uneducated he would have been a still more efficient candidate for the School Board. It appears to me that the "masses" are being sedulously taught that the classes, that is to say, the educated gentlemen, are quite incapable of understanding or sympathizing with the wants and feelings of their poorer fellow-creatures; and so in their wisdom the masses consign their interests and the fulfilment of their aspirations, not to their own countrymen, but to natives of India, who are, in their opinion, pretty sure to be better able to advise them as to how many hours they should work, and when they should strike, and how land ought to be nationalized, and how far their "picket system" during the strikes was innocent of absolute tyranny—intimidation pure and simple. Had this, by the way, been disallowed, how many strikes would have succeeded, I should like to know?

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But I have wandered far from my subject. From what I have heard of Lord Sandhurst's administrative capacity, and from what I saw of his style of handling troops in mimic warfare, I should certainly have thought he would have been more in his element as Governor-General, for which he was eminently fitted, than as Commander-in-Chief, and I believe not a few others held the same opinion. I remember when I was acting as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Horse Artillery and Cavalry, he sent through me orders to the cavalry leaders, the execution of which against a real enemy would, in my opinion, as an old cavalry officer, have been fraught with danger, which only the direst necessity could have justified. Again, from what I have read and saw of Lord Clyde's campaigns, in the conception of which I presume that Lord Sandhurst, as Chief of the Staff, had a predominating influence, I should be inclined to think that Lord Khubburdar's proverbial solicitude for the safety of his men (though so utterly heedless of his own life, as the leader of the forlorn hope at St. Sebastian would naturally be) would have been better advised by a less scientific but more adventurous Staff Officer than Lord Sandhurst, undoubtedly able though he was both in the theory and science of war.

I infer from what General Innes writes, that he too did not quite appreciate the spirit of caution in which Lord Clyde entered upon his Lucknow campaign; for he says—"Notwithstanding the momentous improvement in the state of matters to be dealt with by the Chief, both as to the difficulties to be overcome and his means of meeting them, Lord Clyde evidently took a very grave view of the situation. His letters said—'I have made up my mind not to hazard an attack which would compromise my small force. Sir J. Outram is in great straits. My object is to extricate the garrison from Lucknow. I will do it if it can be accomplished with the ordinary military risks; but there are larger interests pending than even that great object, and I must watch over the safety of the small body of troops with which I begin the undertaking.' Such were Sir Colin's recorded thoughts, estimates, and anxieties as to his situation and resources at the end of October, though the incomparably more slender means by which an incomparably graver crisis had been quite recently met and overcome seem sufficiently obvious."

From the above quotation, I am inclined to think that General Innes did not subscribe to the "Khubburdar" system

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which prevailed during the Colin Campbell-cum-William Mansfield direction of affairs.

There was, I believe, a too rigid adherence to European strategy and tactics. That element of extreme caution, so marked in all Lord Clyde's operations, was not only, as many thought, unnecessary, but was productive of mischief, as it gave the rebels an opportunity of recovering their cohesion, and appearing again in their integrity, instead of becoming demoralized, without a chance of their daring again to show a front to their all-conquering foe.

I have in my mind a notable instance of this want of enterprise in the escape of the Bareilly Sepoys. They were allowed to skedaddle bodily during the night, whereas it was said they might have been driven pell-mell out of the town after Lord Clyde had thrashed them in the open plain. I was not present myself at this action, but I have heard those who were there expressing their surprise that Lord Clyde should have been content with his incomplete victory the first day.

The escape of the rebels from Lucknow in the face of the magnificent force of cavalry and horse artillery there assembled ready for the fray, was another unaccountable feature in the Lucknow campaign which puzzled a good many of us. There we stood immovable, though many of us knew that "the game was afoot," and we felt, though we did not act, "like greyhounds in the slips straining for the start." Whose fault it was I never knew, though I was with the cavalry on that occasion. The only explanation I could give would be this, that the General Commanding had received some special instructions to exercise the utmost caution in the way he employed his troops, and so restrained and fettered was he by the cautious nature of his orders, that he delayed to act till too late to do anything; but this is pure surmise, for though I was on the Staff at the time, I was not, I regret to say, in the General's confidence, and I am absolutely ignorant to this day as to the motives that actuated our commander in the course he thought fit to adopt when the rebels were streaming out of Lucknow. Those two dashing leaders, Lords Napier and Strathnairn, would, I think, have chafed at some of Lord Clyde's operations; and judging from the result of their glorious achievements in Central India, one cannot but believe that had Lord Clyde followed their go-ahead, uncompromising, brilliant example, some of his actions would have been crowned with more signal success. But I would, whilst

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venturing to hold this opinion, cordially join with every one in expressing my admiration of that splendid feat of arms by which Lord Clyde withdrew in safety the whole of the garrison, with the women and children, from Lucknow. Nothing in history, I believe, surpasses that achievement. How they all stole away without any molestation from the rebels is quite inexplicable to me. I have heard the conception of this withdrawal attributed to Sir J. Outram. At any rate, it was executed under Lord Clyde's orders, and he would have been held responsible had it failed.

In conclusion, Lord Strathnairn's mode of Indian warfare, in contrast to Lord Clyde's method, seems to be the true one. Owen Burne points out Lord Strathnairn's tactics thus: "When your enemy is in the open, go straight at him and keep him moving; and when behind ramparts, still go at him, and cut off all chance of retreat, if possible, pursuing him if escaping or escaped." Such simple strategy, such an absence of combination, was never dreamt of in Lord Clyde's philosophy.

It may of course be argued that Lord Clyde's plan (inspired, I imagine, by Lord Sandhurst) eventually succeeded; but admitting this, it does not prove that Lord Strathnairn's more adventurous action would not have triumphed, and in half the time, and at half the cost of life and treasure; for it is well known that in all Indian wars it is the fell disease and not the bullets that kill, and therefore the longer the campaign is protracted the greater the loss of human life.

However, there is no doubt that Lord Clyde had unbounded confidence in his Chief of the Staff, for on Lord Canning requesting him to name his successor in case of accident, he replied—"With respect to the question your Lordship alludes to on the chance of an accident happening to me, I am bound both by my sense of duty to my sovereign, and by a very strong and thankful feeling of gratitude to your Lordship, to state my candid opinion that there is no officer in India so competent to take my place as General Mansfield. He has a perfect knowledge of both services. He has all the things which guide this army in his hands, and from his position, as well as from his great and peculiar qualifications, he alone, of all the officers in this country with whom I am acquainted, is the man suited to the situation, not merely of commanding in the field, but of Commander-in-Chief in India. The rules by which the Commander-in-Chief in India settles itself I do not know, but I beg

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to suggest to your Lordship that at this crisis rules should be over-ruled for the good of the service and the safety of the country."

Lord Canning acknowledged this letter. "Your reply," he said, "to my question is exactly what I expected it to be, and it accords exactly with my own judgment. If, which God forbid, the occasion should arise, it will be General Mansfield who will take up your work, and he will have the heartiest and fullest support from me in carrying it out."

With such handsome testimony from the two most exalted authorities in the land, both civil and military, and with the successful result of the campaign before us, it is perhaps idle and presumptuous to harp upon the necessity or otherwise of the extreme caution which was adopted by Lord Clyde under General Mansfield's influence, and it is as useless to question the qualification of Lord Sandhurst as a successor to Lord Clyde in the event of the latter's fall. These two distinguished officers finally triumphed over all difficulties—that is enough. All's well that ends well.

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FIELD-MARSHAL LORD STRATHNAIRN

My first acquaintance with this distinguished officer was made on board ship, on our way to the scene of the Indian Rebellion in 1857. He was then much more at home on land than at sea; at least he always seemed to me a miserable sailor, and to be very sorry for himself, for he looked so dejected and sad whenever Britannia did not rule the waves in exact accordance with the lines of his digestive organs. If I am not mistaken, he would gladly have "anticipated his grave," by consigning himself to the fishes on that occasion, for the billows did "yawn around him" most painfully. I am not sure that men, as a rule, regard their sea-sick neighbours with that degree of charitable compassion to which their revolving sufferings certainly entitle them; but still, I believe, I did feel some sort of sympathy for that nauseated "rose," and it would have been largely intensified had I then foreseen what a grand and glorious soldier he was destined to become. I used to watch him extended full length on the deck of the rolling ship, and if I had only thought of it at the time, I might perhaps have described his forlorn condition thus (slightly paraphrasing the well-known lines)—

> He lay like a warrior, horribly sick,
> With the surging waves around him.

In this same ship were several notable officers, viz. Sir J. Dupuis, Sir J. Adye, and General Windham of Crimean fame. The last-named used, I remember, to explain to us exactly how and when and where he intended to take Delhi, but unfortunately for his calculations, on landing at Calcutta the first intimation that met us was the joyful news of the fall of that city and fortress. The Redan hero was therefore deprived of the opportunity of putting to the test the efficacy of his plans, which, judging from his ill success at Cawnpore, one is inclined to

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doubt. In passing through Egypt we had to travel in light carriages drawn by horses. These conveyances were specially adapted for the journey through the desert, the railway not being in existence in those days. It was usual for passengers to make up their parties amongst themselves for each carriage, and I had the honour of being invited to travel with Lord Strathnairn and some of his suite, and I was of course proud of my selection. However, I was deprived after all of the honour of accompanying his lordship, for just at the time of starting he did not turn up. Whether he overslept himself, for we left at some unearthly hour, or whether he ultimately decided to have the comfort of a carriage to himself, I know not, but the result was that we went off without him. This was a disappointment to me, of course, and I had to console myself with the enjoyment of his spare seat in addition to my own, and this afforded me the opportunity of stretching my legs full length over the space which Lord Strathnairn was intended to occupy, a considerable relief in such a long journey. Such is my recollection of the transaction, a very trivial one, I admit, but, as I have mentioned at the commencement of my stories connected with these illustrious men, I have not aspired to soar higher in my narrative than what might be called the domain of gossip, where I have had some personal concern. My friends must not look for history, if they should condescend to read my yarns. Almost the first time I met Lord Strathnairn after my return to England, was at one of the annual rifle meetings at Wimbledon. He had left the locality where the company were collected to watch the shooting, and was in search of his carriage, which had gone astray. He was quite alone, and it seemed strange to see the conqueror of Central India, the Commander-in-Chief in India, the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, a Field-Marshal of the British army, one of the greatest warriors of our time, left apparently in the lurch, trudging on foot in search of his missing coachman. Recognizing him at once, I went up to him and ventured to introduce myself. He professed to recollect me, but I think he must have been drawing on his courteous imagination, as some years had elapsed since I had seen him, and he had become quite an old man, an octogenarian, I believe, and I towards a septuagenarian, I knew. However, having ascertained his wants, I succeeded soon afterwards in finding his carriage, and he was most grateful and gracious, thanking me

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profusely, as if I had done him some great service. I love to recall this incident, insignificant in itself, but interesting as being allied to so great a man.

How nobly Lord Strathnairn fulfilled his arduous and all-important task is known to every one who is familiar with the history of the Sepoy rebellion. His services were confined to Central India, the field force of which he was the eminent commander. He carried out his dashing designs with an inexhaustible energy and determination, with a consummate ability, leading on from victory to victory, without a check of any kind, until his glorious work was done. It might well be said of him—

> "The iron will of one stout heart
> Did make the thousands quail."

That marvellous feat of arms, described by Sir Owen Burne, when he fought and overcame Tantia Topee and his 20,000 men, while he never relaxed for a moment either the siege or investment of Jhansee, had nothing to compare with it during the Mutiny, unless it be the siege of Delhi; and then his invincible determination to take Jhansee, in the face of the remonstrances both of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, who thought the risk too great with his comparatively weak force, showed that his moral courage was on a par with his physical audacity. I believe ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have given way before such a heavy responsibility. When Lord Strathnairn became Commander-in-Chief in India, he did me the honour to offer me the officiating command of a regiment of Bengal Cavalry, the only one then at his disposal, with the promise of a permanent command as soon as one fell vacant. Although I gave the preference to an appointment in the Stud Department, to which the Governor-General of India at the same time had nominated me, yet I have every reason for retaining a grateful recollection of the Commander-in-Chief's desire to serve me.

The last time I saw his lordship was at a dinner-party at his own table in London; this occurred a short time before his death. He was then declining, and his memory was somewhat defective. On my entering the drawing-room, he expressed a wish to introduce me to his guests, to each of whom he announced me as Colonel Atkinson instead of General Wilkinson. The poet asks, "What's in a name?" Well, it depends on

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circumstances. If it be a "rose" it would certainly smell somewhat sweeter than Atkinson or Wilkinson, but as most of the noble lord's guests were a cut above me, and moved in spheres beyond my reach, it was, no doubt, a matter of supreme indifference to those exalted personages what might be my patronymic; and it would not have caused me much concern had they dubbed me as Bubbs, Stubbs, Scroggings, or Biddyman, which I once was told were the names of the crew of an Oxford four-oared boat.

Lord Strathnairn was rather a caution at an inspection, if not perfectly satisfied with a regiment. I remember when passing through Kurnaul, where I had charge of the Government stud, he did me the honour of becoming my guest for the night. After keeping me chatting with him till quite the small hours of the morning (such men never seem to want rest), he suddenly sent orders to Colonel Hankin, whose regiment happened to be encamped at Kurnaul on its march to a new station, to have his regiment out for inspection soon after daylight, and he invited me to join his Staff on the occasion. During one of the manœuvres, Lord Strathnairn boiled over with anger at the way one of the evolutions was executed, and he expressed himself so strongly that I half feared Hankin's professional career would be cut short that day, and that he would lose the command of his regiment. However, the chief cooled down after this ebullition, and when the parade was over his lordship spoke to me of the mistake (?) that Hankin had made. Now, as an old Adjutant of a light cavalry regiment, and with, I flatter myself, a knowledge of cavalry drill not inferior to that of even so grand a soldier as Lord Strathnairn, I knew that his lordship was wrong, and I had it on my lips to tell him so, when something instinctively whispered to me to keep my opinion to myself. It was just one of those occasions when "silence is the wisest of replies," and it was well for me that I was careful, for the Adjutant-General, to whom I mentioned the subject soon afterwards, told me that the Commander-in-Chief would have resented my remonstrance very fiercely, as he was not given to brook any correction from officers under him, whether they were right or wrong. I suppose the most brilliant soldiers are not free from human infirmities, and if Lord Strathnairn was not an exception to this rule, if he was not blessed with the sweetest of tempers, and if he was not without a strain of vanity in his otherwise

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high and honourable character, and therefore not always as generous as he might be to those who dared to cast a doubt on his infallibility, we must not forget that he never failed in anything he undertook, and that he had risen by heroic deeds to the highest pinnacle of greatness. Such men are, I believe, apt to defy rivalry, and are impatient of opposition of any kind.

In his inspections he was fond of looking closely into details, and this was often an occasion of some tribulation amongst departmental officials. One day Sir Hugh, accompanied by his faithful henchman, Owen Burne, visited the hospital and barracks of a certain regiment, and seeing upon the table a bowl of which he deemed to be soup, he asked for a spoon, and tasted it. Before, however, giving an opinion, he requested the Inspector-General of Hospitals, who accompanied him, to taste it also. "Excellent soup, your Excellency," said that worthy official, smacking his lips, "and most nutritious." Sir Hugh turned to one of the soldiers, and asked, "Do you get such good soup every day?" when, to the dismay of all around, the man answered in broad Caledonian accents, "It's nae soup ava', it's the washin' o' the plates and dishes." The Inspector-General of Hospitals collapsed, and Sir Hugh had no appetite for the rest of the day. I can vouch for this story, as it was told to me by an officer who was present on the occasion. One who knew Sir Hugh well, wrote of him as follows—

"Dear old Strathbogie, of courteous manners and open purse, fearless of responsibility, and a true type of the old British officer, who loved the army he commanded, while ruling it with a rod of iron. Born in Berlin and dying in Paris, he was respected in a high degree by both German and French nations, and, while the flower name of Rose be representative of England, will live for ever as the name of a truly gallant soldier. The French wished to give him a public funeral, nor was this honour forgotten to be offered by his own country; but by preference, according to his known wishes, he was laid quietly to rest in the churchyard of the Priory at Christ Church, borne by faithful soldiers of the Blues, and followed by sorrowful comrades and friend."

On his return to England, after his five years' tenure of the Commander-in-Chief in India was completed, he was appointed Commander of the Forces in Ireland. Owen Burne truly says, and he knows by personal experience what he was writing

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about, for he was with him throughout his campaigns, his career would have entitled a Roman General to a national triumph.

The Duke of Cambridge spoke of him in the House of Lords as follows: "If any officer ever performed acts of the greatest valour, daring, and determination, certainly those acts were performed by Sir H. Rose. I personally," his Highness goes on to say, "had an opportunity in the Crimea of seeing what manner of man my friend was, and of what stuff he was made, and I was satisfied at the time that if ever the right occasion presented itself, he would be found to distinguish himself in the extraordinary manner which he has lately done."

In conclusion, if he was not perfect as a man, I mean, if there was any slight weakness such as is seen in ordinary human beings, he was as a brilliant, daring soldier above all cavil; and the British army, so rich in great commanders, had to deplore the loss of one of its most illustrious representatives when Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn was summoned to his rest.

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LORD CHELMSFORD

I HAVE had the pleasure and honour of knowing Lord Chelmsford for many years, and I consider myself favoured in having enjoyed that privilege. As a regimental officer, both in the Guards and 95th Regiment, he was, I believe, always held in high esteem, and regarded as an officer who knew his work thoroughly, and did it conscientiously and well. A brother officer of his, and a friend of mine, who has himself seen considerable service, and has risen, with much credit, to the rank of a General, spoke to me in glowing—I might say, affectionate—terms of his old comrade. He said he remembered well Lord Chelmsford joining the 95th Regiment in the heart of Central India, where it had been marching and fighting for many months. His courtesy and great kindness to all ranks very soon removed the unreasoning feeling that always exists against a new-comer, who has exchanged into a regiment in the field, especially if he is a field officer; and when the campaign was over, and the regiment was quietly settled in cantonment, all were able to appreciate his many admirable qualities, as a soldier and as a man. The sudden change from two years' active service in the field to the enforced idleness of a cantonment life in the hot weather in the plains of India was very demoralizing. Lord Chelmsford, who was not only a well-educated, but also an accomplished man, set to work to stop the tide of drunkenness that was setting in—and his efforts were surprisingly successful—and eventually, when he commanded the regiment, it became the most sober and one of the best behaved in the service. But his self-denying kindness to the young officers was the feature in his management of the corps that made the greatest impression upon my informant. Knowing that these young officers had nothing to do, and were very badly housed in stables and outbuildings, he used to welcome them to his bungalow, and offered to teach them anything in his power,

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such as French, and (I think) German, and music, as well as the higher duties of their profession.

Such traits as these, gratefully borne in mind by a brother officer, will, I think, carry conviction to every one that Lord Chelmsford was a most kind and indulgent companion and friend, also a most able and excellent Commanding Officer, exercising not only a disciplinary but a moral influence over all those associated with him.

As Adjutant-General of the army in India, every one who ever had any official connection with him, acknowledged his clear, sound judgment, and was attracted by his urbanity and genial manner to all, high and low alike. I doubt whether any Adjutant-General who preceded or succeeded him ever carried away a higher reputation than that which was universally accorded to Lord Chelmsford; and apart from his professional qualifications, which were of no ordinary order, I know that he has a large heart, for he, following in the steps of Lord Napier, of whom I have written, is always giving his valuable support to philanthropic objects. Those who have watched him as I have done, can testify to the personal efforts he is ever making to ameliorate, as far as lies in his power, the hard lot of his fellow-creatures, and I should think it would not be easy to point to any officer in his lordship's rank and position who is to be so constantly found lending a helping hand to good works of all kinds.

The first officer to recognize Captain Thesiger's capacity was General Markham, who selected him as his aide-de-camp in the Crimea. I knew General Markham well when he commanded the 32nd Regiment, and I am quite sure that any officer on his personal staff would be a first-rate man, and would carry with him a passport of efficiency, for Markham was not likely to tolerate mediocrity in any man, whether in peace or war. General Markham's career during the Mooltan campaign, and elsewhere, was highly thought of, but I fear the shattered state of his health deprived him of all chance of repeating the brilliant deeds which brought him such renown in India. He was suffering terribly from a rheumatic affection, and was, I thought, quite unfit to undergo the hardships of a campaign; but his fine soldierly spirit refused to be restrained, when his services were demanded to assist his countrymen, then engaged in their desperate Crimean struggle. I deeply sympathized with his physical sufferings, and immensely admired him for his

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indomitable pluck, and manly endurance of the same. He left us at Peshawur, and I went to see him start off on his last fatal journey. As I wished him God speed, I remember his warmly grasping my hand, and saying, with a sickly smile, "Most likely, Wilkinson, a cannon-ball or bullet will soon relieve me of all these aches and pains." He did not fall, as I am sure he wished to do, on the field of battle, but sank under an accumulation of bodily afflictions.

That Lord Napier of Magdala had formed the very highest opinion of Sir F. Thesiger was abundantly testified by his selecting him to fill the responsible post of Adjutant-General of the Abyssinian army on war being declared against that nation; and Lord Napier's despatches record with admiration and gratitude the great ability and untiring energy displayed by General Thesiger throughout that most extraordinary and faultless campaign.

Some few years after this, the Kafir war in South Africa was brought to a successful termination under Sir F. Thesiger's command. The fighting was of a desultory kind, and scarcely calculated to satisfy the aspirations of ardent soldiers; but the harassing work had to be done, and it was done most efficiently, and that too within the short space of three months. Not many months after the Kafirs had been subjugated, it was considered by Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor, that the Zulus were a great danger to our colony, and to all South Africa, and a force of five thousand men, under Lord Chelmsford, proceeded to invade Zululand on January 11, 1879. It was an arduous and a most serious undertaking, as Cetewayo was known to have some forty thousand warriors at his disposal.

I am not going to describe in detail that campaign. I know, of course, that Lord Chelmsford was condemned mercilessly for the Isandula disaster. I suppose the humblest soldier is entitled to his opinion, and if I am right in thinking that Colonels Pullein and Durnford received orders to act on the defensive, and that their camp was pitched on a very favourable position, with an inaccessible hill in the rear, I believe that had any other of our most successful generals been in command at that time, he would have been satisfied that with nearly eight hundred Europeans, Colonel Durnford had ample means to resist any attack that might be made on him; and I believe Colonel Durnford, himself a most experienced and scientific officer, who was well acquainted with the Zulus, held the same opinion, and

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was confident of his ability to hold his own. I would venture to say this much regarding the Zulus, that whilst every one would have given them credit for courage and daring which were not to be despised, yet I suspect that hardly a soul ever imagined that they were capable of displaying such reckless bravery and utter contempt of death in the face of the havoc-dealing fire of disciplined troops; nor do I believe, notwithstanding their valour, judging from their repulse at Roork's Drift, Gingilhova, and Ulundi, that they would have succeeded at Isandula, had the commanders acted strictly on the defensive, in accordance with the orders they received when Lord Chelmsford left them in order to proceed to the succour of Major Dartnell.

Since I ventured to express the above views regarding the Isandula disaster, I have been reading Sir Bartle Frere's life, by Martineau, and I find the following account of the events of that sad day (p. 273). "Lord Chelmsford advanced with the main body of the division at daybreak on the 22nd, leaving the camp at Isandula in charge of a force of about eight hundred regular volunteers, to which strict orders, written as well as verbal, were given to defend the camp. About ten o'clock, in spite of these orders, portions of the force were detached to a considerable distance from the camp; some of these, falling in with the enemy, provoked an attack by a large impi of fifteen thousand Zulus, whose presence so near the camp had escaped discovery. This overwhelming force advanced against the British detachments and surrounded them before they could unite, and the right horn of the impi, sweeping unobserved round the rock of Isandula, seized the camp, and separated the British from their reserves of ammunition, and only a few escaped. Of the 24th, only six men survived; as for the rest, when their ammunition failed, in a few minutes every man lay stone dead."

In this account of the Isandula disaster, it appears to me that the only point that could possibly tell against Lord Chelmsford would be the want of information regarding the presence of such a large body of the Zulus in the vicinity of the camp. But considering that the Zulus, who did not show themselves till 10 a.m., could cover some fifty miles in one night, they might have been miles away when Lord Chelmsford left the camp at daybreak. This may not be a complete answer of mine, but I think it will have some weight with any one who has had any experience of the difficulty of finding out the whereabouts of natives, who, whether in India or Africa, are always so remark-

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ably ubiquitous. Nothing could have been more resolute and unflinching than Lord Chelmsford's action directly the report of the calamity reached him. He did not hesitate a moment; taking no heed of the fact that his force was not stronger than that which had been just annihilated, he hastened to the scene of the disaster, determined, no matter what might be the number of the enemy, or what might be the cost, to attempt to avenge the death of his comrades; but the enemy did not await his approach; having completed their bloody work, they had evacuated the fatal spot.

Lord Chelmsford lost no time in organizing a fresh force, as soon as reinforcements arrived, for the prosecution of the war. He re-opened the campaign by marching to the relief of Colonel Pearson, who was entrenched at Etchowre. He met the enemy, eleven thousand warriors, at Gingilhova, about fifteen miles from Pearson's post. Lord Chelmsford's troops stood firm as rocks before the desperate onslaught of the enemy, who attacked on all sides, and in less than two hours they were repulsed at all points, and retreated, pursued by our cavalry. The enemy were said to have lost a thousand men on this occasion, which was some satisfaction for the Isandula disaster. Lord Chelmsford relieved Etchowre the following day, without further fighting. But there was heavy work still to be done, and Lord Chelmsford made his arrangements for his advance on Ulundi, where Cetewayo had the main body of his army collected. On nearing Cetewayo's camp, overtures of peace were made, and some of our captured cattle were returned; but Lord Chelmsford would accept of no terms until all the guns, cattle, and rifles taken at Isandula were delivered up. In the meanwhile, Lord Chelmsford, without tents or impedimenta of any kind, excepting spare ammunition and ten days' provisions, pushed on steadily, destroying all the king's kraals that came in his way, the enemy retiring before him without attempting any resistance.

Messengers again arrived, asking for a cessation of hostilities, but Lord Chelmsford, beyond giving two days' grace to enable Cetewayo to fulfil the conditions which had been proposed to him, firmly refused to accept any terms whatever. On the expiration of the two days Lord Chelmsford continued his onward march, sending Colonel Buller with some cavalry on ahead across the river to reconnoitre. How necessary it was to keep the most careful watch with such a clever, cunning enemy, knowing every inch of country, Colonel Buller had here a very

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ticklish illustration, for some four thousand Zulus concealed in the long grass very nearly succeeded in getting between the cavalry and the river, and cutting off their retreat.

It was on this occasion that Lord William Beresford won his Victoria Cross, by rescuing the Sergeant-Major of the Frontier Light Horse from the Zulus, who were close upon him. I used to know Lord W. Beresford in former years, and this gallant, dare-devil act was just what I should have expected from him. On nearing Ulundi, Lord Chelmsford threw his force into a hollow square, and in this formation he moved on. The Zulus began to appear in clouds on every side. Our cavalry were quickly driven back, and had to shelter themselves within the square. The artillery fire had no effect in arresting their advance; they seemed to have taken a leaf out of our book, for they are reported to have also formed a hollow square. And then, the war correspondent says, "With a magnificent rush they came in dense masses straight at the right rear corner of the square; neither volleys, shells, nor guns stopped them for a moment, and it appeared as if there were going to be a hand-to-hand fight. But when within about sixty or seventy yards, the Zulus wavered before our fire, and for a moment halted dead. Through the smoke," the correspondent goes on to say, "we could see the black mass hesitating, pausing as if for a spring, but they could not face the terrible fire, and at length they turned and fled. The cavalry, issuing from the square, charged them and cut them up, but not without small groups of them at times facing their pursuers and firing into them."

I have had the account of this battle from a nephew, the Adjutant of the 60th Rifles, who was present, and from his description I think it must have been a most trying moment for our young soldiers when the Zulus came down like an avalanche, as if nothing could possibly stop them. My cousin Pardoe, a fine young fellow and universal favourite, was killed in this action. I believe he was shot through both legs. And the nephew I have referred to above, Lieutenant and Adjutant Wilkinson, a noble young fellow, captain of the Eton Eleven, as his father was before him, though he was spared through the perils of this battle, lost his young life not long afterwards in the Transvaal War. The circumstances were so tragical, and conferred such imperishable honour on my heroic nephew, that I cannot help mentioning them.

Our troops had been fighting all day, and had suffered

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terribly; at length they were forced to retire, leaving their wounded on the ground. When they reached their camp, several miles distant, the night had set in, and it was pitch dark. My gallant nephew, though he had been fighting from early dawn till late at night, and was nearly worn out, determined to make an effort to give some succour to his poor deserted comrades, lying wounded on the field of battle. Accordingly, he, without saying a word to a soul, having stowed away as many loaves as he could carry, together with one or two bottles of brandy, mounted his pony, stole out of camp, and rode off all alone back to the field; he had to ford a river *en route*, and was liable to be cut off by the enemy at any moment. However, he reached his destination in safety, and distributed his stores amongst his poor famished wounded men. He then proceeded to return to his camp, but the river had in the meanwhile swollen, and in attempting to ford it, he and his pony were carried away by the rushing waters, and he was drowned. I do not think that any man ever met his death under nobler and more self-denying circumstances. He was an only son, and his father had simply lived for him, and his heart was broken.

But to return to Lord Chelmsford. His victory at Ulundi was complete, the enemy dispersed in all directions, and never attempted to make another stand. The war was virtually over, and by the time Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived to relieve Lord Chelmsford, there was little for him to do, but to send Major Marten in pursuit of the fugitive Cetewayo, who was soon run into and captured, and thus a campaign which had opened in gloom was brought to a triumphal and brilliant close; and I think any one who has carefully followed Lord Chelmsford from Isandula to Ulundi, who has considered the intricate nature of the country, and the difficulties of the transport, and the formidable character of the enemy, must admit that he conducted the campaign with consummate skill; and even admitting, to which, however, I demur, that Lord Chelmsford was in some measure responsible for the one reverse, I think the Generals are rare who could boast of having carried out extended operations with fewer mistakes.

If I have read military history aright, I am sure neither Sir Donald Stewart nor Lord Roberts would blame me if I ventured to assert that they have both experienced critical moments, which, if good fortune had not been on their side, might have wrecked and ruined their glorious careers. And

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I do not think I should be far wrong if I maintained that Lords Hardinge and Gough were both on the verge of disasters, the first at Ferozeshshur, and the other at Chillianwallah; and, again, I do not think that I should err if I ventured to suggest that Lord Wolseley was for a few minutes in a very critical predicament at Tel-el-Kebir, when his Highlanders, who had penetrated the lines at the first impact, finding themselves fired on from three sides, suddenly recoiled upon the ramparts, when, as described by Sir W. Butler, the refluent tide of men, as it "thundered backward upon the parapet, struck full upon a formidable rock of human granite, and its eddying surges of retrogression, caught in the grasp of a powerful personality (Sir W. Hamley), were stayed, gathered, and finally cast forward again into the centre of the enemy's position."

The greatest commander that the British army ever knew, viz. the Duke of Wellington, very nearly destroyed his professional prospects by his failure in the night attack at Seringapatam, and I strongly suspect that had he not been the brother of the Governor-General of India, his advancement would have been irretrievably arrested, and somebody else would have been the hero of Waterloo! At Assaye, again, I believe his position was most insecure. In fact, he was within an ace of being annihilated, instead of winning a glorious victory. I allude to the incident when the 74th Regiment and the pickets were nearly cut to pieces.

With these examples before us, and bearing in mind the great Duke's maxim, that the best General is he who makes the fewest mistakes, I think Lord Chelmsford is surely entitled to hold a high place amongst our most distinguished commanders.

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FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS

My first acquaintance with this gallant officer dates as far back as 1852. "Little Bobs," as he was called in those days, was at that time aide-de-camp to his father, General Roberts, commanding at Peshawur.

The General was a fine old soldier, and a perfect specimen of the English gentleman. He was admired and respected by the whole garrison, and I for one should have been still more attracted to him had I known at that time that the awful tragedy of the Cabul massacre in January 1842 would probably have been averted, had the precautionary measures recommended by him, when he was commanding the British troops at Cabul, been adopted. But the British Envoy responsible for the security of our position at Afghanistan turned, as I have understood, a deaf ear to General Roberts' warnings, with the natural result that he tendered the resignation of his command. It must have been a mournful satisfaction to him to feel that he had ample grounds for distrusting the state of affairs when he lifted up his warning voice against them; and, had General Elphinstone been equally firm, events might, I suppose, have been different. In my sketch of Sir George Lawrence, I have quoted the handsome testimony borne by that officer to the character of the brave but unfortunate General Elphinstone, and to that tribute I would refer my readers for any further explanations on this subject. Sir George Lawrence was personally acquainted with General Elphinstone, and was witness of all his physical and mental sufferings, and was well acquainted with all the circumstances which led up to his assumption of a command for which he was, by bodily infirmities, absolutely incapacitated.

To return to Peshawur. Though those days were not without some trouble and uncertainty, for it was just then that Colonel Mackeson, the political officer, was assassinated, yet all the

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civil and military authorities worked in perfect harmony during General Roberts' reign, and nothing further disturbed the even current of our ways. Social functions were carried on with a geniality and liberality which we all thoroughly enjoyed, and I need not say that for these, as well as for the cheerful intercourse throughout the station, and hospitable gatherings under the General's roof, we were largely indebted to the friendly exertions of his aide-de-camp. "Little Bobs"—he was Little Bobs to us all in those days—was a dapper little fellow, but manly as a giant, always smart as paint, and a universal favourite, taking pains to be useful and agreeable to all, both old and young. In the ballroom he was preferred to all others as a waltzing partner; so, at least, it appeared to me, and I tell it in the strictest confidence. I am fully a decade older than Roberts, so I suppose the "youngster" looked up to me in those days—I wonder whether he looks *down* on me now! Ah, well, no one who has watched and envied his career as I have, would grudge him his honours, they have been nobly earned. Young Roberts was not long in bringing himself into notice as a promising officer. After having succeeded in securing the "jacket," which all artillery officers seem to regard as a prize beyond price, he was transferred to the Quartermaster-General's department.

By the way, as a cavalry officer, who has served a good deal with Hussars, Dragoons, and Lancers, I never could understand the immeasurable distance which artillery officers seem to place between the Royal Horse Artillery and Royal Artillery; the latter have not so much gold in their full-dress, and their gunners are not, I fancy, quite as tall. The Scots Greys have taller men and bigger horses than the Hussars, but no comparison is made between them to the disparagement of either, as far as I know. On service I fancy there is precious little to choose between the Royal Horse Artillery and Royal Artillery. I had expressed this opinion in writing before I came across Sir H. Durand's memorandum, in which he says, "The instances are exceedingly rare in which a field battery, properly horsed, is not quite equal to perform all that Horse Artillery is ordinarily called upon to do in action" (*Durand*, p. 243). When the Royal Artillery guns were drawn by bullocks, I could readily understand the preference, but there is no such distinction now. Of course, as a cavalry officer, I much prefer the cavalry to any other branch of the service, always excepting the Engineers. The artillery can, and do, pepper the enemy handsomely at

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pretty close quarters, no doubt, but they cannot "charge home" sword in hand into the midst of the opposing foe. I am aware that the Royal Horse Artillery have a few horsemen as escort to the guns, who could act as cavalry if required, but this chance rarely falls in their way. The gunners, as a rule, fight at a distance, as it were, though too near, I admit, to be pleasant sometimes, as in the case with Olpherts' and Maude's batteries at Lucknow. But, in my opinion, the mettle of soldiers is tried most acutely when the men are required to come into personal conflict, face to face with the enemy. It is really the "cold steel," and not the big balls, from which the best and bravest troops are inclined to shrink sometimes; and if the infantry were generally, instead of exceptionally, dependent on their bayonets instead of their bullets, I should be inclined to give them precedence even of the cavalry. Although I have such unlimited admiration for my own service, I am not unwilling, as shown above, to concede the place of honour to the Engineers. To them, if *I* had the duty of re-arranging the order of precedence, I should give the right of the line, and I should place the cavalry second, and toss up for the Royal Horse Artillery and infantry. The Engineers' scientific attainments entitle them, I think, to the first place of all; but I do not confine their claim to their intellectual supremacy. I maintain that the Engineers belong to the most *dashing* service in the whole army. They are always in the front, always giving a lead wherever the fight is hottest and danger greatest, wherever desperate deeds have to be done, wherever hand-to-hand combats most prevail. Only recall to mind the deeds of such men as Durand at Ghuznee; of the Engineer officers who blew in the Cashmere gate at Delhi; and of Taylor's conduct throughout the siege of Delhi. What says the historian, writing of Taylor?—"On the eve of the assault Nicholas exclaimed, 'If I survive to-morrow I will let the world know that Taylor took Delhi.' Taylor was," the historian goes on to say, "the heart and soul of every movement; always cheery, always active, never sparing himself, inspiring, aiding, animating all by his noble example. It was impossible not to admire, not to endeavour to imitate him. He never complained, he never rested. The Engineers all swore by him; and in truth there was something divine in his wonderful fertility of resource and the self-sacrifice he so continually displayed." In support of my argument regarding the dashing and daring service of the Engineers, I would ask any one to turn to the roll of the heroes

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who have won the Victoria Cross. Look at Innes, Thackery, Graham, Aylmer, Trevor, Prendergast, Lennox. I have not the smallest doubt that my brother and my brother-in-law, both Royal Horse Artillery, and their comrades generally, will regard me and my opinions with supreme contempt. I shall probably survive their contumely, and most likely stick to my ideas, merely reminding my gallant gunners that they are indebted to the cavalry for their safety, for it is the cavalry that are always told off to guard and protect them; and I happen myself to know more than one instance in which they would probably have fared badly but for the valiant intervention of their cavalry escort! Although I admit that artillery should, if detached from the protection of infantry, have an escort of cavalry, yet I think that cavalry should be as much as possible independent of artillery, as the latter tends to impede the mobility of the former; though I acknowledge that Horse Artillery do manage to get over difficult country in a most dexterous manner. I often thought that, had I been in the Royal Horse Artillery on service, I should, after having well plied the enemy with shot and shell, and ploughed a way for the onset of the cavalry, have been a far happier man if I could only have got rid for the nonce of the impedimenta of my guns, and thus have been at liberty to dash, sword in hand, with the charging cavalry into the midst of the staggering foe. It is on critical occasions like this, I think, we cavalry fellows have the advantage; and how in their heart of hearts the R.H.A. must, if they are the heroes I take them to be, and I freely admit no artillery in the world can compare with them, envy us Lancers, Hussars, Dragoons, regular and irregular cavalry, tearing ahead in the maddening chase.

Young Roberts, after completing his duties on the personal staff of his father, was appointed to the Quartermaster-General's department, through every grade of which he passed with credit, until he reached the very top of the tree, and from thence he proceeded to assure the command of armies, and he led them with such surprising success that his achievements have placed him on the highest pinnacle of military renown. Whilst he was serving in the Quartermaster-General's department I used constantly to meet him, and although I cannot say that I predicted his brilliant career—as I certainly did, to some extent, that of the present Sir George White, when he was serving under me at Kohat—yet I do not think that any one could observe General Roberts' sharp, energetic, dashing character, and have known of

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his previous exploits, without feeling assured that he would neglect no opportunity of forging his way to the highest distinction, if fortune would only give him the chance. How the tide in his affairs was splendidly taken at the flood is known to us all.

I know that Lord Napier reposed implicit confidence in Roberts, and from the very first his lordship took his measure accurately, not in quantity but quality! And has not Lord Roberts proved himself one of the first and most successful soldiers of the age? His victorious march from Cabul to Kandahar has hardly been matched in the annals of war.

As Commander-in-Chief in India, the army attained under his ever-watchful care a state of perfection which probably it never reached before, and this satisfactory result was produced, I read, by no sweeping or radical changes, but simply by a steady supervision of details, and by a sedulous encouragement of a soldierly spirit of emulation in all ranks of the service, both amongst officers and men; the Commander-in-Chief's own personal example of indefatigable zeal and ardour having infused, without doubt, an invigorating effect upon all those brought within the influence of the martial enthusiasm by which he himself was swayed. In the words of the poet—

> "What his wisdom planned, and power enforced,
> More potent still his great example showed."

I met Lord Roberts during the Lucknow campaign. I was then serving with the cavalry, under Sir Hope Grant, who was scouring the country, and sweeping the rebels away from the vicinity of Lucknow. It was, by the way, during these operations that Sir Hope Grant received some very reliable information that the scoundrel Nana Sahib was with his family concealed in the fort of Rohya, some twenty miles from where we encamped, and Sir Hope Grant made up his mind for a dash at the fort. The cavalry and Horse Artillery were to make a forced march by night and surround the fort, the infantry following on foot. For some reason this plan was abandoned, in obedience, it was said, to orders received from head-quarters, to the great disappointment of those who had heard of the intended raid. I rather fancy Roberts was with our camp on this occasion, he certainly was with us soon afterwards, as will be seen further on. Although Lord Roberts had been all through the Delhi campaign, and engaged afterwards in many harassing operations in the march down from Delhi after its fall, yet he was still as spick-and-span, as sprightly and cheery,

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as if he had just descended from the life-giving breezes and the joyous festive scenes that surrounded his mountain home at Simla. He had won the Victoria Cross, or rather, he had been then recommended for this honour, but it had not up to that time been conferred on him. I remember his imparting to me confidentially, and with justifiable pride, during our interview, the deeply interesting fact that he had been nominated for the Cross; and how I did envy him, for "if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending man alive"; and I envied him the decoration all the more, as I knew it had been nobly won. He had, single-handed, attacked two fully-armed Sepoys, one of whom was carrying a standard, and he slew them both, and brought back his trophy in triumph.

The occasion when we came across one another, to which I have been referring, was at the assault of Meeangunge. This town was fortified to a certain extent, that is to say, it was surrounded by a high brick wall, with bastions at intervals, and was defended by two or three thousand rebels. Roberts was out reconnoitring, and I fancy I was doing much the same. I remember we met near the gateway, which had a ditch, in which, or close by it, were lying dead two suwars and their horses, and we were puzzled to explain how they could possibly have advanced so close up to the entrance of the town. It was at the attack on this city that I met my old Eton comrade Payne, of the 53rd, afterwards Sir William Payne. My brother reminded me of an incident in which he and Payne were concerned. It was at Delhi, at the Camp of Exercise, when my brother and I were umpires; he for the infantry, and I for the cavalry. My brother says I had warned Payne that if he issued from the cover where his brigade was sheltered and advanced into the open plain, which was swept by the artillery fire, I should certainly put him out of action. Notwithstanding my warning, he led his brigade right out into the open, and I kept my word and ordered him to retire from the field. Just at that moment Lord Napier arrived, and asked me what I had done, and he said I was right. Payne came up to me afterwards, and said, "This is hard treatment—this is the first time we have met since we were at Eton together, and this is the way you have served me." It was all in good humour, good fellow that he was. I believe he led his regiment into the breach at Meeangunge. I do not think the resistance was very stubborn, but the whole affair was eminently successful; and the cavalry,

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with which I was employed, had their hands pretty full in pursuing the fugitives as they broke from the town. The 9th Lancers and 7th Hussars were, I think, the European cavalry engaged, and I accompanied parties belonging to both corps at different times during the day. I may mention a rather ridiculous incident that occurred to me during one of the charges I made at Meeangunge. My sword was whipped out of my hand,—I was "giving point" at the time,—the man fell, but I am sure my sword did not pierce him. I recovered the sword afterwards, as I will explain further on. I came into contact with two or three Pandies that day. I remember two instances in which the rebels, in avoiding my intended blow, came into collision with my horse, which knocked them head over heels as if they had been nine-pins, and I rode slap over them both. I do not really believe they were as much hurt as I was, for in one case I did succeed in delivering my cut, but whether the fellow bobbed, or whether my cut was unskilfully administered, I cannot say. He fell, but my sword-blade glided off his head on to my foot, and I found when I got home a clean but slight cut on the side of my foot, and my sock and inside of my boot were stained with blood. I was not aware of it at the time, but I fancied afterwards that I did recollect feeling at the moment something like a sudden smarting sensation in my foot. When I discovered the accident, I debated with myself whether I should return myself wounded. At the first blush of the idea I thought a sabre-cut in the foot would sound rather well, but then I came to the conclusion that I should be sure to reveal the truth some day after dinner, and therefore I wisely kept silent. I remember, too, whilst I was with the 9th Lancers (we were halted just then), seeing a Sepoy stepping forth singly, brandishing his tulwar, and challenging any one to come on. An officer, I think it was a Captain Cole, of the 9th Lancers, levelled his lance, and went at this brave fellow. In an instant the lance transfixed the man, piercing his shield and body. In falling, the man got his tulwar, quite accidentally, I believe, between the legs of Captain Cole's charger, and wounded it so badly it had at once to be destroyed. Soon after this I was in difficulties with a rebel, who had got on to the ledge surrounding a well, just out of reach of my sword. At this juncture Captain Evans of the 9th Lancers came galloping up, and with his long lance he soon poked this fellow out of harm's way. Immediately after this he rode off after two more men,

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and laid them low. I was told he killed eleven men that day.

I have spoken of the loss of my sword. I had an opportunity soon afterwards of recovering it, but it was twisted, and I could not get it into the scabbard again. Now, it is a very singular circumstance, but just before the Mutiny I happened to have three swords, which came from the three most eminent shops in Europe. One was a "Wilkinson" (no relation of mine), the second from Prosser, and the third from Sollingen. I cannot the least remember how I became possessed of the first two swords, but one I gave or sold to the present Major-General Prendergast, and the other to Major Graham, both brother officers of mine in the 10th Light Cavalry. The third weapon, the Sollingen, I retained for my own use; it had been given to me by my gunner brother, who, from his name, I suppose, must have been considered an expert in swords, for during the Crimean War he was sent to Germany to purchase swords for the army. Well, one day, during the siege of Lucknow, I met my old friend Prendergast, who unsheathed his weapon, and laughingly showed me the remains of it. It had just been cut clean in two by a slash from a native tulwar; and Graham's sword was broken in an encounter he had with a Pandy—beyond the fact of the sword having been smashed in his hand, I do not remember particulars. My own Sollingen failed when I was giving a point, in the way I have described. My brother, indignant at the discredit cast on his selection, always declared that I must have picked up the wrong sword when I lost mine. I have not attempted to disturb this fond delusion.

I have an anecdote to tell in connection with the loss of my sword, which shook my faith in the efficiency of a revolver. When deprived of my sword I pulled out my pistol, and pointed it at the Pandies, but it refused to go off. Fortunately the enemy were falling back about this time, and I, therefore, was in no peril; but it was an awkward position, and might have been serious. The next day when in company with several officers of (I think) the Hussars, I was explaining to them my predicament, and showing them how impossible it was to discharge the pistol, when off it went "bang" in the midst of them. It must have been clogged in some way.

I must now draw my reminiscences (combining too much of my own doings, I am afraid) of Lord Roberts to a conclusion. It has been a source of pleasure to me recalling "the merry days

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when we were young." As we were associated in our early careers, so were we destined to close them together, so far as I was concerned; for, in the Afghan War of 1878-79, I was suddenly summoned from my regiment, quartered at Segowlie thirteen hundred miles away, to proceed to Kohat, our frontier station, to assume command of that garrison and also of General Roberts' line of communications, extending from Kohat to Thull on the Afghan boundary, covering some sixty-two miles of country; and I am thankful to say we continued to work harmoniously together to the last. Not the least gratifying of my reminiscences in my old age are those connected with the time I spent in the camp of Lord Roberts at Ali Khel, when he was commanding the troops in the Kurum Valley, during the first Afghan campaign in 1878. When the war closed, and my occupation was gone, I retired from the service. I had completed thirty-six years, and the doctor warned me that it was time to be off, as a weak spot had shown itself whilst I was at Kohat, though it did not incapacitate me for a day. I was thus unfortunately cut out from all participation in the second campaign, consequent on the treacherous murder of our envoy and his escort at Cabul.

One more anecdote relating to our hero, and I have done. Although Lord Roberts has soared so far above me in the battle of life, he thought it not derogatory to his dignity to accost me, when I failed for a moment to recognize him on his return from his second successful Cabul war, with this friendly greeting: "What, Squire" (I am called by old comrades by that name), "don't you know Little Bobs?"

This little trait showed, I thought, a forgetfulness of his superiority, of the wide social gulf between us, which was as honourable to himself as it was flattering and delightful to me. It was long thought that the nation could only boast of one General; but I think we may now fairly claim that we can confidently rely on two, and as an old soldier, who has seen Lord Roberts under varied circumstances, and admired him immensely, I should say, as long as old England owns two such military leaders to show the way, all that can be done by science, experience, and gallantry will be done by these two brilliant men of war; and in whatever quarrel we may enter in the future, if our cause be stamped with the seal of justice, God helping us, we must and shall prevail.

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LORD LAWRENCE, SIR GEORGE LAWRENCE, SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, AND GENERAL R. LAWRENCE.

WITH this band of distinguished brothers it is a great honour to have been even slightly associated. I have no right to claim more than a bare personal acquaintance with them; but this privilege I am proud of, and naturally boast of when writing of eminent friends. Of course no one who has spent many years in India can be ignorant of the public lives of the three first of these remarkable men, for each of them has made a name for himself, and performed invaluable services, which have been proclaimed aloud and fully recognized by a grateful country.

I will begin with Sir George, who was in the same service as myself, viz. the Bengal Light Cavalry, and had Government seen fit to comply with my request, made on my entering the service, I should have been in the very same regiment with him. Perhaps it was well for me that my wish was not gratified, as it might have involved me in the massacre of Cawnpore. I only became acquainted with Sir George in his latter days, when we had both completed our professional careers, and were pensioners on the bounty of our country. We were mutually engaged in trying to promote the interests of the well-known military charity, the Royal School for Officers' Daughters. We used to sit on the same Board, and I fancy we were always in full accord and sympathy on these occasions. He was always known as "Cockey Lawrence," a very appropriate name, for he most assuredly was entitled to "crow" over most of us, considering the marvellous perils and dangers he had encountered and surmounted with such unsurpassed fortitude in his extraordinary career. One can hardly conceive it possible that it should have fallen to the lot of one man to have been eight and a half months a prisoner with the treacherous, bloodthirsty Afghans,

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after the Cabul disaster in 1842, and five and a half months with the Sikhs during the second Sikh War in 1849. On this second occasion, his wife and children were also at the mercy of the Sikhs, infuriated by defeat, and only restrained by their leaders, who were astutely looking for terms which would ensure their own safety. I suppose there was scarcely a day that his life might not have been in extreme jeopardy at that time. No fiction that was ever written could exceed in thrilling interest the facts recorded in Sir George Lawrence's *Life*, which everybody ought to read, who has not already done so. It will be seen that I have indented largely on it for this sketch of Sir George—far more than I intended to have done—but Sir George's adventures I found so absorbing that I could not quit them.

He began his cavalry experience rather ominously, for the very first day he mounted a horse he was thrown violently to the ground, and when picked up was insensible, and carried home in that state. And not long after this, on his way up country, he was nearly drowned in attempting to save the life of a brother officer, Lieutenant Bradford, afterwards Sir J. Bradford, who could not swim, and had got out of his depth whilst bathing. Their khidmutgar, seeing them being carried down the current, gallantly jumped into the river and rescued them both. Sir George must have displayed his soldierly qualities quite early in life, for I observe he was appointed Adjutant of his regiment before he had completed three years' service. An incident occurred to him about this time which is worth repeating. His native Adjutant reported to him that there was going to be a great "Tumasha"—in fact a "Suttee." The young Cornet determined to witness it, and on reaching the spot he found a crowd collected round a funeral pyre, on which the poor victim about to immolate herself was seated. Seeing a number of his troopers in the crowd, he asked them if they would stand by him if he attempted to rescue the woman from her dreadful fate. On finding they were quite willing, he approached the pyre near enough to address her, saying he was ready to save her life if she desired it. She expressed her gratitude, but refused, saying she was willing to die. Immediately afterwards the flames enveloped her, and in a few seconds she was burned to ashes. Her calm intrepidity was most astonishing, especially as she had not even the excitement of her husband's body to be consumed with her, as he himself had died far from home. It

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was towards the close of 1838 that Sir George commenced his active service in the field, his regiment, the 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry, having been ordered to join the army of the Indus, then assembled at Ferozepore, with a view of invading Afghanistan, for the purpose of restoring Shah Soojah to the throne. Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, was responsible for this fatal war, which eventuated in the utter annihilation of the British army in Cabul.

It was at the siege of Ghuznee that Sir George Lawrence first saw real fighting. How Durand of the Engineers laid the powder-bags and blew in the gates of Ghuznee, and how Colonel Dennie and General Sale stormed the fortress are well known. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir J. Keene, had to thank his stars that the Engineer was so brilliantly successful in carrying out his perilous duty, for the heavy guns were all left behind, and without them the walls could not have been breached. On this occasion, Sir George Lawrence's chief occupation seems to have consisted in looking after the plunder, as he had been appointed one of the prize-agents.

The next service he was engaged in was with Sir J. Outram in the pursuit of Dost Mahomud, who had fled over the Hindoo Koosh on the approach of the British army to Cabul. This enterprise, a very remarkable one, only failed through the pusillanimity of "Hadjee Khan," the Afghan ally, who, when our party were close on the heels of the Dost, finally refused to move forward. It appears to me strange that our Government should have been so completely mistaken in the feelings of the people of Afghanistan towards Shah Soojah; and why we should have adopted his cause so warmly I am at a loss to understand, for the inhabitants, according to Sir George, manifested the most complete indifference to their new sovereign, when he entered Cabul in triumph under our auspices. Soon after the arrival of our army in Cabul, Sir G. Lawrence at once came to the front, and, after declining the Brigade-Majorship of cavalry offered him by Brigadier Arnold, 16th Lancers, was selected by the envoy, Sir W. Macnaghten, for the command of his escort in room of Captain Conolly, who had been despatched to India to bring the families of the married officers to Cabul. This will, by the way, serve to show how perfectly tranquil everything appeared throughout Afghanistan at that time. So secure seemed our position, that a large proportion of our army returned to India. As we sit quietly in our arm-chairs, and read the

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course of events, we see distinctly how blind all were; how fatally false was the view taken by all in authority in Cabul in those days, especially when the revengeful and treacherous character of the Afghans is considered. It was much the same just before the Mutiny; all were lulled into security.

Like all his brothers, Sir George was a God-fearing man from his earliest soldier days, for I find that he conducted Divine service at Cabul, in the absence of the chaplain, on Sunday; a duty which he says he gladly took, "not only for the benefit to be derived by ourselves from regular worship on the Sabbath, which has been too long interrupted and neglected by us in this strange land, but because the Afghans might see and believe that we really had a religion, and worshipped our God; of which fact they had hitherto, I lament to say, too good reason for expressing their doubts, which they did freely." It was about this time that Dost Mahomud, the deposed king, re-appeared in the country, and began to give trouble. One day, at a place called Perwan Durrah, he, at the head of his cavalry, charged Sir George Lawrence's regiment, the 2nd Light Cavalry, which quailed before the onset, and fled. The officers, led by Fraser, nobly dashed into the midst of the foe, but of course they could not do anything. Two of them, Broadfoot and Crispin, were instantly cut down. Dr. Lord shared the same fate, and Ponsonby and Fraser were both severely wounded; the right hand of the former was nearly severed at the wrist. I am quite free to admit that there can, of course, be no palliation for the conduct of the men in thus deserting their officers, who had set them such a noble example; but I quite agree with Lawrence that the slightest hesitation with cavalry is fatal; and that unfortunate order for "Threes about," which was sounded in face of the advancing enemy, was sure to lead to disaster, though the retiring movement was originally made, so it was alleged, with a view of getting on the flank of the enemy. The very best cavalry in the world are liable to give way under such strains! I remember quite well a British regiment of Lancers being ordered to retire just as they had unexpectedly advanced close up to the Sikh army. It was in the jungles, and we certainly were in an awkward position.

The trumpet gave "Threes about," and we retired, first at a walk, which increased to a trot, and then into something like a canter, and I could not help thinking that had the enemy come down upon us just at that critical moment, our canter would

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easily have broken into a gallop—and perhaps not in the right direction. At least, I am of opinion it would have been very difficult to have "fronted" at that juncture! However, as we had got into some unworkable ground, perhaps it was best to get out of it as soon as possible.

But to return to Sir G. Lawrence. His peaceful tenure of office at Cabul was brought to a sudden close. The Envoy was on the point of making over his charge to Sir A. Burnes, and, accompanied by Sir J. Lawrence, starting for Bombay, to which he had been appointed Governor, when intelligence arrived that the Ghilzye tribes had risen *en masse*, defying both Shah Soojah and the British forces. It seems that little importance was at first attached to this revolt, and the Envoy did not abandon his intention of leaving the country. But a few days afterwards an outbreak occurred in the city, and Sir A. Burnes and his suite were all murdered. Sir J. Lawrence speaks in the highest terms of the resolution and energy displayed by the Envoy at this crisis; but all was neutralized by the vacillation of the military authorities.

General Elphinstone, although naturally a brave man, cool and undaunted in danger, was, Sir George says, unfortunately so prostrated in mind and body by severe and protracted suffering from fever and rheumatic gout, that he was perfectly incapable of exertion. Aware of his bodily infirmities, he had only assumed the command at the earnest solicitation of the Governor-General, who urged it in a way that no soldier could refuse. But on reaching Cabul, finding that his physical incapacity was so great, he at once requested to be relieved, and he was on the eve of quitting the country when the storm burst forth. To cast the blame of the disasters on this veteran soldier would be as ungenerous as it would be unjust. I have given, in Sir George Lawrence's own words, this handsome tribute paid to the memory of poor old General Elphinstone, as I cannot help feeling some sympathy for him, he having been a great friend of several members of my family, and as I remember meeting him at dinner, when I was emerging into manhood. My uncle and he were in the Grenadier Guards together, and were like brothers. Both had served their country in many a hard-fought field in the Peninsula, and finally at Waterloo, and were entitled to rest on their laurels. My uncle, I have always understood, tried to dissuade General Elphinstone from going to India; but he, from some mistaken sense of honour, felt bound to

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accept the appointment. Unfortunately the General seems to have been surrounded by a weak and incompetent Staff, who became despondent from the first, and failed to recognize the absolute necessity of showing a bold front, and acting on the offensive at once. General Lawrence evidently thought that a retreat might have been avoided, and that it was certain to end disastrously; and from the cowardice displayed by the Afghans whenever a determined attack was made upon them, however insignificant the numbers, it certainly appears to me that we might have held our own in the Bala Hissar; and how 5000 disciplined troops should have become so utterly demoralized, the cold and snow notwithstanding, especially in the face of such arrant cowards, collectively, surpasses my comprehension. Within a week from the time of our army marching out of the Cabul cantonments, something like 14,000 souls had disappeared; one man alone, Dr. Brydon, reaching Jellalabad just before evacuating Cabul. Akbar Khan himself offered to treat with us, and a conference was, therefore, arranged. The Envoy, accompanied by Captains Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie, proceeded to the appointed rendezvous just outside the British cantonments, where Akbar and his retinue awaited them.

Sir George tells us that the Envoy was perfectly aware that he was about to encounter great peril, but he was not the man to be deterred by any consideration of personal danger, when his countrymen were threatened with destruction. The result of that conference is well known. The Envoy was barbarously murdered. Captain Trevor's horse fell on the slippery ice, just as it had reached the fort gateway, and the rider was at once hacked to pieces. Captain Mackenzie very nearly shared the same fate, his horse having slipped up in the same way; but the Afghan chief behind whom he was riding rolled over on the top of him, and covered him with his own body from the knives of the Afghans. Sir George Lawrence describes his own escape in the following words—"Suddenly my pistols were snatched from my waist, my sword was drawn from the scabbard, and my arms pinioned by Mahomud Shah Khan, who, raising me from the ground, said, 'If you value your life, come along with me.' I turned round, and saw the Envoy with his head down the declivity and struggling to rise, and his wrists locked in the grasp of Akbar, horror and consternation being apparent on his face. Trevor and Mackenzie I noticed in the same predicament as myself. At the same moment swarms of Afghans sprang up all

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around, yelling and demanding that I should be given up as a sacrifice to their vengeance.

"The sirdar, Mahomud Shah Khan, jumped on his horse, calling on me to get up behind him, which I did, the guard closing around us and keeping off the rabble thirsting for blood. The horse sprang forward with his double burden; one fellow broke through my protectors, and seizing my sabretache tried to pull me down. I clung on for dear life to the chief, and the strap fortunately breaking, my assailant rolled over on the snow. My relentless enemies pressed upon us. They dared not fire lest they should slay their chief. They, however, kept striking at me with their firelocks and swords, shouting to Mahomud Shah to 'drop the infidel; why spare the accursed? Let us shed the Kaffir's blood.' The horse bore us on through the *mêlée* to Mahomud Shurreef's fort, where we were safe, thanks to Almighty God, 'whose outstretched arm alone delivered me, covering my head in the day of battle.'"

I cannot follow Sir George Lawrence through all his wanderings and wonderful adventures during his imprisonment. He seems to have been indebted, hitherto, for his life to Akbar, who, I suppose, regarded him as a valuable hostage in case of any further negotiations. It is not easy to fathom an Afghan's schemes; and why he sent off his prisoners about this time towards Bamian, I know not, but it seems to have eventuated in their salvation; for on their march thither, Saleh Mahomud (a deserter from Shah Soojah's army), who had charge of the party at this momentous juncture, hearing, no doubt, that the avenging English army was approaching, began revolving in his mind the advantages that would accrue to him if he were instrumental in releasing his captives. He accordingly conferred with Eldred Pottinger on the subject, with the result that all the prisoners guaranteed a very handsome indemnity to Saleh Mahomud if he would secure for them their liberty. On this Saleh Mahomud resolved to renounce his allegiance to Akbar, and proceeded to escort his captives in the direction where Sir Richmond Shakespear was hastening to their relief. On September 17, Sir George says—"We were all seated on the shady side of the fort wall of Kaloo, when a cloud of dust announced the advance of our friends to succour us. O! what a joyful moment it was when I saw my old friend Shakespear, and felt that we were really delivered. We made the hills around us ring again with our cheers of delight and thankfulness." In the even-

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ing of the 21st the prisoners arrived in General Pollock's camp, and all their trials and dangers were at an end. Sir George Lawrence's romantic life began again while he was political officer at Peshawur, which was then held by the Sikh troops. On the breaking out of the second Sikh War, Sir George had to flee with his wife to Kohat, the Sikh garrison at Peshawur having revolted, and sought to kill Sir George, who was eventually sent back to Peshawur, and made prisoner by Sirdar Chuttur Sing, the Sikh leader. In a few days Sir George was joined by his wife, and though they were really captives, Chuttur Sing pretended to regard them as guests, and he certainly treated them kindly.

Chuttur Sing sent Sir George twice into General Gilbert's camp to try and secure favourable terms for himself and the other sirdars, and on his return to the Sikh camp, on his parole, the sirdars were surprised to see him come back, and the Sikh soldiers cheered him lustily, showing that they had a keen sense of honour. During this interval the Sikh army had been utterly defeated at Guzerat, and their leaders were consequently alarmed for their own safety. All their prisoners excepting Sir George were given up, including Mrs. Lawrence. Sir George was retained in the hope of assisting Chuttur Sing and Shere Sing in any future negotiations. At last these two leaders, having abandoned all expectation of gaining any further concessions, surrendered unconditionally, Sir George accompanying them on this occasion; and thus another perilous ordeal had been bravely encountered and nobly overcome. But there was still no rest or peace for this devoted soldier. There were other scenes of dangers and responsibilities through which Sir George was destined to pass. He had scarcely been appointed two months to the high office of the Governor-General's agent of Rajpootanah, in succession to his brother Sir Henry, when the Mutiny broke out. Sir George was spending the hot season at Mount Aboo, when the awful tidings reached him. And if he did contemplate his position with grave anxiety, had he not abundant reasons for doing so? His jurisdiction extended over 100,000 miles of country, with ten millions of people. However, like the dauntless man that he was, he instantly prepared to meet the coming storm. He issued a proclamation to all the native chiefs, calling on them to evince their loyalty and fidelity by making arrangements to assist the British Government in quelling the revolt. It is not my purpose

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to describe the various operations conducted by Sir George, and by the success of which he was enabled to hold his own, through the greatest difficulties and perplexities of all kinds. The military and civil power were both invested in him. Soon after this he received the sad intelligence of his brother Sir Henry's death at Lucknow, and of his son George having been severely wounded; and as if this anxiety and sorrow were not enough, he was directly afterwards alarmed beyond measure for the safety of his wife and family, whom he had left at Mount Aboo, under the care of his son Alexander, recently arrived from England to join the Bengal civil service. The mutineers attacked the station, where there were only thirty convalescent men of the 83rd Regiment; but they soon drove their assailants down the hill, not however before the scoundrels had shot down the General's son Alexander, who received a severe wound in the thigh, from which he would have bled to death but for the prompt attention of Dr. Ebden, the Residency surgeon. He at first, as no one was there to assist him, bandaged up the wound himself, and hobbled up to the school-master's house, when he threw himself on the bed. Soon after, his mother arrived, and having heard nothing of his injury, she began to upbraid him for being so lazy, lying extended full length on the master's couch, and she inquired rather impatiently what he meant by it. He faintly replied that he could not move. She must have been horrified when she learnt the cause. He was disabled for eight weeks. It is a remarkable fact that during the Mutiny, when our power in India was shaken to its foundation, none of the Native States of Rajpootanah ever wavered in their loyalty or withheld their support to the paramount power, although our troops within the limits of the agency had thrown off their allegiance. Life and property, Sir George states, remained secure, and agricultural pursuits were carried on as usual. I think this is the best test that Sir George adopted, at this critical period, the wisest policy in the Native States that could be conceived; and that Government owed him a great debt of gratitude for the successful issue of the struggle, so far as he was concerned. His work was now done, and never, in my humble opinion, has an officer been called upon to pass through so many dark days of trial as befell him in his unexampled career. Manfully and heroically he bore himself under mental and physical strains such as only the stoutest heart could have endured, and never was duty to Queen and country more nobly fulfilled.

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SIR HENRY LAWRENCE

IN the biographical sketches I have been attempting to draw of the eminent officers whom I have known in India, I think there is no character which commands such universal reverence and respect as that of Sir Henry Lawrence. Every attribute that ennobles humanity seems to have been centred in him. Sir Herbert Edwardes describes those qualities as grandeur, simplicity, strength, and sublimity. With that admirably written volume before the world, recording the noble life and glorious death of Sir Henry, there is scarcely anything else for me to tell. However, I have undertaken to give a sketch of this illustrious soldier, and I must avail myself of the best materials at hand, and these certainly are to be found in Sir H. Edwardes' work. There are other Memoirs, such as Sir J. Kaye's and Colonel Laurie's, to which I shall also refer.

There seems to be little noteworthy in Sir Henry's early days. He was born at Maturah in Ceylon, where his father's regiment was quartered. His parents were evidently no ordinary characters. His father must have been a thorough soldier, resolute and determined, who only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things. I remember it was said of Napoleon that the word *impossible* should be eliminated from his language; and I observe much the same thing is said of Sir Henry's father, who, by the way, particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Seringapatam, where he commanded one of the parties supporting the forlorn hope. Sir Henry's God-fearing mother, a lineal descendant of John Knox, is described as a pattern of goodness, and she no doubt took good care to implant her strong religious principles in her God-fearing son, whom she called her "Maturah diamond." With such parents it was quite to be expected, as Colonel Laurie says, "that a rare jewel would be presented to the world. The son achieved greatness, and so made all the setting for it himself."

I do not gather that Sir Henry made any particular mark at Addiscombe. He was remembered chiefly by his inquisitive nature, for he was always asking the reasons of things, and tracing effects to their causes. Sir John records the fact of Sir Henry having been saved from drowning by a brother cadet, Robert Macgregor; and I noticed that his brother, Sir George, who jumped into the water to save a brother officer, Bradford,

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from drowning, mentions in his Memoirs that he, when being carried away by the current, was rescued by his khidmutgar. It is curious that the two brothers should have both been preserved from a watery grave! The following story is told in Sir H. Edwardes' book—"I remember my brother Henry, says Lord Lawrence, one night in Lord Hardinge's camp turning to me, and saying, 'Do you think we were clever as lads?' I don't think we were. But it was not altogether that we were dull, we had very few advantages, had not a very good education, and were consequently backward and deficient. We were both bad at languages, and always continued so, and were not good at anything which required a technical memory, but were good in anything which required thought and judgment. We were good, for instance, in history. And so far from Henry being dull, I can remember that I myself always considered him a fellow of power and mark, and I observed that others thought so too." I have quoted Lord Lawrence's opinion of his brother in full, as I think it is most interesting.

Sir Henry seems to have been very industrious with his pen, constantly contributing essays to the *Calcutta Review*, when quite a young man. The greatest honour during the Mutiny that could have been conferred on him, viz. Provisional Governor-General of India, was in store for him in the event of Lord Canning's death or resignation before his successor arrived. But Sir Henry never heard of this intended distinction, he having been killed three weeks before the nomination reached India.

Sir Henry, who is described as the statesman, the soldier, and the philanthropist, I knew chiefly in his latter capacity. His charitable works were notorious throughout India. One of them, the Asylum in the Himalaya hills, for the children of the British soldiers, which bears his name, was founded by him in my earlier days. It still affords eloquent testimony to his large-hearted liberality. Only those who have seen the poor, sickly, emaciated children of soldiers withering away in the barracks on the plains of India, can realize the blessing which these Asylums confer on these poor little creatures. It was in connection with this Asylum that I first became acquainted with this great Christian soldier. I do not really wish to parade the fact, but I have to explain the circumstance under which I first became associated with Sir Henry, and therefore I have no alternative but to mention that as Hon. Secretary of the Lawrence Asylum, then in its infancy, I was able to assist him by appealing to the army, and collecting

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subscriptions for his benevolent work; and I own that it is not without pride and satisfaction that I look back to the days when I was prompted to undertake this office, and to render such service as lay in my power in furtherance of the charitable object which this great philanthropist had in view. On my part the duty involved merely an increased expenditure of pens, ink, and paper, a little time, and some patience, to meet the remonstrances of those who, occasionally, were inclined to assure me that "charity began at home." I always agreed cordially with these recusants, but sometimes I ventured to remind them that whilst charity did begin at home, it sometimes ought not to *end* there; and on the whole I think I was successful, and did overcome objections, for I was fortunate enough to secure subscriptions from a large number of officers serving in India.

Of course I am referring to many many years ago.

Government has, I am happy to say, since adopted this Asylum, and one or two other institutions of a kindred kind. I have seen it stated somewhere that Sir Henry might have failed in a competitive examination; but I know not why such an opinion should have been formed of him, for he filled the highest posts requiring great administrative ability with rare success. Kaye, the Indian historian, speaks of him as possessing not only a simple manliness and truthfulness of character, but also high intellectual powers and personal energies, which nothing earthly could subdue; and others have said that all the qualities which mark the distinguished soldier, such as strong common sense, sagacity, moral courage, self-confidence, and fertility of resource were found in him.

Most of these attributes were probably as conspicuously stamped on the character of the younger brother; and in addition to them, Lord Dalhousie observed a more unbending, sterner will in Sir John Lawrence, and therefore he considered him as the fittest instrument to assist in consummating the great work on which he had resolved. Accordingly Sir Henry had to give way, and Sir John was summoned by the Governor-General to be the first ruler of the Punjab.

The last time my recollection of the noble Sir Henry was awakened as I strolled through the graveyard of Lucknow, where so many of our brave comrades are at rest, I quite unexpectedly came upon a perfectly plain slab, lying flat on the ground, which bore upon the face of it that touching and characteristic inscription—

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"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." And I do not mind confessing that I had some difficulty in restraining my feelings whilst gazing on this beautiful and simple record of so good and great a man.

"Oh, God!" thought I, "if I could only feel that when my appointed time shall come, that I had as faithfully, steadfastly, and conscientiously tried to do my duty."

LORD LAWRENCE

I HAD very little personal acquaintance with Lord Lawrence beyond receiving invitations to Viceregal balls and dinner-parties at Simla, and the only other opportunity I had of seeing his lordship in private life occurred when I was taking a part in the *tableaux vivants* at Government House at Simla. During the rehearsals I used to meet him occasionally. The next time I met him was at Rome, I think. We were staying at the same hotel. He was travelling with his family, and, if I mistake not, a married daughter and her husband accompanied them. The latter were on their honeymoon, I believe. The last time I was associated with him was, strange to say, on the top of a private drag going to Ascot. I was, I confess, not a little surprised to find myself in such august company, on such a rather fast occasion. I had been under the impression that Lord Lawrence did not approve of such diversions. It is quite possible, that although as Viceroy of India he might have thought it best to discourage racing in India, yet there was no necessity, in his opinion, to condemn the amusement in England. However, there his lordship was, unless I am dreaming, conspicuously deposited on the box-seat of the coach, and I was immediately behind him. I know I was a little alarmed at the daring way in which our valiant driver piloted us on that occasion, as we tore along at a terrific pace. On our return journey I thought every moment we must be dashed to pieces. Lord Lawrence must, I think, have shared in my feelings, for the driving was certainly like the driving of "Jehu"—very furious. However, our coachman was a splendid whip, and knew what he was about, and the way he guided us safely and surely through obstructions of all kinds was a marvel of skill and nerve. Of his fearlessness and

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reckless courage he had given ample proof under different circumstances, which had been rewarded with the Victoria Cross. The story, as I recollect it, was as follows:—Hearing, when on picquet duty, that a considerable body of Pandies were making off with a large gun, he at once mounted his men and went off after them. He soon found himself confronting a very formidable party of the enemy, whom he instantly charged, though he had only a handful of horsemen. His onset was crowned with success; the Pandies were scattered to the four winds, and the gun was captured; but he received a deep and dangerous sabre-cut in the neck, and would have probably bled to death had not succour arrived just at a critical moment.

On returning from Ascot Races that day, Lord Lawrence's sensations were not imparted to me; but I do not mind now confessing that I once or twice thought that my last earthly race had been within an ace of being run, as we dashed past some open drain, or shaved some heavily-laden cart. No doubt our gallant driver would have ridiculed my fears had he been aware of them. Anyhow he landed us safe and sound at our respective destinations that same evening. It is not every one that has been on the top of a drag with the great Lord Lawrence, and I am sure I shall never forget that exciting expedition.

In his official capacity, I was many years ago under great obligations to Lord Lawrence. So far back as 1849, when I doubt whether I had advanced beyond the rank of a Cornet of cavalry, he did me the unexpected honour, whilst he was ruler of the Punjab, of selecting me for the command of the Guide Cavalry, which had been recently formed into a regiment, from, I think, a single squadron. I did not accept this appointment, as I had just at the same time been offered by the Commander-in-Chief the Adjutancy of my own regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry, and I did not like to leave my corps. I nevertheless greatly appreciated the unsolicited honour that he had conferred on me, and am never likely to forget it.

Sir Richard Temple, who was his secretary when he was governing the Punjab, and was afterwards one of his counsellors when he became Viceroy, and therefore probably more intimate with him than any one, has put on record some very interesting characteristics of this great man, which have been confirmed by Bosworth Smith. I have been studying both these authorities. I learn that Lord Lawrence was extremely cautious, and never decided a question of any importance without first dissecting it

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in all its varied phases; and he himself declares that although he often changed his mind whilst discussing a knotty point, he almost always adopted the view at last which he had instinctively taken up at first. He could, however, think quickly in emergencies, as was abundantly shown in the first outbreak of the Mutiny. He never acted on impulse. Forethought, and a very keen discernment of the qualifications of those who served under him, were attributes he possessed in a marked degree. I notice that all writers enlarge on this "rough-hewn" simplicity of his character. He must have been of a generous disposition, for I read that at the first news of Montgomery's prompt action in disarming the Sepoys at Lahore without waiting for Lord Lawrence's sanction, who was away at Rawul Pindee, he was inclined, in spite of the success of the measure, to question its wisdom; but there was no bounds to his enthusiasm when he realized the splendid moral effect it had produced throughout the length and breadth of the land, and he could not praise Montgomery sufficiently. No one, I believe, either in his youth or early manhood, gave him credit for the remarkable qualifications he subsequently displayed. Labouring under the disadvantages of a want of culture, he had, as Sir R. Temple writes, to "raise himself by his own upheaving force, and to propel himself by his own motive power," and how grandly he succeeded in doing this we all know.

His brother, Sir Henry, was regarded as a man much more likely to make a name for himself as a soldier or a statesman, if the opportunity offered. He certainly had higher intellectual endowments than his brother, and was enriched with more controversial gifts, which he had sedulously cultivated from the time he entered the service.

Lord Lawrence would have made a grand soldier, for he had all the instincts of one. He was devoted to the study of military history, and used to tell endless stories of battles and sieges to his schoolfellows. When a civil appointment to India was offered to him, he implored his father that it might be exchanged for a military one. A sister who had always exercised an extraordinary influence over him, and to whom he always deferred when requiring advice, prevailed on him after a great deal of persuasion to abandon his martial aspirations, and accept the civil profession.

His schoolfellow, Mr. Montgomery, and afterwards his coadjutor in the Punjab, says as a boy John Lawrence was very determined

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and somewhat quick-tempered. From the fact, I suppose, of his composite nature, he was called Paddy in England, and English John in Ireland. My old friend, Mr. Thornton, who was contemporary of Lawrence, and knew him intimately, said his was not an originating mind. His place was to receive suggestions, to ponder over them, to assimilate them, and then to decide. Although so energetic and enthusiastic, he had a full share of prudence. I have dwelt on these characteristics of this great man, as I think they are extremely interesting. I point to Bosworth Smith and Sir R. Temple as my authority for most of them.

The delay in despatching troops to Delhi when the Mutiny broke out extorted some impatient remonstrances from Lord Lawrence; but General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, was helpless, in the absence of the necessary transport. In the opinion of the former, and of many others, Delhi would have fallen at once had the troops been forthcoming. It is pretty well known, I believe, that as time passed on without our being able to make an impression on Delhi, Lord Lawrence began to doubt the possibility of our retaining our position at Peshawur; and having weighed the question in all its bearings, he wrote to Herbert Edwardes, expressing an opinion that we might have to fall back on the Indus. The letter is of historical interest, so I quote it—

"I think we must look ahead, and consider what should be done in case of disaster at Delhi. My decided opinion in that case is that we must concentrate. All our safety depends on this. If we attempt to hold the whole country, we shall be cut up in detail. The important points in the Punjab are Peshawur, Mooltan, and Lahore, including Umritsur. But I do not think we can hold Peshawur and the other places also, in the event of disaster at Delhi. We could easily retire early in the day from Peshawur, but at the eleventh hour it would be difficult, perhaps impossible."

The next day he wrote in the same strain to Lord Canning, but added he would hold on to Peshawur so long as he saw a chance of success. Herbert Edwardes' reply was characteristically sanguine—"With God's help we can and will hold Peshawur, let the worst come to the worst." Nicholson wrote to the same effect. Lord Canning's reply, which had been delayed, only reached him on August 7. It earnestly deprecated retirement —"Hold on to Peshawur to the last," Lord Canning said. By

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this time he had himself taken a more hopeful view of matters, for he wrote to Edwardes announcing Lord Canning's decision, adding—"I do not now think we shall be driven to any extremity. The tide is turning very decidedly against the mutineers."

It was indeed a mercy, as it appears to me, that we did not abandon Peshawur; but as I read the story, it seems to me that Lord Lawrence only contemplated retirement in the event of disaster at Delhi, and that such retirement must not be left to quite the eleventh hour. The question having been disposed of, Lord Lawrence set himself to work to reinforce the troops at Delhi. He saw that it could not be taken by the weakened besieging army, he determined therefore to despatch the one last reserve that remained in the Punjab, viz. Nicholson's movable column. The departure of this column dangerously denuded the Punjab of dependable troops; but Lord Lawrence felt that Delhi could not be taken without reinforcements, and if Delhi did not fall, the Punjab could not be preserved. So Nicholson hastened to the assistance of the Delhi force, and Lord Lawrence had, to use his own words, quoted by Temple, "poured out the cup of his resources to the last."

The result is well known; Delhi was stormed and captured, but at the expense of Nicholson, one of the grandest soldiers that India ever knew. Lord Lawrence's action in sending away to Delhi every available soldier, though at the risk of imperilling the safety of the Punjab, was magnificent, and entitles him to all honour. Well might Sir R. Temple say that "he was tested at this time in the furnace of fiery danger, and he showed the purest metal. With dauntless resolution he stood firm as the rock against the perils that raged around him."

Referring to the capture of Delhi, Lord Canning wrote—"Of what is due to Sir J. Lawrence himself no man is ignorant. Through him Delhi fell, and the Punjab, no longer a weakness, becomes a source of strength. But for him the hold of England over Upper India would have had to be recovered at a cost of English blood and treasure which defies calculation."

There has been amongst the most distinguished and experienced officers a very wide divergence of opinion as regards the policy to be adopted in securing our Peshawur frontier. Lord Lawrence deprecates any interference with Afghanistan. If Russia were to advance towards India as an enemy, he would not meet her by way of Afghanistan. He would await such

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advance upon the Indus frontier, which should be rendered impassable. The counteracting movement by England should, in his opinion, be made not in Asia, but in Europe. Russia should be "attacked in the Baltic and Black Sea" (see *Sir R. Temple*). Holding these views, he strongly advised Government not to enter into any relations with Afghanistan, in opposition to Sir H. Edwardes' proposal for an alliance with the ruler of Cabul, on the occasion of Persia's hostile movement against Afghanistan under, as it was thought, the inspiration of Russia. Lord Dalhousie inclined to Sir H. Edwardes' ideas, and he accordingly ordered Lawrence and Edwardes to meet Hyder Khan, the heir-apparent of Dost Mahomud, at Peshawur in 1855. A treaty was then concluded, the terms of which were as follows—

"That the two parties should respect each other's dominions, and that the Ameer should be the friend of the friends, and the enemy of the enemies of the British Government, without imposing on the British any corresponding obligations."

In '56 again, when the Persians took Herat, and Edwardes recommended aid to be sent to the Ameer of Cabul, he again opposed these proposals. Lord Canning, however, was against him, and early in '57 he was sent to Peshawur to meet the Ameer, Dost Mahomud. Assisted by Edwardes, he concluded another treaty with Dost Mahomud, confirming what had been already made. It was agreed to give the Ameer a subsidy of £10,000 monthly, with a present of 4000 stand of arms, on condition that a European officer should be temporarily deputed to Candahar.

This treaty, which was made on the eve of the Mutiny, proved invaluable to British interests, as on the strength of it the Ameer preserved a friendly neutrality throughout those critical times. The above account of these treaty transactions are shown in Sir R. Temple and Bosworth Smith's work.

Sir Herbert Edwardes' part in these important political matters were so creditable to him, that I will give his version of the issue in his own words—"When Commissioner of Peshawur, 1854, he sought and obtained permission of Lord Dalhousie to bring about that hearty reconciliation which was expressed in the first friendly treaty of March 1855; and subsequently (with the equally cordial approval of Lord Canning) was substantially consolidated by the treaty of January 26, 1857. At this latter juncture the Shah of Persia had seized Herat, and was threatening Candahar. England was herself attacking Persia in the

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Gulf, and the Indian Government now gave to the Ameer of Cabul 8000 stand of arms, and a subsidy of £10,000 a month, so long as the Persian War should last. We did this, as the treaty truly said, out of friendship; we did it too in the plenitude of our power, and high noon of that treacherous security which smiled on India in January '57. How little, as we set our seals to that treaty, did we know that in May the English in India, from Peshawur to the sea, would be fighting for empire and their lives, and that God's mercy was stopping the mouths of lions against our hour of need. To the honour of Dost Mahomud Khan let it be recorded that during the Sepoy War, under the greatest temptation from events and the constant taunts of the fanatical priests of Cabul, he remained true to the treaty, and abstained from raising the green flag of Islam, and marching down on the Punjab."

I have read Lord Lawrence's letter in which, in conformity with his masterly inactivity principles, he denounced the Afghan War, and I have also observed, on the authority of his lady secretary, that he never believed in the insult to our envoy, when he was turned back whilst *en route* for Cabul. Nor did he believe in the Russian scare, and he distrusted the motives of Lord Lytton and his prompters at home, as he called them.

Although I can thoroughly appreciate the objections to our advancing into Afghanistan to meet the Russians in the event of their attempting to invade India, considering it far better for us to confront them on our own frontier, yet surely it would be an enormous advantage to us to have the Afghans on our side, and to ensure their co-operation it would be politic to give them money, and arms, and officers to assist them in such a contingency.

I cannot say I was greatly struck with the force of Lord Lawrence's arguments protesting against our going to war in 1878-9 with the Afghans, nor could I see the justification for the suspicions he entertained of Lord Lytton's integrity. There is, I suppose, no doubt that the Russians did send an embassy, under General Abramhoff, to Cabul, with the Ameer's concurrence. Was not this reception of the Russian envoy a direct violation of the treaty we had made with the Ameer? Unless the result of the conference between General Pelly and Noor Mahomud, the Cabul agent, set the Ameer free from all further engagements with us. But I have not been able to ascertain what transpired at that conference, further than that Lord Salis-

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bury, according to Bosworth Smith, denied that any change had been contemplated in our relations with the Ameer, and that no attempt had been made at that conference to force on the Ameer the presence of an English envoy at Cabul, to which proposition he so vehemently objected. If Lord Salisbury said this, why should he be doubted?

Lord Lawrence's opinion is, that instead of dealing direct with the Ameer, and denouncing his action in allowing the Russian advance, Lord Lytton ought to have first remonstrated with the Russians; but if the Ameer was in treaty with us, and he brake his faith with us, it seems to my little mind that it was only natural that Lord Lytton should take the ruler of Cabul to task in the first instance.

In conclusion, whether Lord Lawrence's policy and proceedings as Viceroy of India can compare with some of his predecessors, I am not competent to say. He must have been, at all events, an admirable man in every relation of life, for Sir R. Temple, who knew him intimately, as I have before stated, writes, "that there was a moral force in him which combined all his faculties into a harmonious whole, and made him a potent instrument for good. A man of peace or of war according to the requirements of right and justice, his virtue was private as well as political, domestic as well as public. He was a dutiful son, a faithful husband, a kind father, an affectionate brother, and a steadfast friend."

Although Lord Lawrence's appearance was certainly rather rough and rugged, yet he was said to be as tender as a woman, and simple as a child. He had a superb physique, and this, as in the case of Lord Mayo and Sir H. Durand, gave him a commanding influence amongst the natives of India, apart from his many other dominating qualifications. As he was born at Richmond, it was generally supposed that he was an Englishman; but I am afraid my countrymen must abandon all claim to that honour, as his parents both hailed from the north of Ireland. There was therefore a mixture of Irish and Scotch blood in his veins.

The two brothers, Henry and John, so like and so unlike, are described by Edwardes thus:—The elder was essentially an Irishman, with a substratum of those deeper and sterner qualities which we generally consider Scotch; whilst the younger was essentially a Scotchman, but possessed also much of what is truly lovable and admirable in the typical Irishman. The

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three brothers, Sir Robert Montgomery and Lord Gough, were all at the same school together, and it is a strange coincidence that the three first were afterwards destined to be associated in the Punjab Council Board, and to be the giants to whom our country is largely indebted for the salvation of the Indian Empire. I believe Lord Hardinge was the first to pick him out from his fellows by the energy and ability he displayed in providing the transport for the siege train proceeding to the Sutledge from Delhi in the Sikh campaign.

Lord Lawrence does not give himself credit for any studious habits in his school and college days, for he says, "I did not work regularly and continuously, and did not avail myself of the opportunities which offered for securing a good education." At the same time he claims to have been a fair Latin and mathematical scholar, but poor at Greek. History and biography were his favourite studies. I fancy he would have cut a sorry figure as regards scholarship by the side of the competitive candidates of the present day. It remains, however, to be seen whether the erudition of the present "wallahs" will avail them in the day of trial. Sir Henry says he learnt nothing at school, but had to endure endless kicks, whilst Lord Lawrence was flogged every day but once, and then he was flogged twice. It cannot but tend to shake our confidence in the necessity of the competitive system when we find such illustrious men as Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry confessing a lack of education, and when we remember that the great Duke of Wellington was considered by his mother the dunce of the family, and only fit to become food for powder. It is well known that the two brothers, Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry, entertained diametrically opposite views regarding the policy to be pursued in the government of the Punjab. Sir Henry's generous and forgiving nature recoiled from the penalties which the uncompromising Lord Dalhousie determined to inflict on the Sikhs, who had twice disputed our supremacy in India. Lord Lawrence did not share in his brother's scruples. On the contrary, he saw clearly the absolute necessity of annexation. It was not, therefore, surprising that Lord Dalhousie should have preferred the younger brother, and should have selected him for the supreme control of the newly-conquered country of the Punjab. I believe Sir Henry felt keenly the supersession; but it is satisfactory to read that the conflict of interests in their public capacity did not interfere with their private relations toward each other, for

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it is recorded "that each appreciated the other's gifts, and each retained his affection for the other to the end."

The world does not often see in one family three such remarkable characters as Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry, and Sir George, and it was indeed poorer when it parted with three such grand and capable men.

GENERAL R. LAWRENCE, C.B.

I WAS on the eve of writing a short memoir of General R. Lawrence, when I took up a paper this morning and saw the announcement of his death. I had been acquainted with him for many years, but only slightly. I used to meet him in India every now and then, but I do not think that I ever served with him in the field in time of war. But in England we have been frequently associated, for, as in the case with his brother, Sir George, we were colleagues together on the committee of the two military charities, viz. the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, and also the Royal School for Officers' Daughters at Bath.

Although not so distinguished as his three elder brothers, he has done some excellent service in his day, and I always regarded him as a particularly kind-hearted, upright, and liberal man, ever generously ready to lend a hand to every good work, when help was needed. As his two eminent brothers, Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry, gave him important work to perform under them during the pacification and organization of the Punjab, consequent on the annexation of that country, and as he carried out his responsible duties to their entire satisfaction, he must have been an officer of above the average capacity. Amongst other functions he raised and commanded two battalions of Military Police, which, after having rendered some valuable civil and military service to the Punjab Government, were eventually converted into Sikh regiments, and joined the British army before Delhi.

Richard Lawrence took a prominent part in the disarming of the native troops at Lahore. That was a most brilliant and audacious feat. The story is well told by Bosworth Smith in his life of Lord Lawrence. The operation was undertaken under the orders of Mr. Montgomery, who, directly the news

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of the outbreak reached him, determined that it was absolutely necessary to prevent the Sepoys of Lahore from having a chance of repeating the tragedy that had been enacted at Meerut. The native force consisted of three regiments of Sepoys and one of regular cavalry, to overawe which there were only five companies of infantry of the 81st Regiment, and two batteries of artillery, together with Richard Lawrence's police, all of whom were natives. I know that it was at first intended to deprive the Sepoys only of their caps and cartridges, as taking away their arms was considered too hazardous. However, the majority in the council of war that had been held the previous day decided to effect a complete disarmament. Richard Lawrence, I believe, was one of those who voted against any half measures. The scene is thus described—"The troops were paraded the following morning. The staff-officer read out the orders; while he was still speaking, the five hundred Europeans fell back between the guns, which had hitherto been concealed behind them, and left the Sepoys to look down the twelve black throats of the cannon loaded already with grape, while the gunners stood with port-fires lighted. Just as the staff-officer ceased to speak, the word of command, 'Eighty-first, load!' rang clearly forth. It was a thrilling moment, a moment in which half a lifetime must have seemed to pass. There was, it is said, a slight hesitation, but the ringing of the ramrods as the charges were rammed home spoke eloquently, and so some two thousand muskets and sabres lay piled upon the ground."

During the first part of the Mutiny I read that Richard Lawrence acted as military secretary to his brother Sir John, as he was then, and his assistance was greatly appreciated and praised. His experience of war was learnt during the first Sikh campaign, when he participated in the crowning victory of Sobraon, a battle which was not won until after the most desperate fighting against an enemy whom to conquer was indeed an honour to boast of, for a braver, more determined foe, the British soldier had never met before in India.

Richard Lawrence succeeded to the command of the Cashmere contingent at the siege of Delhi, on the present Sir C. Reed falling dangerously wounded. I cannot myself think the half-drilled, raw Cashmere regiments were composed of quite the sort of stuff that a British officer would, if he had the choice, select for the performance of such a perilous duty as that involved in assaulting the well-manned walls of Delhi. I am pretty certain I should not have envied him what I should have

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called his "forlorn hope" at that critical juncture; and if his contingent was not as successful as one would have wished, I am confident their gallant leader did all that mortal man could do to show them the way to victory. As Deputy Commissioner and Political Officer of the Simla Hill States, I dare say he enjoyed an agreeable vocation; but I am sure it was accompanied with responsibilities which, having been borne by several friends of mine, who were notably able men, testifies to the trust that was reposed in him.

As Resident of Nepal he had again to discharge duties requiring the most careful and delicate handling. I happen to know something about this, for I was staying at Katmandoo for several weeks as his guest with Mr. Girdlestone, the Resident at that time. It did not need much penetration on my part to observe the extreme jealousy with which the presence of Europeans was regarded by the native authorities at Nepal. We could not move out without an escort, or rather detective, following close at our heels; and he had to report to his superiors every word we said, and to define the direction of every step we took, and we could not venture to extend our wanderings a yard beyond the limits marked out for us, unless by special permission.

Mr. Girdlestone was an exceptionally clever and experienced man, a shrewd politician all round, and well read, well versed in all the customs, and ways, and language of Orientals. Government would hardly have relegated such a superior servant to the wilds of Nepal if they had not thought that his talents would be usefully employed there. It may then, I think, be fairly inferred that if Government considered it advisable to fill positions at Simla and Katmandoo with men like Girdlestone, the Macnabbs, &c., they must have had implicit confidence in Richard Lawrence, when he was chosen to occupy the same responsible posts. I can well imagine that the friend who wrote the obituary to-day, recording R. Lawrence's services and character, must have known him well—at least the description he gives tallies exactly with all I ever heard, saw, or read of him. He says there are in the Punjab hundreds of white-bearded Sikhs who still revere the name of *Deek* Lawrence. He was a favourite with all classes, native and English, throughout the Punjab. Though a strict commanding officer, he won the regard of all who served with him. Few could recall a single harsh word from him, and no one ever saw him do an angry deed.

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MAJOR HODSON [1]

ONE of the most dashing leaders of cavalry, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, was my intimate friend. Our careers had run much in the same groove; we were at Cambridge University together, and we both rather unexpectedly determined to abandon the professions for which we were designed—he as, I think, a lawyer, and I as a clergyman—and to become soldiers. Accordingly, we went off to India; he in the infantry, and I as a cavalry cadet. We never, I believe, met till the Punjab campaign, 1848-49, and then our interview was a most singular one. One of the field forces under Sir H. Wheeler was besieging a force belonging to the Sikhs, and I was standing under a tree watching the effects of our artillery, when all of a sudden a shower of the enemy's wall-pieces came crashing through the branches over my head. I did not quite appreciate this, and I incontinently scuttled away from the tree on one side; whilst an officer who had been standing on the other side, stimulated, I suppose, by the same instinct of self-preservation, did exactly the same thing; and facing each other we simultaneously exclaimed, "Hulloa, Hodson, is that you?" "Hulloa, Wilkinson, old fellow, is that you?" We neither of us knew of each other's presence on that occasion, but I think I had heard of his being in the camp.

Whether there was anything unheroic in this hasty desire to escape from our insecure position, I know not; but when such a dauntless officer as Hodson, whose personal exploits have never been surpassed, out-doing romance itself, thought it not beneath his dignity to adopt that means of evading those zumbooruck balls, I can, I feel, easily afford to face criticism, come from what quarter it may. Hodson has been severely condemned for shooting with his own hand the Delhi princes, whom he had captured under extraordinary circumstances, and

[1] Authors quoted, Malleson, Sir J. Kaye, General Maude, C.B., Mr. Sherer, &c.

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at extreme personal peril. These young ruffians were generally supposed to have instigated, if they did not take an actual part in, the slaughter of our poor countrywomen and children. I am not in cold blood going to approve or disapprove of Hodson's proceeding, but the times and all the surrounding circumstances must be kept in view when considering this question. As I understand it, Hodson's small party were almost in the jaws of death. They were followed by thousands of the rebels, intensely excited, and pressing upon them, and any moment a rescue seemed inevitable. It was then that Hodson's extraordinary and fearless firmness completely cowed the cowardly brutes, and they at once ceased to molest them.

That unparalleled action may have been wrong. I do not think I am a bloodthirsty fellow, but as I reflect on Hodson's critical position, and on the necessity for some prompt and daring deed calculated to strike terror into the howling mob who were close at his heels, and threatening annihilation to the small party every moment, I am not so sure that had I been endowed with Hodson's indomitable spirit, and been able to foresee the effect of his personal audacity, that I should have blamed myself had I taken the law into my hands, as he did. He might of course have ordered one of his troopers to shoot down the rascally princes, but I think that those who know the character of natives well would tell you that the effect would not have been as confounding on the black hearts of the fiends whom it was intended to terrify.

The penalty, inflicted by the hands of one so commanding in presence and personality as Hodson, would not be without its mark in the eyes of Asiatics such as he was dealing with. At least, I think there is something in this. Both Kaye and Malleson maintain that the mob were too intimidated to attempt a rescue; yet, just before, Kaye admits that there were thousands of followers, the most daring of them Mussulmen fanatics, who, seeing the approach of Hodson, implored the princes to resist, offering to defend them to the last; and he adds, "It is hard to say what terrible crisis might not be evolved at such a time out of the desperation of those about." How then, I would ask, do Malleson and Kaye know, and on what grounds do they assert so confidently, that there was no real danger to be apprehended by Hodson and his slender escort? These historians should have some incontrovertible testimony to sustain their attack on Hodson. For my part, I think it more than

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probable that there were reasons for fearing an attempt at a rescue, as Hodson asserted; and to avert this danger, on the spur of the moment, Hodson determined to put an end to the princely butchers.

It is, I believe, very certain that Sir A. Wilson, the Commander at Delhi, never gave Hodson any cause to suppose that he disapproved of his action, when the matter was reported to him; and so desperate did he regard the enterprise, that when Hodson reappeared he told him that he never expected to see him again; and I believe it is equally certain that numbers of officers extolled the achievement at the time, though some afterwards regarded it with regret. Does not this general approval at first tend to exonerate Hodson of deliberate cruelty? From what I have read of men's feelings and passions in those days, I believe I could place my hands on some of the most distinguished, the bravest of the brave, who would not have had the slightest compunction in following Hodson's example under the same circumstances. Why, Nicholson said he would shoot the man with his own hands who suggested the withdrawal of our forces from before Delhi, and he meant it, too.

If it be necessary to defend the execution of the princes, which I for one am inclined to doubt, I repeat that it must not be forgotten those were savage, barbarous days—the outcome of horrible atrocities committed by our cruel and treacherous Sepoys, whom we had generally treated with an almost fatherly kindness and consideration; that even the tenderest-hearted and most merciful of men were hardened, I might perhaps say, brutalized, and had learnt to hold the life of a Pandy on about a par with a mangy jackal; for "all pity was choked with custom of fell deeds," and men's passions were "raging for revenge," and "dreadful objects were so familiar," for "blood and destruction were in use" everywhere.

As I write these Memoirs, nearly forty years after the awful events, I see before me the lovely Miss Jennings, whose acquaintance I made when I was passing through Delhi on my way home. I thought I had never set eyes on a form more graceful, on a face more sweet and charming, and more typical of the fair, well-bred, pure English girl. Within little more than a month from that time this poor innocent, almost angelic creature was hacked to pieces by those fiends; and her father, an English clergyman, shared her dreadful fate. Who can

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wonder at the exasperation felt by our countrymen towards the perpetrators of these hellish deeds? Who can marvel at their bitter hatred, and intense thirst for revenge? Oh, ye self-satisfied critics, who live in times of peace, who sit at home at ease, who never passed through the fiery ordeal of the Mutiny, who have scarcely ever known a ripple on the even tenor of your way; you, whose hearts have never bled for the agonies and indignities of your suffering countrywomen and children, I bid you pause before you attempt to sit in judgment on Hodson's actions.

Of course, a wrong committed by one man cannot make it less wrong because it has been committed by a dozen others; but if I can produce instances where the feelings of notoriously kind-hearted men have been so seared, and their natures so changed by their bitter experience of foul deeds done by the Sepoys in the rebellion, that they could pass orders for the extermination of the rebels, at the mere mention of which they have afterwards shuddered, then I think such proofs would serve to show that Hodson was not more stern, more deaf to the call of mercy, than many others in those days. I remember hearing of a most distinguished officer, an old friend of mine, the bravest of the brave, and in ordinary times the kindest of the kind, ordering, without the smallest compunction, the instant destruction of a number of defenceless men, simply because they were collected near a house from the window of which a shot had been fired at our soldiers. The gravest denunciation was made against this proceeding by some correspondent after the war; and the officer thus condemned, utterly oblivious of the transaction, sent for the staff-officer who was with him on the occasion, and requested him to deny indignantly the imputation; but the staff-officer said he could not possibly do so, as it was all too true. I am not quite sure whether my memory has served me so faithfully that the details are all strictly accurate in this story. I know, however, that the fundamental parts are correct.

The above views of mine were committed to paper some two years ago, but within the last few weeks I have come across Colonel Maude's *Memoirs of the Mutiny*, combining a narrative by Mr. Sherer, a Bengal civilian. I observe that the latter writer considers Hodson's action unjustifiable. Well, every man has a right to his own opinion, and mine, so far from being weakened, is rather strengthened than otherwise by what

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Mr. Sherer has revealed regarding the last interview he had with Hodson shortly before his death. On that occasion, it seems, Mr. Sherer came away with the impression that Hodson had acted under the conviction that it was imperatively necessary at that critical juncture to strike terror into the mob who were following him; and the very fact that the mob were close at his heels (this is admitted) tends rather in my opinion to show that they were not cowed, as Malleson and Kaye assert. It seems to me purely conjectural whether the mob were cowed or not. The writers I have quoted think they were intimidated; Hodson thought otherwise, for he says a crowd were pressing on the guard, and he thought that a rescue would be attempted. I prefer Hodson's opinion, formed from a personal experience at the post of danger, to the theories of those gentlemen who wrote their views ensconced in their comfortable arm-chairs. Of course this remark does not apply to Mr. Sherer, who had been in the thick of the Mutiny. Well, as regards his view, which is antagonistic to mine, we must be content to differ; that is all I have to say on this matter. I elsewhere show that I spent several hours with Hodson only a few hours before he met his death, and that I held much the same view as Mr. Sherer, viz. that Hodson, in putting an end to the princes, believed that the urgency of the situation justified his action; and I myself am inclined to believe that his personal share in the execution of those wretches was more calculated to carry terror and dismay into a mob composed of such murderous scoundrels, than any other course that could be conceived. This may sound strange to the ears of those who have had no experience with natives of India. I certainly can understand and credit it.

Whether the necessity for immediate action was a political one, or arose from the perilous nature of the situation, I cannot say, but I am inclined myself to think that the latter reason prevailed. It is a singular coincidence that Hodson's Cambridge contemporary and friend, *i.e.* myself, and his Rugby school-fellow, *i.e.* Sherer, should have been so closely associated with him so shortly before his death.

I observe that Sherer speaks of Hodson's large, restless, and rather unforgiving eyes. This is just the reverse picture to that which I should have drawn of him. I should have said there was nothing sinister in his eyes. On the contrary, I should have described his features and bearing and expression generally

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as calm and dignified and pleasant, and showing no trace of the truculent character which his enemies have attributed to him. I dare say a great many of my readers are personally acquainted with my old friend Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart. There is nothing, I submit, ferocious or savage in his features and expression, and yet I, and I believe others, have remarked a striking resemblance to Hodson in face and figure.

Maude, I observe, was not inclined to condemn those who meted out unsparing punishment to the Pandies, for he says, "It is a difficult question to decide as to what extent severity or even cruelty is justified in times so critical as those were. We had," he goes on to say, "to a man been fearfully excited by the revolting spectacles we had just seen with our eyes of the fate of our countrywomen and children, and yet our feeling was not so much of revenge" (I should doubt this) "as a desire to strike terror into the hearts of those natives who were in any way either sympathizing with, or aiding and abetting in those horrors; and no doubt a terrible example was necessary, although it may be feared that a good many innocent natives may have been put to death by us." Again, the same writer says, "Although a good deal shocked at the time at seeing a Fusileer blow out the brains of a wounded Sepoy, I confess that subsequent events very much deadened our susceptibilities." General Neil, justifying the severity of the sentence passed by him on a rebel caught at Cawnpore, just after the massacre, said, "My object is to inflict a fearful punishment for a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed, and to strike terror into these rebels." The sentence was, that the rebel should clean up a certain portion of the blood he had helped to shed, and then be hanged. To touch blood is abhorrent to the high-caste natives. They think, by doing so, they doom their souls to perdition. "Let them think so," said Neil. No one who has witnessed the scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre, can ever listen to the cry of mercy as applied to these fiends. Kaye tells us that one of our most heroic leaders was in favour of some special act legalizing in certain cases more cruel forms of execution; that is to say, death with torture. "I will not," he said, "if I can help it, see fiends, the murderers and dishonourers of our women, let off with simple hanging;" and he justifies his views by Bible texts, which enjoin that stripes shall be meted out according to faults; and if hanging is sufficient punishment for such wretches, it is too severe for ordinary mutineers. Kaye goes on

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to say, "If ever in the history of human strife it were righteous to invest retribution with unknown terrors, it was whilst the blood of our innocents was still red in the Cawnpore slaughter-house." Even the great Lord Lawrence, who was never charged with undue severity at one period of the Mutiny, wrote thus to Mr. Montgomery, the Commissioner of Lahore—"Pray resist all reaction, all returns of tenderness and sympathy. It is true they have failed to ruin us; but this is no cause for our making fools of ourselves and beginning to think that they have been sinned against." It is quite true that later on he advocated clemency. It was not that men lost the power of discerning between right and wrong in the face of the horrors that beset them, but that many deliberately harboured the conviction that it was their duty to put mercy far away, and to visit exceptional wickedness with exceptional severity of punishment; although I myself could never under any circumstances uphold torture of any kind, it is impossible to leave out of view that death is no punishment to those who think that by killing a "Feringhee" they go straight to paradise; and therefore it is necessary that some penalty should, if possible, be inflicted which will deter natives from carrying out their diabolical objects. How the terrors of the law are to be ensured without tortures I am not prepared to say.

I have mentioned these instances of barbarous penalties inflicted on the rebels during the earliest stages of the Mutiny with no desire to uphold their righteousness; but, considering the hideous events that were fresh and gory before their very eyes, we ought, I think, to make some allowances for those avengers who smote down relentlessly every rebel that came in their way. Had I been a witness of some of the scenes which Havelock's officers saw, should I have been more merciful, I wonder? As a matter of fact, I myself saw very little of these cruelties, though I heard of them, for I returned to India just as the tide was turning in our favour, and men's blood had begun to cool, and their passions to be assuaged, and Englishmen were being reclaimed from their ferocity. The only personal knowledge I had of any cruelty inflicted, in addition to the execution, occurred when I was on Sir J. Douglas' Staff. I received an official letter from an officer stating, for the General's information, that he had captured some notable rebel, and, having well flogged him, hanged him. I was directed by Sir J. Douglas, my much-loved commander, to request that he would for the future

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dispense with the preliminary punishment. I once was, I now remember, present at the execution of a Sepoy taken in arms. He was ordered to be shot. The soldier told off for this purpose coolly walked up to the culprit, and put the muzzle of his rifle close to the man's head; but the cap was damp, and missed fire. This occurred twice before the rebel's brains were blown out. At each failure the wretched man stood perfectly firm. He was not fettered in any way, and he merely turned his head aside as the rifle was pointed at him. I think few Englishmen could have shown more unflinching resolution, or could have met their death more bravely.

Before I quit the subject, I must devote a few more lines to the gallant Hodson. They relate to the closing hours of his mortal career. It was during the final siege of Lucknow. I had been spending the greater part of an afternoon with him in his tent. His name and fame were on everybody's lips, and he had been recounting to me some of the stirring scenes in his romantic life. It seems to me now as if he must have had some prophetic warning that his end was near at hand, for he gave me several things as keepsakes; and, at the termination of our interview, on my remarking that he must be looking forward to some respite from his labours, he solemnly replied, "Yes, Wilkinson, I shall be glad of some *rest*." We then parted, and not many hours afterwards he was summoned to his eternal rest. The following morning I was riding in the direction of his camp, when I met either Charles or Hugh Gough; the tears were streaming from his eyes, and he sorrowfully informed me that poor Hodson had been killed. He pointed out the place where he was lying, and on my hurrying there the doctors were engaged in examining his wound. Poor dear fellow, he was quite dead—shot through the body. As I mournfully gazed on his poor lifeless form, I could not help contrasting "the languor of that pallid cheek" with the animation and energy and manly vigour that had lit up his handsome and refined features only a few brief hours before, when he was in the zenith of his renown. War then seemed to me a cruel calamity, and all its worldly honours and rewards but of little worth. As I write I recall Byron's unrivalled lines—

> "He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
> Ere the first day of death has fled,
> The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress,

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Before decay's effacing fingers
Hath swept the lines where beauty lingers."

There lay the hero of yesterday, stricken down by the hand of death. Be his failings what they may in the eyes of those who fancy themselves entitled "to throw stones," I can only say that I can but think of him as a dauntless irregular cavalry leader, rarely equalled, never surpassed, in the annals of Indian warfare. And that the highest military authority in India, Lord Clyde, shared with me in my opinion of Hodson, is, I think, testified by the terms he used when condoling with his widow on the untimely death of her gallant husband. This is what he wrote—The whole army, which admired his bravery and his military skill, deplored his loss, and sympathized in her irreparable bereavement.

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GENERAL REYNELL TAYLOR[1]

GENERAL REYNELL TAYLOR was one of our Indian heroes, whom every one respected and admired, more so, I think, than any one I ever met in my career. He belonged to the same service as myself, viz. the Bengal Light Cavalry; and we were all proud of him, and considered it an honour to be able to claim him as a comrade.

He was well known throughout our branch of the service for his many attractive qualities as a gentleman, and for his dauntless bravery as a soldier. He was as modest as a young girl, and brave as a lion. Like Gordon, he was a God-fearing, earnest, pure-minded, Christian man, benevolent and large-hearted, almost to a fault.

His brother, according to Gambier Parry, describes Reynell's personal appearance when he went to India as that of a remarkably good-looking boy, with a bright complexion, and wavy, light-brown hair. He was about six feet in height, strong and muscular, but with a light, active figure; good at all outdoor exercises, cricket, shooting, and swimming; a good rider, and good shot, and in every way calculated to make a good soldier; which profession was decidedly one of his choice. He was always very thoughtful, and to a certain degree inclined to be taciturn, but no one had a keener sense of the ridiculous, or a truer appreciation of fun than he had; and those who had seen him in action said that they had never seen greater coolness under fire. It was not long after his arrival in India that he gave an instance of his pluck. He was out buffalo shooting with a Captain J. Sleeman, who tells the story, and whose horse came down a regular smasher just in front of the charging buffalo. Taylor most gallantly pushed his horse between the prostrate sportsman and the foe, firing into the latter

[1] Authors quoted, Major Gambier Parry, General Probyn, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Macnabb, Official Reports.

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as he came on. The bold act would under any circumstances have probably saved Sleeman, while it ensured death to himself and horse; but, providentially, they were both on the blind side of the buffalo, Sleeman having previously shot him in the right eye; and though the buffalo passed within a yard of Taylor he did not see him, but with head down he held on his course, in pursuit of a servant who was in his front, and whom he overtook and hurled him and his horse to the ground, butting the servant all over the ground as if he had been a bundle of rags.

Reynell Taylor's first war service was in the Gwallior campaign, when he was present at the battle of Punniar, where to his disappointment the cavalry had not much to do, except to march and counter-march in various directions. Taylor's first Staff appointment transferred him to the Governor-General's body-guard; and whilst serving with this corps he was present at the battle of Moodkee, where he was severely wounded in three places. He describes his share in the action as follows—

"I have persistently stated that I had dealings with about six men at different times. I remembered stopping the cut of the first man I met, and giving him a return blow across the face; another rode at me with a lance, and I turned it off with my sword when close to my breast; and I believe it was while making a return cut at him that another man, who had come up on my bridle-hand, administered a severe smeller in the face, and cutting through my shako-peak, hit me half-way down the forehead, and passing down, split my nose like a pea, and deluged my left eye with blood. Another man whom I met rode close up to my sword-hand, and with his teeth set, and standing in his stirrups, gave a downright cut at my head, which I stopped; and the sword, Wilkinson, bears the notch to this day in the thick part near the hilt; the metal being as hard as a diamond is yet cut into like lead. In the *mêlée* I received a severe cut on the shoulder, but by whom given I never made out. It cut through my jacket and two shirts, which I had put on for the bitter cold, having been on picquet the night before, and cut a great piece out of the deltoid muscle as well. I had also another wound on my left wrist, the sword having been stopped by the bone, but this was not deep. My curb-rein was cut, and my horse 'Pickle' received a severe cut on his flank. The last thing I remember was sparring with a footman, trying to get a cut at him. He had his sword lifted high, and was just going to cut at my horse's neck, when a bullet struck his sword close to the hilt

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and snapped it off, on which the fellow sank down, shamming dead."

After the action, when it came to Taylor's turn to be attended to, the doctor was heard to say, "Dear me, this is too handsome a face to be scarred in this way; I must use fine needles instead of plaster." So the gaping wound in the face was mended with fine needles. Many years afterwards when Taylor was travelling in England a gentleman got into the carriage with him, and began muttering, "Well, I did make a capital job of that, certainly; yes, I am sure it is the same nose." It was the same doctor, who thirty years afterwards had still the trick of speaking his thoughts out aloud (*Gambier Parry*). Taylor was an exceedingly handsome man, and his good looks were not marred by the sabre-cut; and it was quite true that the doctor had stitched up the wound so skilfully that no one could trace any sign of a scar; at least, I never observed one; and I should have been very glad to have changed noses with him, for his profile was to my mind perfect. His character stood as high as any officer I ever knew; and I cannot help thinking that, if he had not been so exceptionally retiring in his disposition, honours more befitting his brilliant services, both in his military and political capacity, would have fallen to his lot.

Full twenty years, I believe, had passed and gone before he received the Order of the Bath—an honour that I for one think he had won many years before. For, consider, he had been engaged in four campaigns; he had been thanked publicly and privately by more than one Governor-General; and had been mentioned over and over again in despatches. He had been severely wounded several times; and had always occupied a conspicuously distinguished position, whether as a soldier or a political officer.

It was impossible to be in Taylor's society without being enchained by his unassuming, courteous, and friendly manner. He was utterly unconscious of his popularity, though he was beloved by Europeans and natives alike. His personal gallantry had, as I have mentioned, been tested over and over again, though only a few knew of it; for even his most intimate friends could never get him to narrate the particulars of his encounters. He was a fine horseman, and a splendid swordsman; and his skill as a cavalry officer stood him in such good stead that, on one occasion, during the operations against Mahsud Wuzeers, he was able to hold his own in a hand-to-hand encounter with no less

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than three of the enemy, who suddenly attacked him sword in hand. I will give the account of the affair as told by Taylor himself.

"We marched from our camp at Pullosun to-day through the Shahoor Pass—a stiff place. I was in advance, and found the pass partially occupied, but I could not say to what extent; so the heights had to be crowned, and all done in due form. The Wuzeerees bolted; a horse of the suwar of my party was shot, and there ended the damage. When the force came up and encamped I rode on to look at the country beyond, and closing round a corner I came suddenly on the tail of the party that had been firing on us in the pass. We surprised them, and they rather surprised us. Two horsemen were in front of me, and the rest tailing behind, but the two in front were only fifteen paces from me. In another second one fired a pistol, and both wheeled their horses round and came back on us, and the Wuzeerees after them. I drew my sword and called to all to come on; but we were in a narrow road, and the Wuzeerees, who were desperate, pushed on so bravely that they literally hustled us back for ten or twelve yards. A scuffle then ensued, which lasted for several minutes, and most gallantly did the Wuzeerees dance about and ply their weapons. Their advantage was that, with a hollow on one side and a hill on the other, our men could not get at or round them. The end was that we killed the whole three, for there were only that number; but they did us a lot of damage. The poor little Bombay horse received three severe wounds; two of them desperate gashes—one at the root of the neck, and another behind the saddle, low down, from which the bowels protruded; the third cut deep into the neck higher up. But this is all about my horse, when two poor fellows were severely wounded, another more slightly; and four horses very badly hurt —one, at least, of which will never get up again. I had my martingale and crupper cut, and stopped some blows with Morris's sword, besides using it effectively on the hard frames of these brave but rough men, by which it has suffered. I saved one man's life with my revolver, by shooting another who was pressing him. I put two bullets into him before he fell, and even then he remained hugging the man whom he had previously wounded, and they were not separated till the skirmish was over. Having done so well with these two barrels, I tried two more on another man; but both snapped, so I had to take to my sword again. All this sounds a very egotistical story, I am afraid, but

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you will know that it is just what happened; and truth to say, our enemies being only three men, there is nothing to be very proud of in the matter. The ground, and the suddenness of the thing, leaving us no room for anything like a charge, may account in some measure for the difficulty we had in destroying our opponents. For myself, I believe I was in as much danger as a man usually is in action, and I am therefore most thankful to a merciful God, who brought me through it without a scratch. I said the old thanksgiving for past and present mercies and blessings, and the prayer to be found living to God, whether in life or if called on to die, and that in the true trust and faith in His mercy through Christ. God can preserve in all places; and I will be more careful, though I had not in this instance neglected precautions. As I have said, the ground was against us; the men were desperate and fought for their lives. Six men were seen to escape from close to the place where we fought after it was all over. I am thankful, as I had only suwars with me and no good native officers, that I had not nine such men to deal with in such a place instead of three. I can write no more." (I have been told, by one who was there, that Taylor walked into camp after this affair and never mentioned it until questioned.) His chief concern was about his poor little Arab, which was so badly wounded. The General gave him a good lecture on the folly of going ahead; but I fear, coming from such an old offender, it had not much effect. I remember seeing the old war-horse, as a pensioner, peacefully grazing in the field near the house at Umballa, and I felt quite a reverence for the old warrior which had carried his gallant master victoriously through such a glorious fight. This was one of several other personal encounters which Taylor had experienced, but which he kept very carefully locked up in his own bosom.

It is certainly worth noting the exceptionally "religious tone that almost universally prevailed amongst the distinguished officers serving in the Punjab" in Reynell Taylor's days; and I have no doubt that his own noble Christian character had its purifying influence on some of those associated with him. In the *Life of Taylor* the following are the distinguished men who supported him in his efforts to extend missions throughout the Punjab—the Lawrences, Montgomery, Herbert Edwardes, Donald Macleod, Norman, Forsyth, Brind, Cust, Lake, James, Martin, Urmston Maclagan, &c., most of whom I knew personally, more or less; and I can readily believe that they

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would have been invaluable colleagues in furthering all good works.

To show that my admiration of Reynell Taylor has not led me to form an exaggerated opinion of his noble character, I subjoin a copy of a letter written by Sir Dighton Probyn when he heard of his death—

"I do not think," writes Sir Dighton Probyn, "I was ever more shocked than when, on Tuesday morning, I read in the newspaper I bought at Newton of poor dear Reynell's death. I had a vague idea that he was living in the west of England, and had been wondering on my journey down whether I should see him anywhere. My first impulse was to stop and endeavour to hear some particulars about the death of a man whom for the last five-and-thirty years I have always looked upon and spoken of as one of the grandest characters India had ever produced—more than that, that the world had ever produced, we may in all honesty say. Poor dear Reynell! where was his equal in honesty, generosity, bravery, or in any good and Christian qualities, for a man? If mortal could be blameless, surely Reynell Taylor was such. I do not suppose an evil thought ever crossed his mind; and I can assure you it has often been a pleasure and a pride to me, when in quiet moments, thinking over old days and old friends, I felt that I might look upon dear Reynell as one of the latter."

Sir Robert Montgomery, than whom there could not have been a more experienced judge of Indian officials, could not find words to express the high opinion he had formed of him. He said, "A comrade of Herbert Edwardes and of Nicholson, and follower of Sir Henry Lawrence, and at the same time a type of the best qualities possessed by each of these distinguished men, General Taylor's example will live long after him." I remember, many years ago, on my having occasion to write to him, being much flattered by his condescension in claiming me as a connection (a very remote one I fear), and deprecating my addressing him so formally by his military title. He was then holding a very high political appointment, and was certainly entitled to every deference and mark of respect from me; for he was far ahead of me, both in social and military rank. It was just like his humility to try and raise me to his level, or else to reduce himself to mine. It is true that his family and several members of mine were great friends, and his father and my uncle were very intimate, I believe. They are to be seen sitting next to each

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other in the Waterloo banquet picture—the one a Hussar, and the other, my uncle, a Grenadier guardsman. I believe Reynell Taylor's father was considered one of the handsomest officers of the British army, and any one acquainted with the son could readily imagine this, and I venture to claim much the same personal advantages for my uncle, Colonel Allix. There never was a case of distress known to Taylor that his purse did not open to relieve it; and often (so says Montgomery) the widow and fatherless have found shelter in his house. I remember he took a very active part in supporting missions; and to the Deragat, one in a part of the province administered by him, he contributed one thousand pounds. He was so lavish in the assistance he rendered to all good works that, I believe, he and his family had to make considerable sacrifices in order to meet the almost ceaseless demands that were made on his by no means ample resources. Sir Robert Montgomery, writing a few days before his death in regard to Taylor's open-handedness in supporting missions, said, "India, abundant in good men, had never a finer Christian character than Reynell Taylor. He was a brave soldier, a splendid swordsman; but gentle and lovable." The natives used to say that there were two "Ferishtas" (angels) in the Punjab, and their lives were so good that if others had been like them the whole country would have been Christian.

My friend James Macnabb, a Bengal civilian of high standing, who had been for years associated with him in his official capacity, wrote me the other day that he had never known a more perfectly consistent Christian gentleman than his old colleague and friend, Reynell Taylor; and I have no doubt that it would be impossible to find an Indian officer, civil or military, who would not cordially endorse Macnabb's opinion.

I never had any official business with him excepting, by the way, that he—as Commissioner at Umballa when Shere Ali, the Cabul ruler, came on a visit to the Viceroy—deputed me to purchase the Arab horses that were to be given as presents to the Afghan King. I suppose, from the fact of my having been some years in the Stud Department, it was thought I must know something about horses. I remember it was noticeable how many officers were prepared to part, for a consideration, with their Arab chargers on this particular occasion. The market seemed to be exceptionally over-horsed at that time; but I am not sure whether the quality was quite equal

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to the quantity. But this is a frivolous digression from my subject.

At the close of Reynell Taylor's honourable and useful career the Punjab Government issued a farewell order in the following words—"The Government which General Taylor has served so long and so faithfully, his brother officers, and the people of the province, whose best interests he has ever had at heart, join in regret at his departure, and in esteem for a character in which there is nothing which is not worthy of honour."

The last occasion, I read in Major Gambier Parry's biography, on which Reynell Taylor appeared in public was at the funeral of Lord Lawrence, when he was selected to walk in front of the coffin, carrying the coronet worn by his friend and chief. This was an honour that General Taylor appreciated more deeply than any other that had been conferred on him.

The end came to this noble man rather suddenly at last. I read, in the published, eloquent account of his last hours, that "on Thursday, February 25, 1886, he attended a political meeting at Newton. The night was bitterly cold, with a keen wind, and it seems probable that on coming out of the meeting he caught a chill. On the following day he was about as usual; but in the evening he remarked to his wife that he wished she would go to a meeting instead of him. However, he did not complain of feeling seriously ill; having dined with his children and read prayers, he went to bed. An hour later he awoke shivering, and before morning dawned those about him were already becoming anxious. The doctor took an unfavourable view of his condition from the first; and though throughout Saturday he was himself from time to time, he grew worse as the day wore on. On Sunday he no longer knew those gathered round his bed. He never spoke again. There was no conscious waiting for the dread summons; quietly he had lived amongst men; strong in the faith he had fought out the battles of life. With the gentleness of a woman and the simplicity of a child he had walked along the narrow way; and as a child falls asleep at even, so Reynell Taylor passed peacefully into the world where there is no more pain." His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world—"This was a man!"

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GENERAL SIR HENRY TOMBS

THE officer of whom the old Bengal Artillery are most justly proud is General Sir Henry Tombs. I knew him in former years, but not intimately. Had circumstances admitted of it, I should very much have liked to have become better acquainted with him, for, apart from my admiration of him as a soldier, his relations were old friends of my relations, and when I first went to India I took out letters of introduction to his father, General Tombs, who, like myself, belonged to the Bengal Light Cavalry. I am afraid that Sir Henry's father had reason to regard his old friend's *protégé* with some degree of suspicion, soon after my introduction to him, for the very first thing that happened in my opening career reflected rather seriously on my character as a well-behaved soldier. I got into some grave scrape, and was handed up officially to General Tombs, who was then commanding the Division in which my regiment was quartered. I fear I was rather a wild young gentleman, and very insubordinate in those days—and I have no doubt that I richly deserved a punishment far more severe than the one I got, but the kind old General took into merciful consideration "my youth and inexperience" (though I was hardly a youth, for I had been at Cambridge), and let me off very easily. The penalty consisted of a mild wigging and a warning not to do it again, and I hope I profited by the leniency shown to me, and that I did *not* do it again!

But this is a digression. To return to the subject of this paper. Henry Tombs was a strikingly handsome fellow, and manly withal, with such sparkling diamond eyes that the ladies, I believe, used to call him "Cupid"; and since "none but the brave deserve the fair," he was, I need hardly say, a special favourite of the girls—for besides being an "Adonis," he was clever, fascinating, and recklessly brave; what more could or would "the maiden fair" require in a young Artillery officer?

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And I believe he was not indifferent to their charms! Who would blame him for this?

> "Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
> To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
> Angels are painted fair to look like you."

I am quite free to admit that,

> "Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet."

Our lots diverged from the first. I used to meet him occasionally, but I do not think I was ever quartered in the same station with him; I was, however, in the field with him during the Lucknow campaign, and I remember one occasion when, shelling a fortified enclosure, his two guns seemed in some jeopardy for a few moments. Suddenly the gates of the enclosure flew open, and out rushed or danced a small band of Ghazees (fanatics), all with bare heads, and some of them with a weapon in each hand, shouting "Deen, deen." They made straight for Tombs' two guns, which peppered, but certainly did not stop them for an instant.

On they came, with a fearless determination which one could not help admiring. A troop of the 7th Hussars was ordered to charge them. Captain Slade, their commander, well ahead of his men, and most conspicuous, gallantly dashed into the midst of them, but he was immediately surrounded and unhorsed, with a deep sabre-cut in his thigh, which would have clean severed any ordinary-sized leg. It was not without difficulty that he was rescued by his hussars. His subaltern, Cornet Banks, a very young officer, who bravely supported his troop-captain, was also cut down, and lost an arm and a leg. Major James Haggard and Lieutenant (Peter) Wilkin both distinguished themselves on this occasion; I believe the former was recommended for the Victoria Cross, and if I am not mistaken Cornet Banks would also have received the cross had he survived; but, poor fellow, after recovering from his cruel wounds, I think he died in hospital from fever contracted there. From the similarity of our names I have reason to believe that Wilkin's gallantry was by some of my friends attributed to me by mistake—at least I inferred this from what Sir Henry Havelock in course of conversation said to me at the club one day; he had evidently given me the credit, which certainly was not my due. When Slade and Banks were cut down, I was

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near enough to see the transaction; but I have no recollection of doing anything beyond emptying my revolvers into the "brown" of the fellows nearest to me. At about this time I remember seeing a great gaunt old man, with bare head, taking, as it appeared to me, very long strides, and coming straight in my direction.

In looking back through the long vista of years, I do not think I quite liked the cut of this old gentleman—but I hope I was prepared to give him the best reception in my power—and just as he was getting unpleasantly near me, there was a tremendous explosion close to my ear, and I thought I was done for. It seemed that a suwar in my rear poked the muzzle of his carbine just over my shoulder, and fired slap into the face of this long-legged old fanatic, and blew his head in half. This was a "facer" for him, and a real relief to me.

These Ghazees, or whatever they were, fought like devils; but I suppose they were "banged" up to the eyes. They had no chance against us—for we were about ten to one—and every man Jack of them was killed. I remember seeing one fellow with several hussars and suwars around him at once, fighting savagely for dear life. One suwar got behind him, and gave him an awful slash down the back, but it did not seem to quench his fiery spirit; he bravely struggled on, till he was completely overwhelmed.

At the first onset it certainly looked as if some of the fanatics would succeed in penetrating to Tombs' guns, and I heard afterwards that Tombs was not without uneasiness for a few moments, and if he was troubled there must have been some real danger at hand. It is not probably known, except to those who were present during the campaign in Bhootan, what an electrical change was produced in camp when General Tombs arrived, to assume the command of the force. The result of the operations had not been altogether satisfactory up to that time. But that gallant leader soon infused fresh spirit into every one, and under his dauntless guidance the Bhootanies soon gave in.

As I was not present when Tombs performed so many of his brilliant services, I will not enlarge upon them; I will only repeat the story that was told to me, and which I believe was a fact, viz. that in various battles before the walls of Delhi, Tombs had five horses killed under him, and his conspicuous gallantry so excited the admiration of one of the Generals that he sent for Tombs, and there and then offered him his only

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daughter in marriage. I do not myself see why the story should not be absolutely true, and I believe it. He might have had the pick of all my danghters, had I only possessed any of those blessings!

Tombs was awarded the Victoria Cross for going to the rescue of Jemmy Hills, then sorely beset by some suwars, who were getting the better of him. Tombs was just in time to save his life. The stirring story has been often told, but I do not think my sketch of Sir Henry Tombs would be complete without it. The best account of the narrative that I have seen is given by Colonel Knollys in his Victoria Cross narrative. He says: "A mass of rebel suwars suddenly charged James Hills' two guns, and before he could open fire the enemy were upon him. Hills, upon this, setting spurs to his horse, dashed into the midst of the rebels, cutting and slashing on all sides. Two suwars charged him at the same time, and both Hills and his horse were hurled to the ground. Springing quickly to his feet, and pulling out his sword, the young subaltern was attacked at once by two mounted troopers and one dismounted man. He soon cut down the mounted men, but the third man, brave and active, proved a formidable antagonist. Hills wore his cloak, which dragged at his throat and nearly choked him, besides impeding his sword-arm. Twice he tried to discharge his revolver, but each time it snapped. He then made a desperate cut with his sword, but missed. The rebel clutched at the weapon and snatched it from Hills; the latter, disarmed, closing with the rebel, prevented his using his tulwar, striking him repeatedly in the face with his clenched fist; at length Hills slipped upon the muddy ground, and fell. The suwar raised his sword to slay him, and death seemed inevitable; but help was at hand. Tombs arrived on the scene just at this moment; but he was still some thirty paces off, and, feeling that he could not reach in time to save the officer's life, he rested his revolver on his left arm, took a steady aim, and fired.

"The uplifted arm fell harmlessly to the ground, and the rebel dropped. Hastening up, Tombs helped Hills to rise, and just then, seeing a dismounted suwar walking off with Hills' revolver, Tombs and Hills went after him. He turned, and stood at bay; Hills parried his first blow, and Tombs his second, then the suwar sprang upon Hills, broke down his guard, and cut deeply into his skull. He then turned on Tombs, who, parrying his cut, ran him clean through the body. Sir Harry Tombs

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died comparatively a young man, but not before he had established a claim to be considered the very best and bravest officer that ever hailed from the Artillery."

I was informed that when he was told he was a doomed man, that the malady from which he was suffering was incurable, he received his sentence with extraordinary courage, declining to listen to those who sought to cheer him with hopes of recovery; and he met his fate—a terrible one—with the same heroic fortitude that he had shown in many a death-struggle on the battle-field.

"'Tis God's decree, 'tis He who dooms
Thy mortal frame in dust to lie;
But fame like thine, O Henry Tombs,
While memory lasts, can never die."

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LORD MAYO

I CAN venture to claim a slight acquaintance with this great and unfortunate nobleman; and to Lady Mayo we were indebted for much valued favours which were conferred on us when we were residing at Simla a good many years ago. The remembrance of a delightful treat of which we were the fortunate recipients on one occasion is still fresh in our minds.

Lady Mayo was graciously pleased to pay us unceremonious visits every now and then; Government House being only a short distance from our bungalow, her ladyship had not far to come. I remember the intense excitement that prevailed amongst our servants when they first caught sight of Lady Mayo ascending the rising ground leading to our house. They would rush up to our drawing-room in breathless haste, to prepare us for the honour that was in store for us, and when they announced the august presence of her ladyship, I believe they regarded their master and mistress as second only in exaltation to Lady Mayo herself. "Sahib, Sahib," they would exclaim, "Lord Sahib kee meme atee hy," which, being interpreted, meant that the wife of the Viceroy was approaching.

During one of these visits—which certainly were a source of pleasure and pride to us—Lady Mayo, finding my wife in poor health, was good enough to invite us to accompany the Viceroy's party, which was just starting for a short trip into the interior. Lady Mayo most thoughtfully and kindly suggested this treat to us in the hope that it would prove beneficial to my wife, and it assuredly effected this object, for the trip did her a world of good—and as for myself, I never was happier in my life. How could it be otherwise, travelling under such auspices, through a succession of magnificent scenery, such as can only be seen in the grand Himalaya mountains, in a health-giving climate, and with all the luxurious comforts attaching to a Vice-regal camp? The pure, unalloyed delight of

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such an outing can scarcely be conceived; at least we had never before participated in such a paradisian scene, and it is too certain that we shall never share in such a luxurious experience again. To think of the terrible and cruel fate that overtook a year or two afterwards our great and noble host—it is horrible, horrible, too horrible! I still shudder at the awful tragedy.

At the same time, on calm reflection, one might rather wonder that in a country abounding with fanatics, and utterly reckless of life, they do not oftener attempt to gratify their bloodthirsty inclinations, by slaying our great men who have been sent to rule over them.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the feeling of dismay and indignation which pervaded all ranks, high and low, rich and poor, European and native—for Lord Mayo was a most popular ruler—when the terrible news arrived from the Andaman Islands that Lord Mayo had been murdered. I happened to be at a public ball at Lucknow when the report reached that station, but it was considered advisable to withhold the publicity of the tragedy till the next morning.

I suppose a more successful Governor-General never occupied the Vice-regal throne in India. His majestic presence and his manly character were of themselves sufficient to fill the minds of the natives with wholesome awe and profound respect. The Bengalees would tremble at his approach, and the warlike races—such as the Sikhs, the Rajpoots, the Ghoorkhas, the Afghans and Pathans—would regard him with unbounded admiration; for these brave fellows have always an inclination to pay respectful homage to physical advantages, and to the display of manliness in every shape or form. It is characteristic of them; and the officers who excel in these attributes are sure to make almost a reverential impression upon them.

There was, as is well known, a senseless clamour raised against Lord Mayo's selection for the Governor-Generalship of India. Now considering the ability he had shown in conducting the duties of Chief Secretary of Ireland, in most difficult times —during the Fenian insurrection—it is inexplicable to me that his appointment should have evoked such hostile criticism. Lord Mayo himself felt keenly the abuse that was showered upon him on all sides. "I bear no resentment," he said, "and only pray that I may be enabled ere long to show my abusers that they were wrong." In his speech to his parliamentary

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constituents, on the eve of his departure to take up the Viceroyalty, he said: "Splendid as is the post, and difficult as will be my duties, I go forth in full confidence and hope that God will give me such strength and wisdom as will enable me to direct the government of India in the interests, and for the well-being, of the millions committed to our care. In the performance of the great task I ask for no favour; let me be judged by my acts. I know that efforts honestly made for the maintenance of our national honour, and for the spread of civilization and the preservation of peace, will always command the sympathy of my countrymen."

The day before he left his home for ever, it is recorded that he chose a shady spot in a quiet little churchyard on his Kildare estates, and begged that if he never returned, his remains might be brought home and laid there. In his dealings with the native princes he was most happy and successful, and he was regarded as the ideal of an English Viceroy. They all instinctively felt, as one of the councillors wrote, that if they desired to retain his good-will and support, they must not fail to exercise their regal powers for the benefit of their subjects; and any preventable misgovernment would infallibly imperil their positions and render them liable to be displaced in favour of more capable rulers, who would impartially administer justice to all subject to their sway. Lord Mayo would not, they knew, interfere lightly; but woe awaited those who provoked him to intervene. He was, like Sir Charles Napier and Lord Clyde (to whose views I have referred elsewhere), opposed to the invasions of the countries of frontier tribes for raids committed on our borders. In Lord Mayo's opinion our object could be effected by a more perfect organization of preventive measures. To the objection that a raid, unless expiated by a military expedition, would impair our prestige, he answered: "I object to fight for prestige. Every shot fired in anger within the limits of the Indian Empire, reverberates throughout Asia, and gives unfriendly nations the notion that British power is still disputed." I should have thought, with all due deference to Lord Mayo, that any raid not immediately avenged would give the people reason to believe that we were not able to punish the marauders, and the consequent loss of prestige would resound throughout the land; and this, in my humble judgment, would be a very serious matter. I confess that I attach immense importance to the meaning conveyed in the word "prestige"

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in a country like India; and I believe that the character and authority of the British arms are quickly affected by our success against any hostility on the part of the frontier tribes. From what I remember of the border tribes—and I was some three years on the Peshawur frontier—it is very difficult for me to fall in with Lord Mayo's views in regard to the treatment of such ruffians. Look, for instance, at the Wuzeeree Muhsood tribes, who lived almost entirely by making raids upon our neighbours. Every endeavour had been made to conciliate them, but in spite of all overtures they continued to exhibit the most hostile spirit towards us. Surely retaliation on such a tribe as this was not only justifiable, but absolutely imperative. They had defied all control from time immemorial. Lord Mayo's assassination in the Andaman Islands fills a sad page in history, but the circumstance under which he considered it a part of his duty to visit that convict settlement is not so well known.

Lord Mayo had long taken a deep interest in prison discipline, and he was bent on introducing an entirely new system at the Andamans, his object being to raise the convicts out of criminals into settlers, and he determined to make a personal inspection of the islands. Accordingly on January 27, 1872, he proceeded to carry out his intention, and, accompanied by Lady Mayo and Staff, he set sail in the ship *Glasgow*, and after visiting Burmah he arrived at Hopetown in the Andamans at eight a.m. on February 8, 1872. The account I am about to give is taken from Sir W. Hunter's book, *The Rulers of India.*

"Lord Mayo landed immediately after breakfast, and thoroughly inspected Viper and Ross Islands, where the worst characters were quartered. Ample provision had been made for his protection; police armed with rifles escorted him, and moved with him, on front, flank, and rear. One or two convicts who wished to present petitions handed them to the officers of the Staff, without approaching the Viceroy. After this Lord Mayo wished to ascend Mount Harriett, with a view to making it a sanatorium; arrived at the top, he surveyed the capabilities of the hill in this respect. Presently he sat down and gazed silently across the sea to the sunset, and said more than once, 'How beautiful.' After another long look to the westward he exclaimed to his private secretary, 'This is the loveliest scene I ever saw,' and came away. The descent was made in close order as it was now dark. On the way the torch-bearers met the Viceroy's party. They passed some loose

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stones to the left at the head of the pier, and advanced along the jetty, two torch-bearers in front, the light shining strongly on the tall form of Lord Mayo between the private secretary and the Superintendent, and the Flag-Lieutenant and a Colonel of Engineers a few paces behind on the right and left, the armed police between, but nearer to the Viceroy. The Superintendent turned aside to give an order, whilst the Viceroy stepped forward before the rest to descend the stairs to the launch; the next moment the people in the rear heard a noise as of the rush of some animal from behind the loose stones, one or two saw a hand and a knife descend in the torch-light, the private secretary heard a thud, and instantly turning round found a man fastened like a tiger on the back of the Viceroy. In a second twelve men were on the assassin, an English officer was putting them off, and with his sword-hilt keeping back the native guards, who would have killed the assailant on the spot. The torches had gone out, but the Viceroy, who staggered over the pier side, was dimly seen rising up in the knee-deep water, and clearing the hair off his brow with his hand as if recovering himself. His private secretary was instantly at his side in the surf, helping him up the bank. 'Burne,' he said quietly, 'they have hit me,' then in a louder voice, which was heard on the pier, 'It's all right, I don't think I am much hurt,' or words to that effect. In another minute he was sitting under the smoky glare of the re-lit torches in a rude native cart at the side of the jetty, his legs hanging loosely down. Then they lifted him bodily in the cart, and saw a great dark patch on the back of his light coat; the blood came streaming out, and men tried to staunch it with their handkerchiefs. For a moment or two he sat up on the cart, then he fell heavily backwards. 'Lift up my head,' he said faintly, and said no more. They carried him down into the steam launch (some believing him to be dead, others angry with themselves for the bare surmise), cut open his coat and vest, and stopped the wound with hastily-torn strips of cloth and the palms of their hands; others kept rubbing his feet and legs, three supported his head, the assassin lying tied and stunned a few yards from him.

"As the launch shot on in the darkness eight bells rang across the water. When it came near the frigate, where the guests were assembled and waiting for dinner, and chatting cheerily, the lights in the launch were suddenly put out to hide what

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had happened. Lord Mayo was then gently lifted into his cabin. When they laid him down in his cot every one saw that he was dead. To all on board that night stands out from among all other nights in their lives. A silence, as if it would never be broken, suddenly fell on the holiday ship with its six hundred souls. The doctors held their interview with the dead. Two stabs from the same knife on the shoulder had penetrated the cavity of the chest; either of them sufficient to cause death.

"On the guest steamers there were hysterics and weeping, but on the ship where the Viceroy lay the grief was too deep for outward expression; men moved about solemnly through the night, each saying bitterly, 'Would that it had been one of us!' The anguish of her who received back her dead was not and is not for words."

The assassin belonged to one of the border tribes near the Khyber Pass. He was at the time of the assassination at large as a barber among the ticket-of-leave convicts. On hearing of the Viceroy's arrival he resolved to kill him and the Superintendent. All through the day he watched for his opportunity, but the close surveillance gave him no chance of getting to the islands which Lord Mayo visited, but in the evening the Viceroy landed at his very door on his way to ascend Mount Harriett. The murderer slipped into the wood, crept up through the jungle side by side with the Viceroy; he then dogged the party down again in the dark, but still he got no chance. At the foot of the hill he almost gave up all hope of accomplishing his fell deed, and resolved to wait for the morrow, but as the Viceroy stepped quickly forward on the jetty, his towering form conspicuous in the torch-light, the assassin seized the moment, and rushing round the guards, in a moment was at his victim's back. The murderer was a hill-man of great size and strength, and though manacled he once hurled an English sentry to the ground, and wrenched his bayonet from him. The passionate burst of grief and wrath by which India was shaken, when the fearful intelligence was made known to the people, was universally felt throughout the whole of the British Empire. The Duke of Argyll, who was the Secretary of State for India at the time, wrote thus: "In this calamitous event her Majesty's Government have to deplore the loss, in the prime of life, in the midst of his career, of a statesman whose faithful and laborious discharge of the duties of his great office was animated by the warmest loyalty to his sovereign, by constant devotion to the

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interests of the Indian subjects, and a sincere desire to conduct with justice and consideration the relations of the Queen's Government with the native princes and states of India. Lord Mayo's exertions for these ends have not been surpassed by the most zealous labours of any of his most distinguished predecessors at the head of the Indian Government."

SHIRE ALI'S HISTORY—(THE ASSASSIN OF LORD MAYO)

(By General Reynell Taylor.)

General Taylor gives the following account of Shire Ali's history.

"The crime was attributed to fanaticism, but that had nothing to do with it. Shire Ali was an Affreedee near the Khyber Pass. He had been selected by my predecessor as his mounted orderly, with a warning that he had a serious family blood feud, and would probably ask for leave to go and prosecute his warfare in his own hills.

"This hereditary quarrel was eventually the ruin of Shire Ali himself, and by as strange a combination of circumstances as ever swayed the balance of mortal destiny, it has involved the fate of a gallant nobleman and gentleman, the highest in the land, the scene being a remote island in the Indian seas.

"Shire Ali, unhappily for all, did not content himself with prosecuting his blood feud in his own mountains, where his proceedings, being in accordance with the usages of his tribe and the practice of his co-religionists, could be no concern of ours.

"The British territory is free to all, and by implied compact all are bound to forego their feuds and animosities on British ground. The principle of the sanctity of the neutral ground afforded by our territory is well known and recognized by all the tribesmen on our borders. I have frequently had men sitting on the same carpet before me who, directly they crossed the border, could only meet as Montague and Capulet. But it so fell out that Shire Ali was induced, under what seemed to him strong temptation, to violate the sanctuary of British territory, and either watching his opportunity or accidentally obtaining it, he fell upon his hereditary enemy in the suburbs of

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Peshawur and took his life; thereby, according to Pathan modes of feeling, setting himself right, and throwing the onus of the next move in the game on his rivals. He was tried for his life, sentenced to death, but reprieved and transported for life by Colonel Pollock. I interceded for him; Shire Ali had accompanied me throughout the Umbeyla campaign, and behaved with the gallantry and devotion which the men of his tribe know so well how to display when they are treated with kindness and confidence, and I felt bound to say what I could for him. He was not a mere brutal ruffian, as his last act would make him appear; the murder which he then committed in the Peshawur territory would have been no murder according to the usages of his clansmen. He had attended me with eager zeal and devotion in rough work, and in peace he had been the playfellow of my children, one little girl having him entirely at her beck and call. In his great rough Posteen, and armed always, like men of his clan, with sword and long knife, he would carry her all over the place, and attended her on her pony rides. I only give the worst his due. This is the man who has now with ruffianly cruelty struck down our manly and genial chief, and the power is only left us to deplore the fact that probably by a too frank and brave bearing on the part of Lord Mayo, the opportunity was given of working his mischief. I know full well what transportation for life must have been to Shire Ali, pining for the blue hills of his native land, and brooding over the punishment for what he would persist in justifying as no crime. If you imagine a Highland clansman in the old times, incarcerated for life in a Lowland jail for killing a rival in the course of a blood feud, you would come somewhere near what was the man's probable state of mind.

"The Affreedees are proverbially reckless of human life, but they are not fanatical, nor are they prejudiced against us. There was, therefore, I feel confident, nothing connected with religious frenzy or hatred of the British in the act, except it is probable that he recognized in the Governor-General the head and front of that system of even-handed justice which had condemned him to penal servitude for life. How sad is the result! Lord Mayo, in his brave, energetic, and humane endeavours to understand this remote portion of the charge entrusted to him, must have exposed himself by his free, confident bearing to the blow. Our chiefs are, I think, a whit too thoughtless of themselves in such matters, urged on, however, by the wish to see all with their

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own eyes. Every convict against whom in that dim twilight Lord Mayo may have been jostled had a history and antecedents, which in his diseased imaginings were brooded over daily as wrongs. I myself know that there must have been one other man in that throng, of whom, unless he had effected his escape or died in the attempt, it would not have surprised me in the least to hear that he had done exactly as Shire Ali did.

"The man I allude to is no religious enthusiast or political intriguer, only a Dacoit leader, and the question I am inclined to ask is, whether it is really right that the highest and most important person in the country should be brought in contact with such characters, without himself or those about him being even aware of the nature of the danger encountered? It is most sad, I think, that so valuable a life should have been sacrificed by the generous performance of a duty which surely could have been sufficiently well performed by those lower in rank, who could have been spared with less injury to the country."

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SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, G.C.B., CRAWFORD, CHARLES, TOM, AND NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

Is there any one belonging to the last half-century who has not heard of Sir Neville Chamberlain? I should doubt it, and I should question whether the Indian army, with its long roll of heroes, can produce an officer with a higher reputation as a leader of Irregular Cavalry than Neville Chamberlain. But Sir Neville has proved himself qualified for positions demanding not only dash and daring, but an administrative capacity of a high order. He has commanded an army and various fighting columns in the field, and has held important appointments combining both civil and military work, like Outram, Norman, and others.

I have had the honour of his acquaintance for some time, and I always look forward with great pleasure to the chance of meeting him every year when I pay my annual visit in his neighbourhood. I am afraid I cannot lay claim to have been associated with him in any of the various services in which he has taken such a glorious part—I mean I have never served under him; but I have been engaged in some of the same campaigns, the second Sikh War and the Mutiny, to wit. Of Sir Neville's boyhood days I know very little, but what I have heard is characteristic of him and redounds to his credit; for the incidents I have in mind gave promise of a manly, chivalrous, and fearless nature.

He very soon acquired a reputation for pluck, and showed that he was not to be opposed with impunity. He engaged in several pugilistic encounters; and just like Sir J. Outram, of whose pugnacious feats as a school-boy I have written, he licked a well-known bully, to the delight of his companions. On another occasion I have heard that he showed his contempt

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of danger by plunging into the Avon on a very cold wintry day, to save the life of a sheep that was drowning. I believe this was done at the risk of his life. With reference to this episode, those who take the trouble to read my sketches of distinguished soldiers will observe the strange coincidence that both Sir George and Sir Henry Lawrence were saved from drowning: the former was rescued by a native servant, the latter by a brother cadet.

To return to Sir Neville. Like many other young fellows before him in those days, he was not, I fancy, addicted to books, and I fear he must have wasted his time at Woolwich, as I do not find that he passed through the course of examination at that Military Academy. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and India gained largely by Sir Neville's want of success at Woolwich, if he did fail, of which I am not certain—for he soon afterwards took advantage of an opportunity of joining the Indian army, with which he at once found congenial service, at the head of an irregular regiment of cavalry attached to General Nott's force, then operating at Quetta in Afghanistan, where he greatly distinguished himself, as will be seen further on. Sir Neville Chamberlain, though not much my senior in age, began his military career several years before I entered the service. He was making for himself a reputation as a *beau sabreur* with Shah Soojah's cavalry at Kandahar whilst I was squandering my time and substance at the Cambridge University, preparing for the black cloth instead of the French grey. Sir Neville was fortunate in serving with such a thorough soldier as General Nott, who at once recognized the young lieutenant's special qualification as a leader of Irregular Horse. In the very first action in which he was engaged he was severely wounded, a fate which seemed to have awaited him on many other occasions. He, I suppose, never "laughed at scars," seeing that he could distinctly point to no less than eight wounds! In his next cavalry fight with the Afghan Horse he was again amongst the wounded, and my old friend and sporting comrade, James Travers, was with him on this occasion. I can well understand both of these gallant fellows being amongst the disabled, for they were just the sort to be where the fight waxed hottest, and where danger was greatest, and the Dooranee Horse seem to have charged down upon our cavalry very boldly that day; but of course they out-

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numbered us by about eight to one, at least I see Rawlinson puts the strength of the Dooranee Horse at three thousand and ours at four hundred. I cannot understand how Shah Soojah's regiment could have been kept together at all in face of such odds. Not long after this the Dooranees again appeared in the neighbourhood of Kandahar, and General Nott went out to meet them, and of course to lick them. Chamberlain is described by Low "as sweeping down upon them with his horsemen with the fiery ardour for which he had earned such renown in the camp, and cut them up handsomely." He had a horse shot under him, and his gallantry was so conspicuous that the Governor-General specially mentioned him in General Orders for his distinguished services. At the cavalry action of Mookoos Chamberlain was once more wounded. Two days after this Chamberlain, accompanying Christie's Irregular Horse, pursued and inflicted heavy loss on the enemy. General Nott had one more stiff fight after leaving Cabul, *en route* for Peshawur. This took place at Ali Musjid, and Chamberlain was for the fourth time wounded, "a result due to his headlong valour, which impelled him to take part in every affair where there was a chance of winning honour" (*Low*). On arrival in India after the Afghan War, he was selected by the Governor-General to do duty with the body-guard. His next field service was at the battle of Maharajpore, as Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General.

In the second Sikh campaign he shared, with his usual conspicuous gallantry, making repeated charges with the cavalry, and evoking the admiration of Lord Gough, who, in his despatch to the Governor-General, reported that he was greatly indebted to Captain Chamberlain for his assistance in the field, and for the example he set in several hand-to-hand affairs with a furious and exasperated enemy. On the conclusion of this campaign, till the Mutiny, Chamberlain filled several important posts, first as Military Secretary to both Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry. He then became Commandant of the Punjab Irregular Force, with which he conducted several successful expeditions against the turbulent hill-tribes.

On the breaking out of the Mutiny he was first appointed to command, as Brigadier-General, a movable column, to operate on any point where danger threatened in the Punjab; but he only held this command for a short time, as he was appointed Adjutant-General of the army before Delhi when

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Colonel Chester was killed. In less than a month after joining at Delhi, Chamberlain, when leading a force to repel a very serious attack of the enemy, was again for the seventh time severely wounded, the bone of his left arm being splintered by a grape-shot. This action (July 14) was Chamberlain's last during the siege of Delhi, his severe wound having quite incapacitated him from further active service in the field. Had he not thus been prostrated by his wound, he would in all probability, on the resignation of General Reid, commanding at Delhi, have taken precedence of Sir Archdale Wilson, but the cruel fates deprived him of this great honour, and he had to content himself in watching from his dhooly, which was carried to the "Ridge" for this purpose, the effects of our artillery fire on the walls of the city. "How this fine soldier must have chafed and fretted at his inaction during the final triumphs at Delhi! Not to have been at the head of one of the assaulting columns on that eventful day must have been almost torturing to his martial spirit."

What a grand array of warriors arose into distinction during the siege of Delhi—Baird Smith, Sam Brown, Norman, Donald Stewart, Roberts, Taylor, two Chamberlains, C. Reid, two Goughs, Probyn, Watson, Daly, Hodson, Brownlow, and many others. Excepting the first-named, I knew most of these well, and admired them all. We find General Chamberlain engaged in the Umbeyla campaign in 1865 against the Wuhabee fanatics. This proved to be a most arduous and serious affair, and cost us the lives of many fine fellows. I have described the most important features in this campaign more fully in my sketch of Sir Charles Brownlow. Chamberlain commanded the force, and of course he was again wounded when leading, with Colonel Hope of the 71st Regiment, the assault of the Cragg Picket, which had been thrice retaken by the enemy. So determined and persistent were the attacks of the fanatical Wuhabees in this campaign that matters looked very black at one time.

General Chamberlain was disabled by his wound, and was succeeded by General Garvock, under whom the Umbeyla campaign soon came to an end. Sir Neville, whilst holding the post of Commander-in-Chief at Madras, was appointed to take charge of a mission to Shere Ali, the Ameer of Cabul, but on reaching Ali Musjid, the mission was not allowed to proceed any further, and war was therefore declared with Afghanistan. I know there are many who do not think that we were justified

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in invading Cabul. I am aware that General Chamberlain was an advocate of Lord Lawrence's policy of non-interference with Cabul; but I can hardly believe that when thus defied by the Ameer, Sir Neville would have condemned Lord Lytton's resistance. All the natives with whom I conferred at the time held but one opinion, viz. that we should have seriously lost prestige had we tamely submitted to the affront that had been so publicly offered to us. I cannot claim any personal knowledge of the exact circumstances which had led up to the despatch of the mission, but until I see it proved otherwise, I shall not believe that hostilities were resorted to until it was manifest that the Ameer of Cabul intended to violate the treaty he had entered into with us, which expressly guaranteed an abstention from any alliance with Russia. In conformity with this treaty, we had for years been paying Shere Ali a valuable subsidy, and his making overtures to Russia was an act of treachery we were bound to resent. To have sat with folded hands and quietly acquiesced in such a deliberate insult, would have been fatal to the stability of the British supremacy in India. Not long after this incident Sir Neville closed his military career, and returned to his native country to enjoy his "*otium* covered with honours," admired and respected by all, and with a reputation for individual daring and as a gallant leader of men which few have rivalled and none have assuredly ever excelled. He carried such weight and influence amongst his comrades that I was told his arrival in camp at Delhi during the siege was considered worth an accession of a thousand men!

Reverting once more to the war in Afghanistan and its causes, I observe that in Frere's biography it is written that it was the common opinion that Lord Lytton was sent out with instructions to force a permanent agent upon the Ameer of Cabul, and the probability, almost amounting to a certainty, of a war was contemplated. But how could these allegations be true if Lord Lytton's letter, dated March 1876, to Frere, after leaving England, be correctly quoted? He says: "I need not go over the ground we hold in common as the basis of our conviction, that no time is to be lost in trying to retrieve the errors of the last four years. So long as there is a chance of firmly establishing our political position in Afghanistan, I would strain every effort to keep the dominions of the Ameer united and his rule strong. If that chance fails, if it has already slipped away, then, as you say, we must consider our whole policy. Thinking the matter

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over since I left England, I come to precisely the same conclusion as yourself about the unadvisableness of insisting on a permanent agent at Cabul, if Shere Ali makes great difficulties about it. Russia should be told that we cannot allow her even to compete with us for influence in either Afghanistan, Khelat, or Baloochistan."

With reference to the above, I should like much to know, was Shere Ali, or was he not, treating with Russia when Lord Lytton intervened, and if the latter was the case, was it not in direct violation of his agreement with the British Government? I have returned to this subject in my sketch of Lord Lawrence.

General Reynell Taylor thus describes what happened at the final attack on the Cragg Picket, when Chamberlain was wounded—

"The summit was again covered with crowds of dusky warriors, and dotted with their flags. The artillery played upon them with beautiful practice and checked their advance. All was haste and stern preparation to arrange for the recapture. The 71st Regiment had the task this time with the 5th Ghoorkhas, with a portion of the 5th and 6th Punjab Infantry Regiments. When the General and I reached the plateau below the Cragg, we found a strange but good, manly scene, the whole area lapped over all with the enemy's fire, the regiments lying close under the available cover, and the artillery from below and Hughes from the plateau rattling away with shells at the crest and slope. I got the General to dismount, and we scuttled across the green to the better cover under the Cragg. Here the General called the officers of the 71st Regiment, and addressed them with their men. He was well responded to, and the word was then given to advance. I had dissuaded the General from leading, and he stood it for some time, but it was indeed a matter of vital importance for the whole force, and as the men could only stream up so slowly, and a sword-in-hand rush was naturally to be expected, the prospect of failure pressed upon his mind, and he could stand it no longer. In a few seconds we were among the leading climbers of that terribly winding slope, shouting to the men to come on, and anxious at seeing what comparatively slow progress they could make. However, they came on steadily and without a check.

"Just at the crest we encountered showers of stones, like Vesuvius before an eruption, our shells were crashing just over our heads, and a body of the enemy on a neighbouring mound

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flanked us. When we got near the top, the General was struck. I was close to him and saw him clutch his arm, and hoped the wound was not serious. I thought pressing on was the thing of the moment, and in another few seconds I was on the crest, and saw, to my intense relief, that the fellows were bolting out on the other side. Colonel Hope and a few men and some natives were on the spot, and every man of the enemy who remained in the work was quickly disposed of. I never saw greater coolness and self-possession than Colonel Hope displayed. This proved to be the last attack of any importance. From that time the enemy lost heart."

Chamberlain was, I believe, a very strict disciplinarian, but the fact is he could not brook the slightest deviation from his own high standard of duty, and it would be well for us all if we followed closely on his unswerving steps. I have never seen Sir Neville when his blood was up, but I suspect that "when the blast of war blew in his ears" he must have been a caution. I have always found him singularly quiet, courteous, and unassuming. He is, I believe, fond of entertaining friends in his own house, especially young people, who find in him a charming companion, but he never cares to take any part in public life, in fact he studiously avoids it. His interests appear to be all confined within the limits of his own home. This seclusion seems to me a great pity, for he undoubtedly possesses all the qualifications calculated to attract his friends and neighbours. Escott says that this dashing leader of cavalry was more than a *beau sabreur*. He has studied and pondered deeply the lessons of war. He is well read in military history, and could reason out with the best the logical consequences of any plan of campaign. I have shown that on service he was always in the front, setting a noble example, and where he offered the best chance of being knocked over, and the result was, as I have mentioned, that he scarcely ever went into action without being wounded.

I renewed my acquaintance with him a few years ago, and as trifles light as air show often what mettle is left in a man, I may mention that he has still no end of go in him, and the way he outstripped me one day when we were making our way across country over some heavy ploughed fields, for the purpose of inspecting a house which we thought might be suitable for his brother, and left me puffing and blowing in the rear, astonished me not a little. I dare say he has forgotten all about it—so

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should I if I had walked away from him as decisively! I am told or have read that Sir Neville has a large grasp of political questions, and has thought deeply on the great ones of the hour. Although I have reason to believe that I should agree with his brother Crawford rather than with him in these problems, yet I should be glad to see Sir Neville in the forefront of the political arena, and upholding his views in the face of all people.

In all national questions in which the military system and interests are involved, I dare say I should have no difficulty in subscribing to the conviction of so distinguished and experienced a soldier, but beyond that, I fancy, we should agree to differ.

CRAWFORD CHAMBERLAIN, C.S.I.

THIS brother I knew more intimately, and over some forty years. As a young man I never set eyes on a finer specimen of a man. Like Sir Dighton Probyn, his commanding presence was most striking, and then his intimate knowledge of the native languages, the native characters and customs of the country, of which he was a master, all combined to mark him out as a leader of Irregular Horsemen. During the Sikh campaigns of 1848-49 he displayed such conspicuous gallantry in recovering some camels which were being carried off by the Sikh horsemen, that Lord Gough published a despatch on the subject. I think Crawford was wounded on this occasion. The eminent service he performed at Mooltan, when, chiefly with his Irregular Cavalry Regiment, he disarmed the suspected Sepoys, has never, as far as I can judge, been recognized by Government, and why not has always been a mystery to me. I have long regarded that feat as one of the most daring and critical performed during the Mutiny. Why I should have the honour of wearing on my breast the decoration of the Companion of the Bath, whilst the famous Irregular Cavalry leader, Crawford Chamberlain, should be without a still higher distinction, surpasses my comprehension. I am almost ashamed of my good fortune when I reflect on Crawford Chamberlain's undeserved misfortune. Although I have known him for so many years, I have, to his great honour, never heard him murmur or complain, and yet we read that there is "no sharper arrow than the sting

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of unmerited neglect." I suppose when poor Crawford is beyond the reach of all earthly honours, some historian who has been behind the scenes will give the true version, which is to me so inexplicable. I suppose excepting Delhi there was no place in all India at that time of more vital importance than that of Mooltan. It commanded the only line of communication that remained open between the Punjab and India, and the only road of retreat in the event of disaster. Both Sir R. Temple and Bosworth Smith write in terms of the highest praise of the masterly way in which the disarming was carried out by Crawford Chamberlain. The first writer says it was executed brilliantly under provident arrangements which Lord Lawrence was specially instrumental in suggesting; and Bosworth Smith says—"A positive order went forth that the disarmament should be attempted; and with an extraordinary mixture of audacity and skill, it was not only attempted but accomplished, and that without shedding a drop of blood, by Crawford Chamberlain, whom the Commander-in-Chief had selected for this dangerous honour." What renders the complete success of the most delicate operation more creditable to my dear old and gallant friend was, as it appears to me, the consideration that Crawford was not the senior officer on the spot, but the authority was specially delegated to him, as having such power and influence over his men.

CHARLES AND TOM CHAMBERLAIN

I NEVER was on the same familiar terms with the two brothers Charles and Tom that I was with Crawford, but still I had the pleasure of knowing them both. Tom belonged originally to the 9th Bengal Native Infantry. The present Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart was its Adjutant, and to him probably was largely due the credit of turning out a corps quite the smartest in the service. Tom Chamberlain subsequently went into the Thuggee Department, and there he assisted, in conjunction with General Hervey, in crushing out that iniquitous system of robbery and murder which had so long defiled the land.

Charlie was a worthy chip of the old block. He commanded his regiment (a Pioneer Corps, I think) during the desperate

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fighting in the Umbeyla campaign, and he distinguished himself on one occasion when a crowd of Ghazees suddenly jumped out of a *nullah* in front of his regiment, which was disposed for a moment to waver; but Charlie rushed to the front and called out to his men to be steady, and by his conspicuous gallantry he at once restored their confidence, and they killed every Ghazee. Charlie had a narrow squeak. The metal rim of his helmet saved his head, and he got off with a slight slash in the face. His Adjutant, I believe, was killed. He showed great pluck on another occasion. When taking his kit off the mail-cart, he was bitten by a mad dog. Seeing a native cooking close by, he asked him for a piece of burning wood, and he deliberately applied it to the wounds from whence the blood was flowing. He then walked over to the doctor hard by, who burnt the wounds again with nitric acid to make sure. The self-firing was a very courageous, determined, and sensible act, and no doubt saved his life. The very last time I met Charlie was, I think, at Umbeyla, when he was in charge of Shere Ali, the ruler of Cabul, who had come down to confer on State matters with the Governor-General. Through Charlie's influence I had an interview with the chief. It was quite a private visit, no one but myself and Charlie being present. I remember Shere Ali talked chiefly about a military review that had taken place in his honour in the morning—or rather it was a sham fight, and Shere Ali made some shrewd remarks regarding one or two of the movements which were not flattering, but with which I cordially agreed. By the way, I think it was on this occasion that I was deputed by the Commissioner to purchase half-a-dozen Arab horses as a present to Shere Ali, and I remember how many officers just then had Arabs for sale, and at prices which were, it struck me in some cases, rather above the market value!

Of young Neville Chamberlain, now commanding the Cashmere army, I have delightful recollections referring to the time when I was doing a little service in the Kurum Valley with General Roberts during the Afghan War of 1878-79. Young Neville was at that time aide-de-camp to the General, and a right good one he was—clever, active, and enterprising, and a charming companion, a good linguist, and if I mistake not, something of an artist and musician, and withal very nice-looking. He did me a good turn one day which I have not forgotten. I was very anxious to see as much of the country

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as I could, in case I should, as then seemed not unlikely, be employed in the Valley, and he most kindly showed me the way to the furthest point we had then penetrated, near the Shutur garden. It was a long day's ride, and I remember one or two of the streams we crossed were much swollen, the beds, too, were composed of huge boulders, and I have a very strong opinion that I should have hesitated to wade through them had not the brave young Neville given me such an absolutely fearless lead. He seemed to think nothing of it, and of course I pretended to do the same, but that was not my private opinion!

The last incident I can call to mind in connection with him was his bringing to me one of Whyte-Melville's books containing the famous poem, *The Death of the Old Horse*, which he insisted on my reading aloud as I sat as one of the guests at the farewell party given by General Galbraith in honour of Sir Frederick Roberts, on the breaking up of the Kurum Valley force during the first phase of the Afghan War of 1878-79. It happened that I had never seen this poem, and therefore demurred at reading it, fearing I should not do it justice. However, Neville persuaded me to make the attempt, knowing that I, like my twin, was given to reciting, and I was so charmed with the poem that I immediately committed it to memory, and consider it quite the best recital in my repertoire. Young Neville is now the Commander-in-Chief of the Cashmere army, and the ruler of that country is to be congratulated on having secured the services of such a fine young soldier to direct and control his troops. Young Neville is in my opinion a splendid scion of the grand Sir Neville stock.

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SIR H. DURAND

THERE was another distinguished officer, holding one of the highest appointments in India, whom I was privileged to call my friend. Sir H. Durand resided next door to us at Simla, and some members of his family were constantly in our house, and many pleasant kindly greetings have I received from him. His eldest daughter (now Mrs. Rivett Carnac) was a very dear friend of my wife, and we have kept up the friendship ever since, though unfortunately our intimacy can now only be maintained on paper, and not in person, as the gap between Switzerland and England separates us now-a-days.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence, that such a valuable life, which was spared through all the desperate perils involved in blowing open the gates of Ghuznee, should meet with an ignoble death at the obscure town of Tank on the Punjab frontier, the details of which will be seen further on!

Like Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo, Sir H. Durand was a tall, splendidly-built man, and, like Lord Napier, he had a soft and gentle manner, which was the more attractive and winning coming as it did from such a stalwart and imposing frame. He was simply adored by all his children, and it was delightful to see their devotion to their noble father. He himself was deprived, as writes his son, early in life of both his parents, and his guardian would have preferred his entering the ministry; but, descended from a father who had been a dashing cavalry officer, distinguished by his personal bravery and coolness during the wars of Napoleon, the traditions of which had been carefully handed down to the son, his inclinations naturally turned to a military career. With this object he was sent to a special training establishment at Putney, where he made acquaintance with several of those whom he was afterwards to meet in India, amongst them Lord Canning and Sir D. Macleod, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. It is personally interesting to me to find that he must have been, I

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think, a contemporary there of one or two of my elder brothers, for I am nearly certain they were at the same school. In his life, written by his son, which I have before me, and from which I shall quote largely, I observe that Sir Henry's progress at school was both rapid and uniform, and that as a mathematical and classical scholar he held his own all round. At Addiscombe he was so successful that he came out first in the Engineers, carrying with him seven out of eight possible prizes, and the sword for good conduct. He had for his competitors at Addiscombe, Lord Napier, Sir Vincent Eyre, and Eldred Pottinger, all of whom made their reputation in India. After quitting Addiscombe he spent a year at Chatham, and so well did he employ his time there that his commanding officer, Colonel Pasley, wrote of him as follows: "He is one of the most distinguished young Engineers whom I have ever had under me." His old school-fellow, Sir D. Macleod, described him as a very quiet, gentle boy, innocent of games of any kind, though in after years he became a grand horseman and a good shot. When I knew him he was, as I have stated, a very fine, powerful man, with great breadth of shoulder and length of limb; but at college, Sir D. Macleod said his short stature, coupled with his enthusiastic admiration for Napoleon, had gained for him the nickname of Petit Caporal, and when first appointed as an under-officer, the appointment caused something like a mutiny among the cadets, who were indignant at being commanded by a boy of his age and inches. I had a brother who was unusually short as a boy, but who shot up in the same way, and became a very tall man. I was told he grew five inches in one year! In his voyage in 1829, his ship—the *Lady Holland*—was wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope. The crew and passengers were all saved. I again quote from his son's book. They landed on Dessan Island, a small strip of rock and sand, and they remained four days until relieved, their food consisting chiefly of penguins' eggs. Sir Henry lost everything he possessed in this disaster. On reaching Calcutta (he was only a boy of seventeen) he became the fortunate guest of Bishop Turner, who, it is said, supplied him with clothing from the episcopal wardrobe, and hence he was called the Chota Padre Sahib. The Bishop must have exercised a spiritual influence over him, for it is said that two years later he was very near exchanging his red coat permanently for the black gown. Amongst his fellow-passengers

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on the *Lady Holland* was Alexander Duff, the first Scotch missionary, with whom Sir Henry formed a staunch friendship. From first to last Sir Henry was eminently a religious man, as appears to me to have characterized remarkably nearly all the Punjab officers of those days. "A long experience of life," he told his children, "had led him to trust in and believe nothing save the one truth of Christ's words—all shook beneath one's feet, while they alone stood firm." Kaye, the historian, described him as looking at everything through the pure crystal of Christianity. He found in the all-pervading reality of his religion that unceasing comfort and support which such a faith cannot fail to afford to those who are privileged to possess it. After a short stay in Calcutta, Sir Henry was ordered off to Cawnpore, and it is not often, I suppose, that a young soldier of seventeen, on his way to join his regiment, has two such eminent clerical companions as Bishop Turner and Archdeacon Corrie, with whom I see he travelled as far as Mirzapore. Sir Henry seems to have kept up a most diligent, careful, and systematic study of literature of all kinds; especially of military history and languages. But his biographer (his son) says that, notwithstanding his steady addiction to his studies, he was by no means a bookworm. Few men were more capable of enjoying the out-door life of an Indian camping season. Though never an enthusiastic sportsman—rather inclined to speak of himself with scorn for "murdering hares and partridges"—he was unusually good both with the gun and in the saddle, and wherever he went he sketched incessantly. I rather suspect that he was, even as a very young man, inclined to be a little too independent and outspoken in his attitude towards the Government, as I notice that he speaks of being in *mauvaise odeur* with the Military Board, from having desired to be removed from the Department of Public Works, and his reasons were not palatable to his superiors. What made the matter worse was his being the only officer who did kick. As an instance of the extraordinary perseverance with which he pursued his studies on first going out to India, I may mention that whilst reading Persian he actually undertook to translate Paley's *Moral and Political Philosophy* into that language. His moonshee thought he was mad, but Sir Henry characteristically said: "Nothing but what is difficult rouses me, and then my natural obstinacy comes into play." From what I remember of Paley's works in my Cambridge days (I hailed from Christ's College, and so did

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Paley), I should have thought it quite difficult enough to study his book in the language in which it was written. I see that Sir Henry, writing so far back as 1832 on the chances of war, prophesied that there was nothing to look forward to in the shape of service, "except the Maharaja Runjeet Sing dies. His son may then give us an opportunity of gaining what I look upon as the natural frontier to our Indian possessions, viz. the Punjab." Sir Henry was a true prophet so far as the Sikhs and our frontier are concerned; but the Afghan War intervened, in which he played at Ghuznee such a glorious part.

Amongst his varied accomplishments, Durand as a young man had acquired an extensive knowledge of geology, which he had studied practically, with Falconer, Cautley, and Baker as his companions, in the Sewaalik Hills. They discovered many tons of fossils of extinct species of colossal animals, which are now to be seen in the British Museum, and Durand henceforth became an enthusiastic palæontologist.

I have referred to Sir Henry Durand's services in the first Afghan War of 1838. I cannot go further into the object of this war than to say that it was undertaken to restore Shah Soojah to his throne, and to relieve Herat, then besieged by the Persians, with Russian concurrence. The storm and capture of Ghuznee, which was the first and only resistance that Sir J. Keene met with on the march to Cabul, is well known. To Sir H. Durand was entrusted the perilous duty of placing the powder and firing the fuse—which was successfully accomplished, but by some mistake immediate advantage was not taken of the explosion, and the bugler sounded the retreat; but fortunately Durand was able to rectify this, and the advance was sounded, and Colonel Dennie, supported by General Sale, pressed forward, and after a fierce struggle at the gateway an entrance was effected, and Ghuznee was won. Had Durand failed in his task, nothing but irretrievable disaster must have ensued. So highly did Sir J. Keene (who received a peerage and a G.C.B.) appreciate the gallant services performed by Durand, that he said: "Had it rested with me, I would have handed over to you my Cross of the Bath, as the rightful owner of it." Durand, being only a subaltern, got absolutely nothing, except being mentioned in despatches. On the force reaching Cabul, Durand was employed in building barracks for the troops; but after a while, failing to obtain work more congenial to him, he resigned his appointment and returned to India. On

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taking leave of Sir J. Keene, that officer said to him: "I congratulate you on quitting the country, for mark my words, it will not be long before there is here some signal catastrophe." It was most fortunate for him that he resigned his appointment, otherwise he would have shared in the disaster that overtook our army in the Khyber Pass. In 1841, after eleven years' absence from home, he availed himself of his furlough. At this time he began seriously to think of resigning his commission and entering the Church; but he eventually abandoned this intention. He had not been on furlough many months when Lord Ellenborough, just appointed Governor-General in India, offered him the appointment of aide-de-camp on his Staff, which he accepted; but not without reluctance, as he was disinclined to return to India so soon.

The first tidings that met them on arriving at Madras on February 21, 1842, was the destruction of the army in Cabul. His aide-de-campship was changed into that of private secretary before landing at Calcutta, and this change of course, at such a time of calamity, entailed on him duties of a most responsible nature. Lord Ellenborough at once set to work to restore our reputation, and within seven months of his assumption of power, Cabul had been reconquered, and the honour of our army vindicated. On the return of the victorious avenging army from Cabul it was reviewed by Lord Ellenborough at Ferozepore, and it was on this occasion that Sir H. Durand met the daughter of Sir John McCaskill, who became his wife. During 1843 Sir C. Napier defeated the Belooch Ameers at Meeanie, and their country was annexed. Lord Ellenborough, who heartily supported Napier, was fiercely attacked for this policy. Durand's sympathies were naturally with his chief and Napier, though he could, I think, see faults on both sides. At the close of 1843 the Gwallior campaign took place, and Durand was with Lord Ellenborough, who took care to be in the thick of the fight. Durand had a very narrow escape, a round-shot having passed just over his horse, grazing his saddle, which he had just quitted. He used to say that it was not in the family to be hit, and certainly few men have faced shot and steel so often at close quarters without a wound. It is well known that the relations between the Court of Directors and Lord Ellenborough had for some time been strained, and this ended in his recall; but the Duke of Wellington and the Ministry were, I believe, all on Lord Ellenborough's side. It was thought by some that

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Lord Ellenborough offended the Court of Directors by so openly preferring the soldiers to the civilians, the latter being the class with which the members of the Court of Directors were more closely connected. As regards this allegation I can only say, that as a matter of fact the Directors of the old East India Company were, and naturally so, in the habit of bestowing the most valuable patronage at their disposal (viz. civil appointments) on their nearest relations, and therefore, being human, they did not, I suppose, appreciate Lord Ellenborough's uniform preference for the military when high appointments in India fell vacant.

On Lord Ellenborough's embarkation for England, Sir H. Durand's connection with him ceased; but his friendship for his chief was never interrupted, and continued till the end of his life. Employment was found for him at once by Sir H. Hardinge, the new Governor-General, who nominated him to the post of Commissioner of Tenasserim, a very responsible position, involving the management of our relations with the Court of Mandalay, and the administrative control of a large and difficult country. Sir Henry was then only a Captain of Engineers. This appointment proved for years in its consequences disastrous to his professional prospects, for he got into conflict with Sir Herbert Maddock, the President in Council, whose power and influence were too strong for him, and he was finally removed from his post. It is not within my capacity, nor within the scope of my sketch of Sir Henry Durand's services, to express an opinion on the merits of this controversy; but it is impossible to lose sight of the fact that Sir H. Maddock, the highest official in the land (the Governor-General excepted), was the gentleman by whose decree Sir Henry Durand was condemned, and this gentleman happened to be one of those civilians whom Lord Ellenborough had distrusted, in consequence of which a disagreeable correspondence had been carried on through Durand, Lord Ellenborough's private secretary; and ever afterwards Sir H. Maddock had manifestly regarded him with feelings of hostility.

That eminent divine, Dr. Duff, wrote to Sir Henry Durand, in his difficulties in connection with the Tenasserim controversy: "Sincerely do I sympathize with you and your family. I never knew a more decided case of victimizing. But the Lord in whom you trusted will yet deliver you, to the confusion of your enemies. Even if there had been error of judgment,

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which yet remains to be shown, the straightforward integrity of your motives, so transparent throughout, ought to have sheltered you."

Many years after this, the *Friend of India*, the paper that had led the crusade against him, wrote: "We have carefully read every word on either side of the dispute, and have come to the conclusion that except in decreeing an excessive fine in the case of the most scurrilous and unprincipled paper that India has ever seen, Captain Durand did his duty with the same wisdom and more than the courage which he showed at the gates of Ghuznee;" and Sir H. Lawrence also wrote, "A more honourable man than Captain Durand of the Engineers does not exist."

The Duke of Wellington was also his staunch friend, together with Lord Stanley and Lord Hardinge; though the latter as Governor-General would not interfere with Sir H. Maddock's action, he evidently sympathized with Durand, and offered him an appointment of £1500 per annum. The ill success that attended his efforts to obtain redress for the injustice (as he regarded it) accorded to him in this controversy, soured his life, his son says, almost to the end of his days, though the various high appointments that were subsequently conferred on him clearly demonstrated the unabated confidence and esteem in which he was held by those in supreme authority. I will not pursue the subject further. But perhaps I may gratify my own inclinations by expressing very humbly my opinion, that whilst there may have been some error of judgment displayed by Sir H. Durand during his controversy with Sir H. Maddock, I am convinced that a braver soldier, an abler and more conscientious public servant, and a more accomplished and stainless gentleman never lived than he who suffered defeat in the conflict on this occasion. The best men do not always win in such official struggles, especially when the Indian Civil Service and the Court of Directors, to whom the case was submitted, "were almost to a man violent in their prejudice against him." I do not wonder that Sir Henry Durand, "when he found himself kept down in subordinate positions, while others were rising all around him, broke out into indignant denunciations against those who had ruined his career." At the same time I feel constrained to say that I have never myself been able to share in Sir Henry Durand's adverse opinion of the Civil servants. Sir H. Maddock and Sir Robert Hamilton, Durand's chief accusers, apart, I have

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always entertained intense admiration of all the Bengal civilians with whom I have been associated. Sir H. Durand never approved of the policy of Sir H. Lawrence, who, with his characteristic generosity, deprecated the annexation of the Sikh kingdom after the first campaign, and Sir H. Durand always predicted a second war. He was in England when hostilities commenced with the massacre of our Envoys at Mooltan, and he at once decided to return to India. On his arrival at Calcutta, he found orders awaiting him to join the Commander-in-Chief on the frontier, where the British army was already assembled. He was soon in the thick of the fight, for the battle of Chillianwallah took place a few days after his arrival. Speaking of Lord Gough, Sir Henry said his plans were always admirable, if he would only stick to them. Unfortunately, one could never be sure of this, for directly the first shot was fired, Gough's Irish blood got the mastery, and the fiery old man was apt to forget all about his plans, and to throw away all his advantages by entering into the fight, &c. Sir Henry Durand thought that Lord Gough ought to have advanced on the Sikhs the morning after the battle of Chillianwallah, for though our losses were severe, that of the enemy had been greater, and they would not have withstood another onset. The Sikhs themselves afterwards admitted this. Sir Henry was again present and taking an active part in the battle of Googerat, which was followed by the annexation of the country. Just after this campaign, Sir C. Napier, who had just come out to India as Commander-in-Chief, and who was a warm friend of Sir H. Durand, became quite angry with him for the persistent way in which he refused several appointments offered to him. The fact was, Sir Henry Durand considered he had been wronged, and that he ought to be reinstated in a position equal to that which he had held at Tenasserim, and nothing else would satisfy him ; but this was not to be, and he had therefore at last to give in. Sir Henry Durand had at this time another grievance, he had not received the brevet rank to which he was, I certainly think, entitled, considering his services in the Gwallior and Sikh campaigns, not to mention Ghuznee; but his usual ill luck pursued him on this occasion, though his claim was supported by the Commander-in-Chief.

In 1853 he made up his mind to go home. As soon as he reached England he set to work to procure, if possible, some employment which might spare him the necessity of returning to India ; but he did not succeed. I am afraid that his warm

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friend, Sir C. Napier, who had the greatest regard for Sir Henry Durand, was right when he warned him that his open denunciations of those whom he disliked or suspected were doing him harm and injuring his prospects. Sir Herbert Maddock and Sir Robert Hamilton appear to have been his bitter foes, to whom he attributed the cause of most of the disappointments of his life. Of the former I knew nothing, but I happened to have seen something of the latter, and heard a great deal more, for I was constantly at Indore in my younger days. Sir Robert Hamilton was then the Resident. He had the credit of upholding with almost regal dignity his high office, and of being unrestrained in his hospitality, in which I was fortunate enough to share in my turn; and as regards myself I have no reason to speak otherwise than well of him. But I am bound to say in Sir Henry Durand's behalf, that from what I remember of the feeling apparently prevailing amongst some of the chief Residency officials, I should certainly have expected that in a controversy between Sir Robert and Sir Henry, apart from the questions connected with the Mutiny and Holkar's attitude on that occasion, that the great majority of our countrymen behind the scenes at the Residency would have sided with Sir Henry. I may be wrong, but that is the conviction that takes possession of my mind as I recall my experience of days long past and gone.

On his return to India in 1856, Lord Canning, who appeared at first to be disinclined to do anything for him, soon began to be impressed with the sense of his abilities, and requested him to draw up a memorandum regarding a plan for conducting the Persian War, to which war he, Sir Henry, was however opposed, and he especially deprecated an advance into Afghanistan. Lord Canning, on the other hand, was in favour of this advance, and had actually written home offering six European regiments for employment out of India. As the Mutiny broke out immediately afterwards, we should have been, as young Durand, the biographer, says, "in a precious fix, had these regiments been ordered to Afghanistan." Although Lord Canning did not show any disposition for some time to advance Sir H. Durand's prospects, yet he must have been influenced by the ability he had displayed, for he selected him to succeed Sir Robert Hamilton in the temporary charge of the Central India Agency, one of the favourite appointments in India; and from this moment he began to rise, but still through many difficulties. It seems that he foresaw the Mutiny, for I read that he spoke

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warningly to Lord Canning on the subject before leaving Calcutta in April 1857, and Lady Canning reminded him of the conversation four years later. The story of the mutiny at Indore, and of the retreat of the Europeans and few remaining faithful natives under Sir Henry Durand's direction, is too long to enter into in detail. I have read the whole account very carefully, and it appears to me that there was no alternative but to abandon the Residency. A delay of another half-hour would have been fatal. His little band was nearly surrounded, and in imminent peril just when it was decided to retreat. General Travers, Cobbe, and Ludlow had set a noble example, and had done all that mortal men could do to try and induce their Sepoys to act against the mutineers, but all in vain; only five men followed Travers when he charged the rebel guns, and all these officers were agreed that further resistance was no longer possible, and with their concurrence the retreat began. As a matter of fact, Travers was senior in rank to Durand, and was really responsible for the retreat if it was premature. During this retreat the little party of ladies and children, without tents, baggage, or servants, suffered great hardship and exposure. Lady Durand's courage supported the other ladies through it all, and when the mutineer guns opened on the Residency, she was as cool and self-possessed as the bravest man there, expressing disgust at the cowardice of our own troops. After the retreat began she just escaped a soldier's death, a shot from one of the rebel guns having crashed through the wagon in which she was seated. A month later, on returning to Mhow, fever of a severe form seized her, and in a few days she sank under it, "dying as she had lived, in the thought of others, and in a calm reliance upon the mercy and love of God." The son, from whose biography I take this account of his mother's death, says that his father bowed humbly to the stroke, but it took the light out of his life, and the shadow that had fallen upon him was never wholly removed. Sir Robert Hamilton, for whom Sir Henry had been acting, having rejoined his appointment, the latter went to Calcutta and received the thanks of the Government for his services. He had already been decorated with the C.B., and was recommended for the higher class of the Order.

The next duty in which he was specially engaged by Lord Canning was concocting a scheme for the re-organization of the army. I see he recommended that the native cavalry should be formed on the irregular system. If by this he meant a

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regiment composed of three British officers, then, as a cavalry officer who has served both in the Regular and the present Bengal Cavalry, I can only say I am dead against him. In my judgment, a regiment should have a British officer to command each squadrom and troop. I consider that the efficiency of our present cavalry, admirable as it is, would be perfected by the addition of European officers sufficient to give a leader to each troop and squadron. I believe that as *dash* is the all-important feature in cavalry, more leaders are required in the cavalry than in the infantry, especially as cavalry are more liable to become scattered and get out of hand than infantry in attack and pursuit. I observe that Sir Henry Durand advocates single rank—I have often thought of this—but on the whole I prefer the *double* rank, except in special circumstances, such as when charging guns, for instance. Then I think single rank might be adopted with advantage, and could, I think, be adopted as the occasion arises. But the gaps appearing in single rank, during an advance over uneven ground against cavalry, for instance, would in my opinion tend to distract from the solidity of the onset, and also impair the confidence men feel in a closer formation, and this would not, at the critical moment, be compensated by the successive supports coming up in the rear. I speak with an experience of thirty-six years in the cavalry, and as one always devoted to the mounted branch of the service, during which I have been associated with Hussars, Dragoons, Regular, and Irregular Cavalry, both in peace and war. So even such a high authority as Sir Henry Durand, who was not a cavalry officer, would, I am bold enough to say, have given me an attentive hearing on a purely professional subject of this kind. Sir Henry was all in favour of a local European force, and wrote strongly on this point, but the majority were against him.

To the Indian Staff Corps he was greatly opposed, and I rather fancy that his opposition to the amalgamation scheme generally was prejudicial to his professional interests. However, he returned to India after the final decision in the amalgamation plan, and took up the appointment of the Indian Foreign Secretary. For this duty he was eminently qualified; he having an intimate knowledge of the native states and Indian history; and he spoke with fluency Hindostani and Persian, and had some acquaintance with Arabic.

By this time Sir J. Lawrence had succeeded to the Governor-Generalship of India. I have some recollection of hearing that

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the relations between Sir John and Sir Henry were not very cordial in public matters, but there was no personal breach, I believe, between the two, and they appreciated each other's character and abilities. Sir Henry's next post was that of member of the Governor-General's council, in the room of Sir R. Napier, appointed Commander-in-Chief of Bombay. I think it was at this period that Sir Henry had a narrow escape of his life. His house on Observatory Hill at Simla was struck by lightning, and he was partially stunned. Had he been standing a few paces on one side, he must have been killed. Some of the spectators thought that my house had been struck; it was only a short distance from Observatory Hill. I see that when the Abyssinian War was decided on Sir Henry Durand entertained some faint hope that he might be selected for the command of the army; but he never grudged his old friend his success. "Napier," he used to say, "has *le feu sacré*—there is no truer soldier alive."

As I have mentioned before, there were repeatedly something like angry differences between Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry Durand; but I would never believe that Sir Henry ever set himself, as Bosworth Smith asserts in his life of Lord Lawrence, deliberately to thwart the Governor-General, and to oppose as a matter of course every measure in which he was interested. It is possible that Sir Henry Durand may have been too fiery in his language and too unbending in his opposition to the Governor-General's views; but might not, as his son asks, Lord Lawrence have been somewhat too intolerant of any opposition? From what I saw and knew of Sir Henry Durand, I could understand his having strong opinions, and upholding them very vigorously, but his was far too noble a nature to descend to any obstruction in order to gratify feelings of spite. Sir Henry Durand always struck me as being the very soul of honour, incapable of anything small or peevish, such as Smith suggests. Some thought he was fond of fighting for fighting's sake; but I believe he only fought when he thought he ought to fight—and that was pretty often, I admit! The Governorship of the Punjab was, as is well known, the last appointment Sir Henry Durand held. As Sir Henry was known to be opposed to Lord Mayo's views, it was considered doubtful whether Lord Mayo's decision would be in his favour. However, he was nominated as successor to Sir D. Macleod, and the appointment was universally approved of in India. In the midst of the congratulations pouring

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in from all sides, he put his hand on the package of letters and telegrams beside him, and said to his daughter: "Ah! child, far from elating me, these make me very humbled. I fear they all expect too much, and will be disappointed!" A few months later his life was cut short by a cruel accident, and this great and good man ceased to be. On December 31, 1870, he reached the town of Tank. His son says that throughout the year he had been haunted by a presentiment that he had not much longer to live, and more than once he had given expression to this feeling. He was sure, he said, he should lay his bones on that frontier; but on the last day of his life he seems to have had no special sense of impending danger.

The sad story which describes the circumstances of Sir Henry Durand's death has been told by the son, as follows:—

"About five o'clock in the afternoon of December 31 he left his camp to visit the outpost, garden, and town of Tank. Having inspected the outpost on foot, he mounted an elephant, and, with the Tank chief seated beside him, went on to the garden. The entrance from the garden into the town consists, to quote the official report, 'of an outer gateway leading into a covered square enclosure, out of which a second gateway, at right angles to the first, leads into the main street. Both gateways are flat-topped, with wooden lintels. The outer gateway is of sufficient height to allow an elephant and howdah to pass, but the second gateway is considerably lower, and from the outer to the inner gateway the ground rises.' Towards this passage, as it was growing dusk, my father's elephant was turned. He was, of course, ignorant of the ground, and the mahout who drove the animal was equally so, for it was one of the camp elephants, the Tank chief having none of his own. They passed in safety through the first gateway, when it seems to have occurred to the mahout that the second was too low, and he raised his driving iron to measure the height. The iron struck against a beam overhead, and my father called out to the man to take care, but it was too late. As the mahout tried to turn the elephant, it started forward, frightened apparently by the noise overhead and by the darkness, and the howdah crashed into the roof. The Tank chief, though stunned by the blow, was found lying on the broken howdah when the elephant had cleared the gateway; but my father, a man of great weight, was forced backwards from his seat and fell to the ground on his head, striking against a hard mud wall. When the officers in attendance came up he was

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lying on his face, just beyond the inner gateway, bleeding and insensible. He was carried back to camp, and it was then found that he was partly paralyzed by a severe injury to the spine. At first there was some hope that he might survive the shock, for towards morning he had fully recovered consciousness, and was able to take some nourishment.

"He was then cheerful, and apparently unaware of the imminence of the danger; only concerned at giving so much trouble to those about him. As the day wore on, the medical men saw that recovery was impossible, and about four o'clock in the afternoon he was told that he could not live many hours. He met the announcement with perfect calmness. 'What a little thing,' he was heard to say to himself; 'it will be a warning.' His first thought was for his work, and calling for an officer of the Punjab secretarial, he gave orders that a telegram should be despatched at once to inform the Government of India. Then he sent for those of his children who were with him in camp; and after explaining to them where they would find all important papers, and entrusting them with some messages for others, he spoke a few words of farewell. He told them he was dying; that his life had been a hard and bitter one; and that the only thing which had borne him through it had been the love and fear of God. He begged them, as his last advice, to look to Christ in all things, to do justice, and to love the right. A few hours later he passed quietly away, and it seemed to some of those about him that he 'was glad to go.'"

And so ended, by a miserable accident, Sir Henry Durand's distinguished career, and by a melancholy coincidence his predecessor, Sir D. Macleod, died by a still more miserable accident, for he was killed on the railway, his feet having been crushed when trying to get into a moving train. Sir Henry Durand seems certainly to have been constantly in conflict with his superiors, and I suppose he will not escape from all blame on this account. But he always aimed at doing what he deemed to be right, and in spite of almost ceaseless opposition, "and by sheer weight of character and ability, he forced his way to the front, and succeeded to one of the highest positions in the land."

To me, who only knew Sir Henry in his private life, he always appeared the kindest, gentlest, and most courteous of men, and I can hardly realize the possibility of his being so constantly in such fierce antagonism with his colleagues. I suppose he had strong views, and still stronger feelings, which

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waxed warm at any contradiction, for he must have been conscious—as all such able men are, I believe—of his power.

Lord Mayo publicly announced his death with feelings of the deepest sorrow. He said: "By this unhappy event her Majesty has lost a true and faithful servant; the Viceroy an able and experienced comrade; the Punjab a just and energetic ruler; and the Indian Service one of its brightest ornaments. His Excellency feels assured that the sad intelligence of Sir H. Durand's untimely end will be received in every part of the empire with feelings of the keenest regret; not only amongst his brethren of the service and his many friends, but by thousands of his native fellow-subjects, whose interests and whose welfare it was the main object of his life to promote."

The Duke of Argyll, after referring to his gallantry in the field, and to his ability and the independence of his character, closed as follows: "The life of such a man is an example to the service, and her Majesty's Government deeply deplore his death."

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SIR HENRY HAVELOCK ALLEN, K.C.B. AND V.C.

THE brilliant services of this gallant officer and the renown he has achieved are so well known throughout the British army, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to enlarge upon them; but as I was attached to the same Staff with him for the best part of a year, and belonged to the same mess, composed of the General and his Staff, I esteem it a privilege and an honour to be able to claim him as one of my comrades during the great Indian rebellion, and to include him in the list of those distinguished officers with whom I have been at some time or other associated during my military career. I have observed that we were on the same Staff together. I refer to the period when he was Assistant Adjutant-General, and I was Assistant Quartermaster-General of Sir Edward Lugard's Division, subsequently commanded by Sir John Douglas, which was ordered after the fall of Lucknow in hot haste to the relief of Azimghur, then beleaguered by Koor Sing, an exceptionally able and astute native leader, the same man who gave us an infinity of trouble in the Jugdeespore jungles, and caused us, more than once, serious reverses before our Division tackled and disposed of him. He lost an arm, so it was reported to us, in one of our scrimmages, and died of his wound. We had a terrifically hot march, as it was the sweltering month of May. I remember seeing several (seven, I think) poor soldiers lying dead from the effects of sun-stroke, on completing one of our forced marches. I was, I believe, instrumental in saving the life of one man who happened to be suddenly struck down when toiling by the side of my horse. He was quite insensible, foaming at the mouth, and in convulsions, a condition not always attending sun-stroke, as some are smitten without any of the symptoms I have described. Fortunately there was some water close at hand, and I deluged him with it, and with the additional stimulant from my brandy-flask he eventually recovered.

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My friend Havelock, although he had been all through the Lucknow campaign, never seemed to be in the slightest degree affected by the heat or the ceaseless work, or indeed by anything else. He was always all there, indefatigable, ubiquitous, fresh and vigorous, and ready for any emergency. As for sleep, "he must have affrighted it." I hardly ever saw him under its influence, and I believe he rarely had his clothes off; and for so young a man I believe he had a professional knowledge of all branches of the service which it would have been difficult to beat, and this perhaps justified him in having such unbounded confidence in himself in all matters connected with his duties. I once differed with Havelock, and only once, and then I fear I blessed him backwards in my heart. The incident arose in this way. One day, during the campaign in the Jugdeespore jungles, I had been for some time leading a party of horsemen in hot pursuit of a detached body of Sepoys who were just then, though not visible at the moment, making their way through some heavy rice-fields, not far in our front. They appeared to me well-nigh exhausted, and losing their cohesion, and about to give me a fine chance of closing with them. Just at this critical moment Havelock galloped up, and by virtue of his senior rank claimed the assistance of my escort, which he ordered to follow him, in pursuit of another party of the enemy which he had caught sight of, and which he (I suppose) thought there was a better chance of capturing than that which I had been after. I believe now, though I did not realize it in the excitement of the chase, that Havelock was not aware of the efforts I had been making to overtake the fugitives, who appeared to me to be almost within my grasp. I am sure Havelock was far too good a soldier to have thwarted me, had he known the condition of things in my front. The whole affair was the work of a few moments, and he was off like the wind. But had the Duke of Wellington at that conjuncture intervened between me and my prey, I am sure I should have consigned him to a place where the fire is hotter than any to which even he in his fiercest battle had ever been exposed! I am telling the story as it presents itself to me after the lapse of nearly forty years, and if Havelock's recollection differs from mine in details, he will not take any exception to my version if fundamentally correct, the more especially that it never, as far as I know, left any trace of soreness between us. We were both trying to serve our country to the best advantage, and possibly had I been in Havelock's place,

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and in the same circumstances, I should have exercised my right, as he did his on that occasion.

We had no difficulty in relieving Azimghur, the enemy making themselves scarce almost as soon as we appeared. It was strange that the Pandies did not show a bolder front, for they had withstood Lord Mark Kerr's column, which had marched to the aid of Azimghur, with a stoutness which required all his energetic resources to overcome them, and his lordship had sustained some serious losses before he succeeded in succouring the garrison. We had one or two small fights on the way down, but the opposition was very feeble. We relieved the enemy of their two guns, such as they were, on one occasion, and I think it was during this affair that young Havelock was killed, and a few days afterwards, when nearing Azimghur, Hamilton, my brother officer in the 10th Light Cavalry, leading a charge of Irregular Cavalry against a party of the enemy who were then intact. I have mentioned the death of these officers in the foregoing pages. After the dispersion of the rebels at Azimghur, they retreated to the Jugdeespore jungles, and we followed them, and the work that then devolved upon us was most harassing and laborious and continuous, lasting throughout the whole of the hot season, when in the ordinary times of peace a man would not put his nose out of doors for an instant; he thought he had exposed himself sufficiently if he went out for a couple of hours' exercise soon after the dawn of day, and never quitted the house again till the sun was well on the wane. On arriving at the jungles of Jugdeespore, we had to open it out and cut ways through it in order to carry on our operations. The enemy were collected in formidable strength under the redoubtable Koor Sing at the town of Jugdeespore, in the very heart of the jungle. In due time we penetrated the jungle, step by step, but not without the necessary precautions, the absence of which had brought some of our predecessors to grief, until we reached the capital, from which we expelled Koor Sing and his host without much ceremony. They stood their ground till we were close upon them. They must, however, have perceived us, for all of a sudden they poured one tremendous volley, which for the moment startled and staggered everybody; but as I said before, the pause was for an instant only, for the word immediately afterwards rang out clearly, "Forward," from General Sir John Douglas, and on we pushed, straight at the foe, who, however, thought after their brave discharge discretion

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the better part of valour, and therefore hooked it. Their volley must have been very ill directed, for I believe only one or two men suffered from the effects: I suppose the bullets went over the heads of the men. I myself was not under this fire, for the General had just before sent me with a regiment of Madras Rifles to clear out a village on our flank, but this the enemy evacuated as I approached; and as I was returning to the main body I heard the volley: it sounded terrific, and so near that I fully expected to find no end of wigs on the grass. I dare say I felt within myself a relief that I was not directly within the line of this fire. Koor Sing's brave army seemed to have lost heart since the Azimghur days, but they still retained their perseverance; for although we drove them right out of the jungle, they returned later on, and we had to do our work all over again, and expel them as before. But this next time we so cleared away the jungle, cutting it up into sections like the spaces on a chess-board, that it no longer afforded any effectual shelter to the enemy, who were thus completely frustrated and irretrievably dispersed. This brought our Jugdeespore campaign to an end, and if it did not cover us with immortal glory, it certainly bore abundant testimony to the endurance and tenacity and indomitable perseverance characteristic of the British soldier; and I venture to think that all who took a part in that harassing work richly deserve a fair share of honour, and the gratitude of their country. As a proof of the hard work that had been exacted from the soldiers, I may mention that I have a recollection that a medical committee investigated the condition of the 84th Regiment during the Jugdeespore campaign, with the result that only twenty-five men out of the whole corps were pronounced fit for further service; and they were accordingly sent into cantonments for a brief rest. It was wonderful how soon they recovered. And of all the officers who composed the Division, commanded first by Sir Edward Lugard, and finally by Sir John Douglas, I honestly believe that there was not one to whom more credit was due for his indefatigable exertions than to Sir H. Havelock. As we commenced the campaign together so we ended it together, and went home together. I, however, very nearly failed to get so far, for on our way down country, whilst we were on board a small craft, viewing the city of Benares from the river, I was suddenly seized with cholera. I do not know much about this transaction, for I became

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insensible very soon after the attack. I believe I was spared the agonizing spasms which generally accompany this fell disease, but I had all the other symptoms. I was told that I became quite green before I recovered my senses; but blue, I am told, is the usual colour of fatal cases. Although my state was very dangerous whilst it lasted, I fancy the form of cholera under which I suffered was not as exhausting as that which follows on spasmodic cholera, for in a few days I was able to accompany my comrades of the Staff, Douglas, Havelock, and Stevenson, on our way home.

It is rather a strange coincidence that as I was laid low with cholera after the Mutiny when I was on my way home, so was I again seized with the symptoms preliminary to cholera when on my way to rejoin my regiment after the Afghan campaign. On this occasion I think I averted the development of the attack by at once resorting to a very deep dive into the brandy-bottle. In connection with this subject, I am reminded of a circumstance which, I think, shows that men have a predisposition to this cruel malady, for I was told that my cousin, General Gall, late of the 14th Dragoons, was very nearly dead from an attack of cholera whilst marching with his regiment through Indore, and some twenty-five years afterwards, when passing through the same station, he was again smitten with the same fearful disease, from which, however, he again recovered.

On board ship on our way home I noticed one very peculiar feature in Havelock, which occurs to me as I write, that whilst (as I have mentioned before) he never seemed to require any sleep in the field, he was never awake on our voyage home. It appeared as if Nature was now recouping herself for all the deprivations she had gone through in the campaign. I can cordially endorse what Sir Owen Burne says of Havelock: "He was a gallant soldier, and his is a record of services of which any one might be proud even in a period of heroic deeds."

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FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART, G.C.B.

I WAS associated with this distinguished officer in the Peshawur days in 1852 and 1853. At this time Lord Roberts was also one of our mutual friends. We were Adjutants, if I mistake not, of our respective regiments.

It is true that we do not move *quite* in the same sphere in our old age that we did in our youth, yet I venture to flatter myself that the Field-Marshal—though covered with honour and exalted to the very highest point attainable in a military career—would offer me now as warm and cordial a greeting as he would have done when we were jolly subalterns together. Circumstances seemed to have intended that we should not be dissociated in times of peace—though we were not often comrades in time of war!—for we were constantly meeting.

I remember my wife and Lady Stewart went home together from Peshawur. There were no railroads in those days, and they were "in the same boat" from Mooltan to Kurachee, and thence to England.

At Simla, our houses, during the season, were only two or three hundred yards apart, and my nephew (now Colonel Farmer), afterwards aide-de-camp to the Viceroy, who was residing with us, was on very intimate terms with the Stewarts, and was the recipient of great kindness from them. He saw them almost daily. The last pleasing office that devolved on me, in connection with Lady Stewart, occurs to my mind whilst I am writing: that I escorted her to Bath, when she so kindly presented the prizes to the young ladies at the Royal School for Officers' Daughters, an institution in which I have always been much interested.

Sir Donald was, as I said above, Adjutant of his regiment, the 9th Native Infantry, notoriously the smartest corps in the service, and I have no doubt that the perfection to which it attained was largely due to his able supervision and instruction.

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Physically, Sir Donald was a strikingly well-built, fine, manly young fellow. As regards his intellectual qualities, they must have been much above the average, considering how successfully he dealt with all the civil, political, and military questions which arose during his arduous and responsible labours. But I do not suppose that any of our prophetic souls ever forecast the probability of Sir Donald becoming a Field-Marshal, yet I cannot remember at this moment any of my military friends whom I should have thought more likely to forge his way to the front, and to make a name for himself, if the opportunity only came in his way, than Sir Donald. We all looked upon him as a first-rate officer, with a clear head, sound judgment, and particularly astute, and what I should call "knowing," in the widest acceptation of the term; and then his personal advantages, his splendid figure and soldier-like presence, his cheery, confident temperament, seemed to stamp him as a likely leader amongst men. As this is written so many years after the event, one naturally is very wise; but still I think the points to which I have alluded were so markedly characteristic of Sir Donald, that they could not have failed to have occurred to any one who had been thrown at all into his society in his early days.

That he had not only a good head, but a stout heart, was abundantly proved by his adventurous ride from Agra to Delhi, when he certainly carried his life in his hand. He and his companion Mr. Ford were liable to be cut off at every step they took in the fulfilment of that self-imposed task, demanding as it did an indomitable perseverance and a reckless disregard of danger which ought to have won for them the Cross of Valour over and over again. Colonel Laurie has given an account of this perilous journey, gathered from particulars which appeared in an Indian newspaper. But the narrative, though fairly correct as far as it goes, falls woefully short of the imminent perils that were daily and nightly incurred by Sir Donald Stewart and his companion in this remarkable exploit. I know myself of no feat that can compare with it, unless it be Kavanagh's daring enterprise from Lucknow to Alum Bagh; or Sir J. Outram's ride from Khelat to Bombay.

The Indian paper said: "They had many hairbreadth escapes —on one occasion putting up at a village where some mutineers were actually encamped, and only being saved from capture by the loyalty of the 'Tehsildar,' who smuggled them out, and directed them as to the safest road.

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"On arriving in the neighbourhood of Delhi, they found the enemy's pickets and patrols on every side, and but for the services of a native guide, a 'budmash,' who wiped out his past sins by faithfully guiding the two Englishmen, they would have been captured. They indeed came across a hostile patrol, but by boldly riding at the enemy got past them, the latter not knowing who might be behind the two strangers."

The British lines were at last reached in safety. This dangerous mission was accomplished in a way that could not fail to win approbation, and Sir Donald was immediately given an appointment on the Staff as Deputy Adjutant-General.

Of the dangers attending this wonderful undertaking, I have mournful reason for remembering, for a near relation of mine—Captain Gall, of one of the Oude Native Cavalry Regiments—attempted the very same mission, and was suddenly attacked at night whilst halting in some village, and cut to pieces; and I myself must have had a squeak, how near I cannot tell, when riding up to join Lord Roberts' camp in the Kurum Valley, for I came across the mutilated bodies of three or four Sepoys in one of the passes, who had evidently been recently murdered, and the bloody hands that committed these foul deeds might not have been far off, as far as I knew. I was quite alone.

He served throughout the siege and capture of Delhi, the capture of Lucknow, and the Rohilcund campaign. He commanded a brigade in the Abyssinian expedition, which gained him the C.B. On his promotion to Major-General, he was appointed Governor of the Andaman Islands. It was during this time that Lord Mayo was assassinated, but no blame whatever was attached to him, and he subsequently succeeded to the Divisional Command of Meean Meer. On the Afghan War breaking out in 1878, he was selected to command the Southern field force, destined to capture Kandahar, which was effected with complete success.

But the march through the Bolan and over the Khojak, with scarcely a trace of a road, and with an utterly inadequate transport, entailed on the troops hardships of the severest kind. Sir Donald seems to have at once secured a strong hold on the people of Southern Afghanistan, for they acquiesced in his rule without any serious attempt at resistance. On the second outbreak of the Afghan War, consequent on Cavignari's murder, Sir Donald Stewart was ordered to march for Cabul *viâ* Ghuznee. He had a stiff fight at Ahmed Khel, and Shalez, and Urzoo.

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I remember thinking at the time, when I read the account of the Ahmed Khel battle, that it was a most ticklish affair, and after a recent and most careful study of that operation, I am more convinced than ever that Sir Donald Stewart was involved in difficultles (from no fault in his disposition) of the gravest nature, and in so quickly extricating his shaken troops as he did from their perilous position, he must have exercised a wonderful control over them ; a less capable commander would probably have suffered a disaster on that occasion. He was opposed to an Afghan army, estimated at about 16,000 of all arms, twenty-three miles from Ghuznee. The enemy had taken up a formidable position on a ridge of low hills running along both sides of the road by which the British force was advancing. No sooner had our guns opened fire than the crest of the range appeared alive with men, and from their centre—whilst their footmen swept down on our infantry and guns on our left—their horsemen dashed down some ravines and charged the 19th Bengal Lancers on the left flank before they could acquire sufficient speed to meet them. The Lancers were driven back in some confusion, throwing into disorder for a few moments the 3rd Ghoorkhas, who were in the way of their retreat. But Colonel Lyster, V.C., was equal to the occasion, and immediately threw his men into company squares and defied the Afghan horsemen. Meanwhile, the Afghan footmen pressed on with an ardour that seemed almost irresistible. The whole of the reserve was called up to support the front line. But our guns and breechloaders did not stop the enemy for an instant. On they came with extraordinary determination. Our guns about this time, having exhausted their ammunition, had to fall back for a short distance to replenish their supply, and the left flank of our infantry was also forced back. This was the critical moment, for both flanks were turned, and our infantry were rendered somewhat unsteady by the tremendous onset of the enemy. The 3rd Ghoorkhas and the 2nd Sikhs seem to have behaved splendidly at this trying juncture. Both regiments stood firm as rocks, and just then Major Tillard was able to render some effectual service with his 40-pounder guns. The batteries having now taken up fresh ground renewed their fire, and the infantry, having recovered from their momentary hesitation and confusion, plied the breechloaders ceaselessly. The Afghans, unable to face this pitiless storm of shot and shell, staggered on for a few moments, then fell back, and in a few more moments were in full retreat,

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completely defeated. They soon lost all cohesion, and fled in every direction. They lost heavily, probably between two and three thousand killed and wounded; the British loss having been, comparatively speaking, very slight, only seventeen killed and about a hundred and twenty wounded. I infer that the enemy could have never made good their onset on any part of the British line. It seems to me that the staunchness of the 3rd Ghoorkhas and the 2nd Sikhs, when all did not show the same indomitable front, was beyond all praise, and I hope they received their reward.

The next battle took place on April 23, five days after the action at Ahmed Khel. The Afghans had posted themselves between the two villages of Shalez and Urzoo, which were about half-a-mile apart. I suppose they must have lost heart by their defeat at Ahmed Khel, for they made very little resistance, though holding a strong position, and both villages were quickly captured, with the loss of only two men killed and eight wounded. The loss of the enemy was estimated at four hundred killed and wounded.

It was a grand march, and most ably conducted, through an enemy's country the greater part of the way, and was accomplished with little loss. On arriving at Cabul, Stewart assumed supreme command of the forces in Afghanistan. It is well known now that he made over the flower of his army to Lord Roberts, whom he nominated to command the force destined to retrieve the disaster of Maiwand.

How magnificently the avenging duty was carried out is a matter of history; but it is not so well known that Sir Donald Stewart might have asserted the right to command this expedition, but he unselfishly waived his claim in favour of Lord Roberts.

After this, on Abdool Rahman assuming the government of Cabul, Sir Donald Stewart received instructions to evacuate the country, and so complete and effectual were the arrangements made for this purpose, that the British army marched back to India without let or hindrance of any kind. And this terminated Sir Donald Stewart's active service in the field; but he did not leave India till he had filled with uninterrupted success the highest military appointment, viz. that of Commander-in-Chief of India.

All those who were associated with Sir Donald Stewart, and knew him best, were impressed by his calmness under difficulties,

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and strict adherence to the business he had in hand, never swerving either to the right or to the left in the performance of his duties. He did at all times what he believed to be right, and served his country without ever giving a thought to himself. He had a supreme contempt of humbug, and made all under him thoroughly understand what his views were on that subject. He told the plain truth, and magnified nothing. The Afghans had, as I was told by one who was intimate with him, a wholesome dread of his eyebrows, and thought him a hundred years old and full of wisdom. All those who know him well rejoice that Government has handsomely rewarded him for his invaluable services. A Grand Cross of the Bath, a Baronetcy, a Field-Marshal's bâton, and a gift of £12,500 have been bestowed upon him. And long may he live to enjoy his honours, which, by his own unassisted merits, he has so gloriously won for himself!

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GENERAL SIR W. OLPHERTS, K.C.B. AND V.C.

THIS gallant officer, who enjoys a reputation for personal bravery in the field of battle almost unrivalled, was once my commanding officer. He was Brigadier-General at Bareilly, where my regiment, the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, was quartered at that time.

As my duties in the field never brought me in touch with Olpherts' Battery during the Mutiny, I was not a witness of his valorous deeds, which have conferred on him such renown. But who can take up a story or history of the Indian rebellion—witness, for instance, the works of Kaye, Forbes, Sherer, Malleson, Maud, &c.—without feeling an enthusiastic admiration for the hero who is generally recognized by the appropriate designation of "Hell-fire Jack"? It is said that Lord Napier, who knew him well, and considered him an invaluable officer on service, declared that Olpherts never went into action without earning the Victoria Cross, and his reckless daring became proverbial in the army during the Oude campaign.

My association with him was confined to the piping times of peace, when his warlike tendencies had no scope for development, excepting that I believe he was sometimes inclined to have an occasional flare-up with some of his subordinate officers who had the audacity to differ with him on any subject, professional or otherwise. I myself was exceptionally fortunate, for the whole time I was under his command I never remember having once received a single impatient, hasty, or reproving word from him. He was an honorary member of our mess, and dined with my regiment every night. So I saw a great deal of him, and we were always the best of friends. Sometimes, if he happened to discuss any subject rather warmly in which I did not concur, I generally kept silent, and he, observing this, would say in a friendly, chaffing strain: "Colonel, you are not talking much, but I know you are thinking a good deal." To which I

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would reply quietly: "Yes, General, perhaps that is so, but I am not going to tell you what is coursing through my mind," and he was rather more amused than affronted by my answer. I might, perchance, have been influenced by the warning of the poet, who says—

> "My tongue within my lips I rein,
> For who talks much, must talk in vain."

General Olpherts' martial ardour was always simmering and longing to burst forth into a blaze, if he could only find the opportunity for indulging his propensity. In the absence of real fights, he used to gratify his soldierly instincts by having constant sham fights, which were designed to represent the genuine thing as much as possible. To aid in this fiction, I used to deliver with my regiment brilliant charges against a retreating but invisible enemy. The grandest troops in the world would surely have quailed before my onslaught, and I fancy I rather "fetched" our warrior General by my fearless demeanour on these bloodless occasions; for I would gallop up to him at a furious pace, and report in breathless haste something to this grandiloquent effect—

"Please, sir, I saw your infantry and guns had broken the enemy's line, and that they were retiring in disorder, so I took the liberty, as the ground was suitable, to charge them without your orders. I hope you will approve. I have completely routed them, and scattered them to the four winds." "That's right, sir," the gallant General would exultingly exclaim, "that's exactly what I want you to do, sir. Never wait for orders, and thus lose a precious opportunity which may never occur again. It is moments like those, when 'taken at the flood,' which lead on to victory!" and so on. By this independent action and resolute purpose, which I think the General considered "dash," I certainly made a favourable impression, and the General always seemed to convey to me the idea, that however others might fail occasionally and get it hot, I invariably did the right thing, and was often praised much, I fear, beyond my deserts. It will, therefore, be readily understood that my lot was cast in pleasant places in those Bareilly days, although I was serving under that awful firebrand who was supposed to be a terror to all who came in his way.

There is one anecdote so characteristic of General Olpherts that I must tell it. There was a Temperance Meeting (I am

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not sure that it was not a teetotal one), and our valiant General was in the chair, presiding with his usual dignity and urbanity. I was present. Everybody knows that he possesses a wealth of words, and is vigorously eloquent, when the occasion demands a full expression of his pent-up feelings. Well, the General made an excellent speech, full of force and fervour; but a little frothy, perhaps, when he dilated on the flowing bowl, bubbling over with that liquid which is not brewed by nature, which is stronger though not purer than "Adam's ale." I'll be bound there was running through his festive mind those well-known bright, genial lines—

> "'Tis ale makes us happy and gay,
> The Lethe and balm of all woe.
> Let's drown the full jug while we may,
> A bumper to blessings below."

If, perchance, the brave old warrior happened to remember this cheery, refreshing song, I have no doubt he said to himself, adopting my view—

> "How sweetly such metres express
> The feelings that animate me,
> Who deprecates any excess,
> When liquids are stronger than tea."

But this is a digression. His discourse reached the climax of his persuasive power when he enlarged in glowing terms on the enormous moral and physical advantages of temperance, which he assured us, his audience, was the very best medicine a man could ever take. "Drink," he said (or evidently intended to say), "first dims, then darkens, and then damns," and then he gravely proceeded to remind the attentive soldiers that "beer brings many to their bier," and that "ardent spirits" are too often "evil spirits." Towards the close of his Temperance speech he was perhaps a trifle humorous, for after telling us how he admired all those who had the moral courage to control their inclinations when those inclinations were likely to lead them astray, he wound up with a splendid peroration, in which he, whilst honouring those who did not exceed, at the same time, with a stupendous bang on the table with his strong right hand, exclaimed that he would not give a straw for a soldier who could not take his glass of grog like a man; and finally, with a threatening mien and a defiant shake of his Hibernian head, he resumed his seat amid tumultuous applause. In fact he fairly brought the house (of Temperance) down, and the

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excited soldiers, with one heart and one mind, all agreed that they had never heard a speech on "sobriety" that could compare with that of General Olpherts on that eventful evening.

And after all, if one carefully reflects on the sentiments so graphically expressed by the chairman on that occasion, are there not many God-fearing men who think with General Olpherts—I for one share in the opinion—that the moderate glass should not be withheld from the toiling British soldier, believing "that a little wine does make glad the heart of man"? I remember quite well hearing a clergyman preaching a Temperance sermon, and he selected for his text the well-known words of St. Paul—"Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," clearly proving that it was good for us all to follow this advice. If in a doggerel vein, as I too often am, I dare say General Olpherts would have said or sung—

> "The wine that cheers does not inflame,
> To *that* I always kindly take;
> Abstainers all should do the same,
> If only for their stummey's sake."

Those who belong to the United Service Club will not require to be told that at their annual meetings, when "Bill Olpherts" stands up, not the strongest man in the room can get him down again until he is pleased to be seated. Firm as a rock, and confident of the justice and cogency of his cause, and with a stentorian voice which would make every one tremble, were not his audience composed entirely of British officers accustomed to stand fire, he thunders forth his views with a majestic eloquence which would be absolutely convincing to all if they could only feel and think as he does. Well, if the old orator and warrior does sometimes "speak daggers," he "does not use them," at least not within the walls of the United Service Club. If by any unfortunate chance he should let slip some expression which should have been kept closely locked up in his burning bosom, no man was ever more ready than he to acknowledge his indiscretion, and in terms so becoming that he always secures full absolution from all who hear him. I have a right to say this, for on one occasion, when I pointed out to him a phrase in his speech which I thought was objectionable, he immediately admitted his mistake, and the very first public opportunity that presented itself, he gracefully expressed his regret that he had incautiously given utterance to anything that was susceptible of a meaning which he had not intended to convey. To show

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that I myself have sympathized in his views, I may mention that I have more than once seconded resolutions proposed by him, and although we were defeated, I am still of opinion that General Olpherts' suggestions, if carried, would have added to the popularity and advantage of the club, which, when he is called away, will lose in him a true friend, and I too, if I do not precede him.

I have, as I have mentioned before, only served with General Olpherts in times of peace, and with a harmony that never once was disturbed by a single discordant note; and I should, I am sure, have been equally fortunate had I been thrown with him in times of war, excepting that I half fear that my martial bearing, which was so conspicuous in the Bareilly battle-fields, would not have quite fulfilled the expectations that General Olpherts had formed of me when he and I fought and conquered together in the piping times of peace; for although I can remember the time when I would gladly have bartered my right arm in exchange for a Victoria Cross, yet truth compels me to confess that my military instincts are not just now in such an inflamed state as to lead me to suppose that I should, if put to the test, desire in my heart to be placed in positions which would give me an opportunity of earning a Victoria Cross *every time* I went into action. I should, I think, prefer, generously prefer, after I had secured one Victoria Cross for myself, that others, who had not been so fortunate, should have a chance of sharing in that honour. And I hardly dare to imagine that "Hell-fire Jack" would be satisfied with such very moderate aspirations on the part of an officer who had so distinguished himself under his command when he was our glorious leader in the Bareilly days.

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SIR HENRY NORMAN, G.C.B.

OF all the distinguished officers that I have known in India—and they are very many—I cannot recall one who has had a more eventful or diversified career than Sir Henry Norman. Others may have, perhaps, had as brilliant a military record, though this would be hard to find, or shone as splendidly in the civil and political sphere; but none, I think, has ever been more continuously behind the Government scenes, "or can claim a more varied experience in all the controlling departments, by the harmonious combination of which the wondrous Indian Empire has been maintained in its integrity and power." Every one who knew Norman was aware of his tenacious memory, and that his command of the details of Indian military administration amounted to a proverb, and he has since shown that his administrative capacity is not confined to military questions, but extends to the government of countries so divergent as Jamaica and Queensland, where his rule has proved a brilliant success. So much were his services appreciated in those lands, that the ministers, on the part of the people of both those countries, requested that he might not be relieved on the termination of his term of office, if he could be prevailed upon to prolong his services. Surely no ruler could produce a more flattering or substantial testimony of his popularity than this spontaneous application afforded. I remember his telling me with his own lips, that on his arrival at Jamaica he was at once met with intense hostility, as it was known that the new system of government, which he had been sent out expressly to introduce, fell far short of what the unanimous voice of the inhabitants had demanded. But Norman, whilst obeying the orders of the supreme authority with inflexible resolution, succeeded in carrying out his instructions with such tact, temper, and judgment, that he very soon conciliated his opponents, and on laying down the reins of government a few years afterwards he received a trium-

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phant ovation, and at a farewell banquet that took place on his leaving Jamaica, all those who had been conspicuously his bitterest enemies when he landed, hastened to do him honour, and were his fastest friends on the eve of his departure; and I believe that the people of Queensland at this very time, as the sands of his government are running out, are entreating him not to leave them, and if I am not mistaken the British Government are not only disposed to concur in the extension of his term of office, but so impressed are they with the value of his remarkable administrative abilities, that they have given him a free hand to fix the duration of his further services in the government of Queensland. Now if we look back on the wonderful life of Sir Henry Norman, we find nothing in the earliest stages which would account for his steady advancement in every path in which his varied duties have led him. I mean, like Sir Donald Stewart, he had no social or professional interests and influence to give him a helping hand at the outset of his career. He was the architect of his own fortune. His own personal merits, and nothing else, carried him step by step to the front. His family was entirely unconnected with India till 1840, when his father, who had been for many years a merchant at Cuba, went to Calcutta, and became a partner in a merchant's house there. His son, when only fifteen and a half years of age, joined him in 1842, and I conclude he was engaged in his father's business, without any idea of entering the military profession. However, in 1844 he received a cadetship, and was posted to the 31st Native Infantry. I believe he had always wished to be a soldier, but had no expectation of his aspirations being gratified.

An amusing story has been told of Norman's first appearance on parade as a mounted officer. The occurrence to which I refer happened just forty-two years ago. His regiment, the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, was quartered at Lahore; and, for some reason or other, the Adjutant was one day unable to attend the parade. In his absence Ensign Norman was told off to perform the duty, and for this purpose the Adjutant lent him his charger. Now at this early period of his career, Norman was not a horseman! As a matter of fact, he had never ridden anything but his own very small and docile little pony, whose paces and manners were so smooth and placid that he had up to that time really acquired no experience in the difficulties of equitation under obstructive circumstances. So when he proceeded to mount the great big charger, even his stout heart was rather inclined to quail

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a bit at the prospect of his making an exhibition of himself. However, all went well for the first half-hour; but suddenly, without any apparent reason, the acting Adjutant began to ride off the parade at a foot's pace towards home. It was observed that he never exceeded a walk, and it was supposed that he must have been taken ill. Every now and then there was a momentary pause, and a slight agitation, as if there was some difference of opinion between horse and rider as to the direction they should take; but again on they quietly went, till they were out of sight. It subsequently transpired that the charger, finding out that he was the master, as clever horses sometimes do, thought he might just as well retire, having had quite enough of it, and accordingly he resolutely bent his steps homewards; and whenever Norman tried to turn him back to the path where his duty lay, he began to evince an impatient agility which was not in accord with the rider's stability, and although the equine resistance was of the mildest character, the effect of the recalcitrant movements so disturbed Norman's equilibrium that, feeling the "balance" of power was not in his favour, and that he incurred the serious risk of being, like so many Radicals of the present day, *unseated*, he therefore was constrained to acquiesce in the inevitable, that is to say, he thought it wiser and safer to let the charger have, for once, his own sweet will—and he had it! It eventuated in Norman being taken, much against his will, not to his own home, the haven where he naturally would have wished to be, under the circumstances, but straight to the stable, some distance off, where the charger was wont to dwell. I have told this story, perhaps not quite in the same words, but certainly nearly in the same meaning as it was told to me; and all I can say is this, that I am confident no one of woman born ever before or since reduced Henry Norman to such an abject state of subserviency as was seen on this occasion!

This story reminds me of a horsy incident not less humiliating in which I myself took a prominent, but certainly not a spontaneous, part. I had just been dismissed from the riding-school, and this implied that I was an efficient horseman, and qualified to join the regiment on parade. Accordingly, the very first morning (I think) we were out for drill I accompanied my squadron, which during the evolution was ordered to charge. The word was given: "Walk—Trot—Gallop!—Charge!" and off we dashed, at our utmost speed. I was one of the "serifiles," that is to say, my post was in rear of the rear rank. I was, in those days, a very

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light weight, and on this occasion I was mounted on a particularly fast horse, far too fleet, as it proved to be, for those in front of it; for in a few moments I plunged right into the middle of the mass of horsemen jammed together before me, and in another moment, by the sudden, violent impact, I was lifted clean out of the saddle, and was landed on the bare back of the horse, close to the tail, and there I clung on like grim death. The high cantle of the hussar saddle effectually prevented my regaining my seat. In fact, it was as much as I could manage to retain my critical position. When I emerged from the crowd I soon forged ahead of everybody, and a pretty figure I must have cut! It strikes me there could not have been much to choose between the pictures Norman and myself presented on the morning when we appeared for the first time mounted on the parades of our respective regiments. If Norman's bearing, as he and his charger stalked slowly away, was not sublime, mine was certainly most ridiculous. There was, however, a difference between us, and it was not in my favour, for Norman did not profess to be a horseman in those days, whereas I rather plumed myself on the reputation I had acquired in the riding-school; and although I was not actually sent sprawling on the ground, my pride if not myself endured a grievous fall.

With the 31st Native Infantry he went through the second Sikh campaign, and saw some very hard fighting, and he won his spurs most gallantly. His regiment formed a part of Sir W. Gilbert's column, which pursued the Afghans and drove them helter-skelter back to Cabul, after the surrender of the Sikh army at Googerat. This took him to Peshawur, where I first met him. Shortly after his arrival, Sir Colin Campbell, who had been much struck by and admired his cool, soldierly bearing in the Punjab campaign, at once gave him a flattering proof of his appreciation of his services by selecting him to officiate as brigade-major, and in that capacity he accompanied Sir Colin Campbell's expedition in the Kohat Pass in 1850. It was on this occasion that young Norman showed what dauntless stuff he was made of, and from the day that I heard of his gallant feat, I have never ceased to regard him as one of the bravest of the brave. He was thanked by Sir Charles Napier, and was made a substantive brigade-major, a very rare distinction in so young an officer. Sir Charles Napier refers to Norman in these terms: "In the pass of Kohat a Sepoy picket, descending a precipitous mountain under fire and the rolling of large stones, had some men

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killed and wounded. Four of the latter, dreadfully hurt, crept under some rocks for shelter. They were not missed until the picket reached the bottom, but were then discovered by our glasses, high up and helpless. Fortunately the enemy did not see them, and some Sepoys volunteered a rescue, headed by Norman of the 31st Native Infantry and Ensign Murray of the 70th Native Infantry. These brave men—would that the names of all were known to me for record!—ascended the rocks in defiance of the enemy and brought the wounded men down. Such generous daring called for prompt recognition, and two vacant appointments in my gift were given, that of brigade-major to Norman, and the adjutancy of an Irregular Cavalry regiment to Murray." I have read of many noble deeds performed by brave and devoted men in the heat of action, and which have excited my enthusiastic admiration, but there always appeared to me something in the surroundings of this gallant incident so chivalrous, so self-denying; done, not on the impulse of the moment, but the cool, deliberate determination to rescue, in the face of the exulting and fierce enemy, who had just driven the picket down the mountain side, those poor hapless wounded men left on the rocks to perish miserably by sword or starvation, that I could not conceive any praise too great, or any reward too lavish, for the heroes who succeeded in saving their disabled comrades on this memorable day. Of course this heroic feat would have insured Norman and Murray the possession of the Victoria Cross had this decoration been in existence in those days. One pictures to oneself the dauntless actor in such a soul-stirring scene some grand stalwart son of Anak, a Probyn or a Lumsden or a Nicholson, formed by Nature to sweep from the face of the earth any number of Afghans who dared to stand for an instant in his irresistible path. Whereas Norman was in those days (he is not very appalling to look at even now) a beardless, modest, unassuming boy, with an exceptionally slight figure. Such examples as these are never forgotten, and they inspire and spur men on to daring deeds at critical moments, and the remembrance of them awakens an emulous echo in every soldier's heart. There must, I think, have been something catching in Norman's example, for I notice that several of those who are very nearly related to him have done most excellent service, and have highly distinguished themselves, and if they were indebted for any assistance to their powerful relation, of which I know absolutely nothing, and only

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refer to it lest a suspicion of nepotism should arise in the minds of any one, I can only say that it is not often that an officer can so justly boast of a brother and two brothers-in-law who have more ably and promptly and gallantly taken advantage of the opportunities that have presented themselves to them, or have more richly deserved the honours that have been conferred on them. Although I believe Norman never was rich in this world's goods, he was always generous in helping those who needed it, and those who know him best will join with me in certifying to his unswerving friendship, no matter how far his friend may have failed to keep pace with him in the social race, and by this token I well remember how, amidst the ceaseless demands on his leisure on the eve of his departure to Queensland, he *made* the time to come and see me for a few minutes before he left to bid me farewell. The recollection of the cordial grasp of his gallant hand, and the test of his personal favour at that our parting moment, has still a warm place in my heart, and is not likely to be forgotten by me. Who would not be proud of such an honour, conferred by one of England's most illustrious and successful men? I have not time nor space to enter into a detail of all the military services in which he was engaged, and in which he gained signal distinction. At the siege of Delhi he was especially noticed, and inspired all with renewed energy who had an opportunity of witnessing his own unshaken confidence. He received for the Mutiny a medal and three clasps, and directly he became a captain in 1860 the brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel were conferred on him. He was twenty-five times mentioned in despatches. Amongst the numerous appointments he held after the Mutiny may be mentioned that of Assistant Military Secretary for Indian Affairs at the Horse Guards, Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, Military Secretary to the Indian Government, Military Member of the Viceroy's Council, and Member of the Indian Council in England. In 1863 he was made one of the aides-de-camp to the Queen. His fertile brain was, I believe, mainly responsible for the production of the present Indian Staff Corps system. How far it has answered its purpose I know not; but whether perfect or susceptible of improvement, of one thing I am certain, that probably no one in the whole army was better qualified than Norman, from his vast experience, his intimate knowledge of the requirements of the army, and his exceptional talents, to undertake the preparation of such a difficult and complicated task. It would

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have baffled most men. There are few officers of the Indian service who have not had reason to bless Norman for their present improved positions, privileges, and pensions, which are incomparably superior to any retiring advantages that existed under the old East India Company. It is known to all that Norman might have crowned his almost marvellous career by becoming Viceroy of India. I am one of those who think that he was eminently fitted for that exalted position. I believe he would have surpassed all his previous triumphs, and would, when his great work was done, have emerged from his high office with the acclamation of a mighty empire, and would have earned for himself from his grateful country still further honours and enhanced renown.

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SIR C. BROWNLOW, G.C.B.

THIS officer first made his mark at a very early period of his career. I knew him well when he was quite a young man. We were quartered together at the different outposts of the Peshawur frontier named Abóozaiee, Shubquduer, and Michnee; and I think, in carrying out the duties at these outposts, officers become more intimately acquainted, and see a great deal more of one another than they do in the ordinary cantonment life. Boxed up together in a small fort, they meet all day and every day, and are as closely thrown together and become as clannish, as tars on board ship. It is on service like this that the character and idiosyncrasy of each individual cannot escape the observation of his comrades. All that is estimable in a man is sure to come out and to be appreciated; whilst any defects and infirmities will be as quickly discerned and perhaps deprecated.

I am aware that it is easy to be wise after the event, as I have stated before when referring to our Indian heroes; but I defy any one who was constantly allied with Charles Brownlow in those early days to say that he did not impress all his companions with a conviction that he was exceptionally smart and soldier-like in his bearing, and that he possessed an influence and power over his men not often seen in so young an officer. The moral ascendency he thus acquired in his regiment, in the very outset of his career, bore magnificent fruit in after years, when he, as the gallant commander of the 20th Punjab Regiment, grandly showed the way to his men in the Umbeyla campaign. Those were critical times, and the dauntless stand that he and his brave companions in arms made against the desperate fanatics, who had more than once driven out the defenders, both British and native alike, from the Cragg Picket and Eagle's Nest, our two most advanced outposts, was the theme of admiration throughout the British camp. I may, by the way, here mention that although the enemy several times expelled our troops from those advanced

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positions, they were invariably retaken, and finally remained in our hands. I do not think that Sir C. Brownlow's record of services included the two great campaigns in which it may be said that the fate of the Indian Empire was at stake, I mean the Sikh War and the terrible Mutiny; but he can show an array of hill and jungle expeditions which would bear a comparison with that shared in by any officer of our time. It will be found that he was present with the following expeditions against the Hussanzaiees, the Momunds '54, the Bozdar Hills '57, Sithana '58, China War '60, Umbeyla '63, Hazara '68, Looshai '71-'72. There were, it must be remembered, no breech-loaders in those days, the fighting was at very close quarters. Men stood face to face, hand to hand, bayonet pitted against tulwar. Our soldiers had each to depend on his own skill rather than on the shoulder-to-shoulder cohesion which is the essence of discipline, and gives such confidence to civilized troops. I myself believe that the hill-fighting of which I have been speaking, where so much depends on the individual capacity to stand alone and unaided against his foe, is the most trying test for all British soldiers who have not been instructed, as a rule, to rely on their own strong arm and stout heart. I dare say I shall be howled at for expressing such sentiments—well, "Pour on, I can endure it," as poor old Lear said, when the elements did treat him very roughly. To give an idea of the physical difficulties that our troops had to contend with when warring with these hill-men, I will extract a paragraph from one of Sir Neville Chamberlain's despatches, written from his camp on the Umbeyla heights. He says: "Our position was subject to the disadvantages arising from the very difficult nature of the camp, abounding as it does with deep ravines covered with boulders and large masses of rock, interspersed with trees and brushwood, all favouring the peculiar tactics of the enemy in their vehement attacks on the entrenchments."

The fighting must have been obstinate, seeing that our losses amounted to, I think, sixty-six officers and a thousand men killed and wounded in the course of two or three months, exceeding, as I read, that of the whole of the troops on the Bengal side engaged in the Afghan War, 1878—1880. Whilst I am on the subject of the Umbeyla campaign I must refer to some of C. Brownlow's glorious exploits in these desperate and bloody scenes. So conspicuous and appreciated were they, that they were noticed in the despatches by the Commander-in-Chief in the following terms: "Whilst General Garvock

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was attacking the enemy at ——, the position of the Umbeyla Pass was assailed by a portion of the tribes, who were, however, repulsed with loss by Major Keys" (the present Sir C. S. Keyes) "and Brownlow, commanding respectively the 1st P.I. and the 20th P.I.; two officers of whose admirable conduct throughout the operations it is impossible to speak in too high terms."

There is no doubt that the reported desperate attacks of the tribes were carried out with a determination and obstinacy that had not been paralleled in any of the various hill expeditions in which the British troops had been engaged. Brownlow himself describes the gallant way in which the Bonairwals attacked the Eagle's Nest Picket, which he was commanding on October 26, 1863.

"About twelve o'clock noon, the Bonairwals, who had fired only an occasional shot, commenced to move down from their position, matchlock-men posting themselves most advantageously in the wood, and opening a very galling fire on us, while their swordsmen and others advanced boldly to the attack, charging across the plateau in our front in a most determined manner, and planting their standards behind a rock within a few feet of our wall. The steady fire, however, with which they were received rendered their very gallant efforts to enter our defence unavailing, and they were driven back and up the hill, leaving the ground covered with their dead, their matchlock-men only maintaining the fight and continuing to harass us much;" and Brigadier-General Wilde reported that on this occasion Major Brownlow greatly distinguished himself by his ready resource and gallant personal bearing, and Colonel Vaughan also wrote with respect to this officer: "I cannot speak in too high terms of the admirable service rendered by Major Brownlow in the defence of the Eagle's Nest Picket." From what I once gathered in a personal interview with an official in a very high position, I inferred that Sir Neville Chamberlain entertained such a very high opinion of Brownlow that he took him entirely into his confidence, and consulted him constantly when questions of importance arose during the Umbeyla campaign. In his final despatch he says: "Major Brownlow, commanding 20th P.I., particularly distinguished himself when covering the retreat of the reconnoitring party on October 22; again when commanding the Eagle's Nest Picket on October 26, and the Cragg Picket on November 12. In addition to any other mark of approval

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his Excellency may consider this officer to deserve, I would most strongly recommend him as having well deserved the distinction of the Victoria Cross, by his personal gallantry on each occasion of his being engaged." Such a recommendation, coming from such a grand soldier, was praise indeed, and no wonder he has been selected for the highest military honours.

I happened to be present at one of the Peshawur frontier fights in which Brownlow was dangerously wounded. In fact, it was supposed at the time that his wound was mortal. He was shot through the body, and I believe the lungs were pierced. The engagement took place at the Momund village of Moosah Khel, near the outpost of Michnee. Sir Sidney Cotton commanded the force, a fine old soldier who had, however, I understood, never been on service before, but he showed on this occasion that he could handle troops well in peace or war. I do not suppose that Brownlow remembers the circumstance, but I had arranged the previous day that I would, as I was not told off for any duty, accompany Brownlow the next morning in his ascent of the heights, which were occupied by the enemy. However, this little game fell through, as I received orders that night to proceed with a troop of my regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry, to the foot of the hills, with a view of intercepting the enemy, should any of them attempt to break into the plains. Accordingly, I took up my position on the morning of the action as directed, whilst Brownlow proceeded to crown the heights with his regiment, the 1st Sikh Infantry. This duty was not effected without a severe struggle, the attacking force being exposed to an unceasing and galling fire from the adjacent ridges. It was very tantalizing for me, standing immovable, whilst the fight was evidently waxing hot on the hills above. The enemy made no signs of giving me a chance of dealing with them, and at last I became impatient of my inaction, and longing to see some of the fun, I told my native officer to keep a sharp look-out, whilst I proceeded to creep up the hill in the direction of the firing. I had scaled about one-half the ascent when I met a dhooly being brought down towards me, and on it was lying poor Brownlow. He was ghastly pale and speechless, but quite conscious, and he pointed with a sickly smile to his wound. I feared he was done for, and the wound was, if I mistake not, thought to be a mortal one. Directly afterwards, Lieutenant and Adjutant Macdougall was also carried down; he too was wounded to the death, as it was first thought, the bullet having struck him full in the chest; but

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on examination it was found that the ball, instead of penetrating his body, had coursed round the ribs, and was lodged in the back, from whence it was extracted. Sir Sidney Cotton bore testimony to the gallantry displayed by these two officers in holding the heights, which were enfiladed from the neighbouring ridges.

The foregoing account of Brownlow's services has been chiefly compiled from published despatches, but failing to find any detailed account of our fight at Moosah Khel, where he was so nearly killed, I wrote and asked Brownlow if he could put his hand on any record of the transaction. In reply he informed me that the only existing record of which he had any cognizance was contained in a private letter which had come into his possession. It was dated forty-one years back, and had been written a few days after he had been struck down, to his brother-in-law, Beatson, of the 1st Light Cavalry. On the latter's death at Cawnpore, when serving as Adjutant-General to Sir H. Havelock, the letter was preserved by his widow, and on her decease, two or three years ago, it was found amongst her effects, and forwarded to C. Brownlow, her brother, who has now sent it to me, expressing a conviction that I should probably recognize the writing, though I might not remember the circumstance of its having been written. As a matter of fact, it was my own letter indited to my old friend Beatson, announcing the precarious condition of his wife's brother, and preparing him for the worst, for I thought with many others, though I wrote hopefully, that poor Charles Brownlow had fought his last fight, and had finished his course. Although I have no express permission to do so, I cannot think there will be any harm in my repeating what I wrote on the spot. It will interest friends who know us; besides, to tell the truth, I am rather proud of the composition. Further, I believe my presence at the bedside of the sufferer was not without its use, at a critical moment; for the doctor, who had taken about a basinful of blood from him, was about to draw off another, when I earnestly interposed, and my intervention prevailed. Who knows that Brownlow would have been alive now, had I not remonstrated against such an exhausting experiment? Depletion was the invariable cure (!) for every bodily ill in those days, and the very ablest medical men, I believe, considered it infallible. The following is a copy of the letter referred to.

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"*Fort Michnee, near Peshawur.*
"*September* 4, 1854.

"MY DEAR BEATSON—

"A sad duty devolves on me to-day, and indeed indeed my heart is very heavy, for I have to communicate to you the painful tidings that my most valued and esteemed friend, your brother-in-law, Charles Brownlow, has been grievously wounded, whilst gallantly leading on his Sikhs against the Momunds. Before this letter can reach you the papers will probably have informed you that there had been some disturbances in this neighbourhood. A force under Colonel Cotton of H. M. 22nd Regiment was sent out against the insurgents, and an engagement took place on the 31st August last, on which occasion the enemy were signally defeated. Your brother-in-law's regiment of Sikhs, inspired by your gallant brother's noble example, largely contributed to the successful termination of the contest. Charles Brownlow had just gloriously crowned the heights, after a stubborn resistance (every inch of ground, comprising an extensive range of high and difficult hills, having been disputed step by step), when, sad to tell, a bullet pierced poor Brownlow's chest near the shoulder, and he fell, and was borne off the hill he had so bravely won, carrying with him the sympathy of the whole force, all of whom had witnessed with intense admiration his conspicuous and chivalrous bearing throughout this arduous duty. It was at first sadly feared that the wound was mortal, but God is good and merciful, and we all devoutly trust that this daring young fellow may be spared to us and the service. He has suffered a good deal, but there has been a perceptible improvement the last two days. The medical officers entertain the most sanguine hopes of his recovery, but this must and will be a tedious operation, for Nature is sorely taxed. Nearly all pain has now subsided. He breathes freely, and there is less depression of spirits. The course of the bullet has not yet been traced, and it is this uncertainty that precludes the possibility of pronouncing at present an opinion regarding the extent and nature of the wound, but as some time has now elapsed since the injury was inflicted, and each day is marked with the encouraging signs of returning strength and more cheerful spirits, voice less feeble, and an immunity from pain, I think we have good cause to cherish the hope that all may yet be well.

"I should tell you that your brother's regiment of Sikhs formed the advance party in the difficult and dangerous ascent of the hills, and it was Charles Brownlow alone that led the leading files, and (to use the memorable words of our fine old commander, Colonel Cotton) 'his gallantry could not have been surpassed.' Poor boy! I have just been to bid him 'God speed,' and it is

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at his particular request that I am now occupied in writing to you. He is in charge of an able and excellent doctor, and one in whom he has himself the most perfect confidence. As soon as possible he will be removed from this comfortless fort and sent into cantonments, where he will command more opportunities of enjoying perfect rest, and also have the advantage of securing the best medical assistance that is procurable at Peshawur. I have no time for more. I indulge in the faint hope that you have not forgotten quite your old friend,

"OSBORN WILKINSON.

"I am temporarily in command of the fort here."

Sir Charles Brownlow has been a fortunate man in his profession, inasmuch as he has attained to the highest military honours. But the question is, has he not deserved them? All those who know him best, amongst whom I would venture to include that illustrious soldier, Sir Neville Chamberlain, under whom Brownlow served in arduous and critical times, would, I am confident, unhesitatingly acknowledge that he has conspicuously distinguished himself as a brilliant soldier on every occasion in which he has been employed, that he has rendered invaluable services to his country, which in highly rewarding him has only discharged a debt which it was its bounden duty to pay.

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GENERAL SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, G.C.B. AND V.C.

I USED to know this gallant officer many years ago, before he had acquired the reputation he now so deservedly enjoys. He was quite a young man at that time; and I do not think I exaggerate, if I venture to say that Nature had been very lavish to him, and had endowed him with so many physical advantages that I doubt whether she has often made a finer "piece of work." And I am sure no one who saw him in those early days, and marked his manly character and his soldierly bearing, would not have expected him to cleave his way to distinction if he only had the chance.

He and I belonged to the same service—the Bengal Light Cavalry—but he was attached to the Irregular Cavalry, and he seemed to me to be distinctly formed for a leader of Irregular Horsemen. His grand, stalwart presence, towering above his fellows, and his strikingly handsome face, could not fail to render him "the observed of all observers." He was always well mounted and gorgeously attired, and his splendid and imposing display was just the very feature calculated to inspire the natives with admiration and awe. They are especially spectacular in their tastes, and they have, as I think I have mentioned elsewhere, a profound respect for manliness and physical superiority; and, of course, this inherent feeling was emphasized in Probyn's case, for his personal prowess was known to them all. It was the theme on which his men delighted to dwell, for he had given them the lead in many a bloody fight, and had proved himself invincible to every foe that had the temerity to oppose him. If there ever was an apotheosized commander he was one. With all his reckless dash and daring there was no swagger about him. He could not help being showy in appearance—Nature made him so. He was singularly courteous, soft and gentle in his address to all, and I have often

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noticed his kindly, considerate manner to his men, high and low. No wonder they were devoted to him, and ready to follow him to the death at any time. Sir Hope Grant, himself a renowned cavalry officer, spoke of Probyn in the very highest terms, saying that it would be difficult to imagine a more brilliant, dashing, and daring Irregular Cavalry officer; and he knew Probyn well, for he had him under his immediate command, both in the Delhi and China campaigns, and he had, therefore, ample opportunities of personally observing his professional ability, his gallantry, and his skill.

Whilst thus referring to my old friend I am reminded of a circumstance (trivial, perhaps, to those not concerned in it) which has most probably long since faded from his recollection.

Whilst we were quartered at Peshawur, years and years ago, he made us a present of a very fine hill-dog, as a special protection to my wife, who had to reside alone for some months in the hills during the hot season. This was a most acceptable and useful gift, as there is nothing, as a rule, which has a more deterrent effect on a native, intent on thievish designs, than the presence of a formidable hill-dog. As a matter of fact, all natives have a peculiar dread of, and shrink from contact with, strange dogs, be they large or small. Even the Khyberee robbers, bloodthirsty scoundrels who infested Peshawur in days of yore, and who would murder you for the button on your coat, would shun houses in which it was known that dogs were kept.

Horse-stealing is the form of theft to which they were, and probably still are, most addicted. Thrice they attempted to carry off my charger, and once they very nearly succeeded, for they got the horse right out of the stable, and as far as the gateway leading out of the yard, when the sagacious animal seemed to have an instinctive idea that he was being misappropriated, for he refused to budge any further. In the robber's efforts to overcome the horse's obstinacy (he had mounted him) he was discovered, and when shot at, he threw himself off and bolted, my horse being left standing at the gateway. On the next occasion that my stable was assailed, the robber was not more successful; but he made me pay dearly for his failure. He had crept unperceived into the stable, and was in the very act of cutting the head and heel ropes by which my charger was fastened, when my chowkedar (native watchman) came upon him, and at once closed with

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him. He was a very big, powerful man, and would probably have overcome the robber; but whilst they were struggling desperately together, one of my syces (grooms) came to the rescue, and in the darkness mistaking the combatants, delivered a tremendous blow with his lattie (an iron-bound stick) on the head of the chowkedar, who was completely stunned. The robber, thus released, at once drew his tulwar, and rushed at the first man that came in his path. It happened to be my dhobie (washerman), who received a fearful gash down his back, laying it completely open. Such a blow would have killed any European, but natives have an astonishing vitality, their wounds being rarely fatal. My hill-dog, Probyn's present, now appeared on the scene. He was not long in making up his brave mind what he would do, for he at once rushed at and seized the robber; who was, however, I grieve to say, more than a match for his assailant, for he dealt the poor dog a blow with his tulwar which nearly cut him in two! About this time "khubbur" (news) of the conflict reached me, and on hastening to the spot, I found my unfortunate chowkedar, dhobie, and dog all *hors de combat*, and all around the place where they were lying was covered with blood, as if there had been a small battle. The robber had disappeared. Perhaps it was as well for me that he had got beyond my reach, for although I might have killed him, it was quite possible that he might have reversed the condition of things, and killed me; or perhaps he might have inflicted such a wound on me as would have been but poor compensation, even had I succeeded in slaying him. A fight in the dim light, just before dawn, with a desperate Khyberee, must have been uncertain in its results. A brother of mine always used to say, with reference to any night-surprise, that he never felt plucky in his night-shirt! I don't know how far I should have shared in this fraternal feeling, but I believe I was lightly clad and rather cold, on the night in question.

I have observed that robbers generally avoid houses in which dogs are known to be kept. I do not think I had come into possession of Probyn's present when the first two attempts were made to steal my charger; but it is a strange coincidence, worth noticing, that my dog had been sent to the native lines (the suwars' quarters) to be taken care of during my wife's illness from an attack of fever, as the "barking" disturbed her rest at night; it was therefore absent from the house for some little time, but the very

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day of the attempted robbery the dog had been sent back. I am inclined to think that the robber expected to have met with no watch-dog there that night, and that he did not bargain on leaving between the dog's clenched teeth a morsel which would have just fitted into the calf of his leg! The gallant donor of that faithful animal has left his mark on several native ruffians in his time; and that Khyberee, desperately powerful though he may have been, would have fared badly had the redoubtable Probyn been there to assist his brave dog on this bloody occasion.

That grand leader of Irregular Cavalry originally belonged, as I have mentioned before, to the Light Cavalry, from which I also hailed. I myself had always a decided preference for my old service, the Light Cavalry, subject to some modifications, such as the introduction of tent-pegging, which I think is a most useful practice for all horsemen, and the shortening of the stirrup-leathers, which I always adopted when I was commanding a squadron of my regiment at the different outposts on the Peshawur frontier. I was associated a good deal with the Irregular Cavalry in those days; and it always seemed to me to be impossible that they could get properly across country reined up as they were with very sharp bits and standing martingales. I remember, when I was galloping one day alongside of some Irregulars with my squadron, seeing a lot of them pull up at a little gap, full of water, that came in our way. Of course the present Bengal Cavalry has altered all this but I remember, when I first succeeded to the command of my last regiment, the General, when inspecting my hospital, asking me whether we had lately been engaged in any general action, as we had so many men disabled by falls from horseback. The fact is, I had been putting them through a course of "leaping," to which they had not, apparently, been much accustomed—and the result was disastrous. Perhaps I expected a little too much from them at first, and that it was my fault! I think the improvement in our present Bengal Cavalry over the old Irregular Cavalry is in exact proportion to the approach they have made to the system that prevailed in the old Light Cavalry, as regards precision in drill, the necessity of working closer together, and the greater freedom allowed for the horses' action, and also the more efficient weapons. As for the "mounting," nothing could be compared to our stud horses—and then our additional European officers were an advantage,

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which, I suppose, very, very few of our countrymen would deny! I am not seeking to disparage the Irregular Cavalry, I know they have done admirable service in their sphere—and no wonder, under leaders like Probyn, Watson, Chamberlain, and the Goughs, who could make their men do and dare anything. The leading was the secret of their success; at least, that is my opinion, formed after a great many years of cavalry experience, during which I have been associated with Dragoons, Hussars, Light Cavalry, and Irregulars, and the present Bengal Cavalry—both in peace and war.

All we wanted in our old Light Cavalry were men like the above-named—not old fogies (aye, there's the rub) to lead us. I am sure any system would have been successful under such fine fellows as those I have mentioned. In all native regiments of cavalry it is, I am confident, on their commanders, more than in any other branch of the service, that the credit of a regiment chiefly depends. If he be a good horseman himself, and able to show the way over the fences, to be foremost in all manly pursuits, to excel with sword and spear, his regiment is certain to do well, both in peace and war; for officers and men, fired by their leader, are sure to try and emulate him. The cavalry action of Purwandurrah may be quoted against me. There were no "old fogies" there! The British officers gave a magnificent lead, and they were abandoned. In answer to this, I can only say that you will find instances recorded in history of signal failures of the finest cavalry in the world, and if the accounts I have read of Purwandurrah are correct, there seems to me no doubt that a trumpeter sounded "Threes about" just as the Afghans were coming down upon us. By whom the order was given is not known, but it was said that the retirement was made in view of eventually getting on the flank of the enemy; but I myself cannot conceive how a retreat, in face of the advancing horsemen, could have terminated otherwise than in a disaster. That the old Light Cavalry could show a very different spirit was manifested by the 6th Cavalry at Seetahuldee, the 9th at Meeanie, the 10th Cavalry at Maharajpore, the 11th at Mooltan, &c.

Often have I watched Probyn at the head of his fine regiment at Umballa, setting a brilliant example to all by the dashing and dexterous way in which he eclipsed all others in tent-pegging and lime-cutting. When I got command of my regiment I remembered the lessons I had learnt from Probyn, and

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endeavoured to cultivate all the feats which I had seen him practising so successfully. I began tent-pegging rather late in life, so some of my men (not many) could always beat me. I should not, probably, have been as expert as I was, had I not, in my early days, been accustomed to carry a spear instead of a whip, whenever I went out for a ride; and I used to dash after any game that was likely to give me a chance of a run. I envied Probyn his success in these particular contests, for I believe he was absolutely unrivalled. But I had a "circus" horse, trained by myself, with which I could generally hold my own at all "circus" tricks, such as lying down, firing off his back, jumping, &c., and these performances I reserved for the edification of the inspecting officer. I had one man—a duffadar—in my regiment whom even Probyn would have found it difficult to beat at tent-pegging; and I think Probyn would have sympathized in my enthusiasm, which sought expression one day in an act which, though somewhat trenching on military decorum, afforded much amusement to Lord Napier of Magdala and his Staff, during one of his camps of exercise.

The occasion of my excitement arose as follows. The whole of the mounted branches of the assembled army were about to contend at tent-pegging. My regiment was quartered some hundreds of miles away; but I applied for and obtained leave to bring one of my men to join in the contest. On the appointed day every regiment was represented by its most skilful spearman. The contest was most keen, and was kept up with extraordinary precision—peg after peg being carried away. However, gradually there were failures, and the number of competitors steadily became reduced, until only three or four were left in the list. They went on for some time, without a shade of difference. At last one missed, and another did not miss, but the peg fell off the point of the spear, and this was fatal, so they were both out of it; and only two then remained, my man and another. They were so evenly matched that it seemed as if they would go on for ever, like "the brook." I watched them with breathless interest. My man had carried off his last peg when his opponent went at his—he just grazed, but only grazed, his mark, and then my man had won. Mad with delight, I snatched my forage cap off my head (I was in full uniform) and hurled it high in the air, and hurrahed and hurrahed till I could shout no more. I do not know whether

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Probyn would have done the same, but I am sure he would have felt the same as I did on that occasion.

Lord Napier, who was the Commander-in-Chief, and who had been watching the competition with much interest, did not think fit to put me under arrest for my insubordinate conduct. On the contrary, I rather think he sympathized in my excitement, and warmly congratulated me on my duffadar's (sergeant's) signal success.

As I am not writing history, I can only give an outline of Probyn's services. He was at the siege of Delhi, commanding a squadron of horse under Sir Hope Grant, and he was always in the fore-front, charging home, and fighting hand-to-hand with the enemy—heedless of their numbers, and utterly reckless of his own life. Sir Hope Grant certainly was supported by an exceptionally brilliant body of Irregular commanding officers. What army in the world could show a finer set of fellows than Probyn and Watson, the two Goughs, Hodson, Mackenzie, Sandford, and Younghusband?

Having borne his full share in all the cavalry actions during the siege of Delhi, in which, as I have stated, he was constantly engaged in setting a noble example to his men in personal encounters with the rebels who had the temerity to confront him, Probyn accompanied Colonel Greathead's column marching down to Agra, where he again greatly distinguished himself. Colonel Knollys, in his Victoria Cross record, writes: "At the battle of Agra he fought like a knight of old, regardless of odds and utterly ignoring danger. Charging the rebel infantry well ahead of his squadron, he became separated from his men, and surrounded by five or six Sepoys. Before his own troopers had come up he had cut down two of his assailants."

During the same action he encountered a Sepoy who proved a formidable antagonist. This man wounded him in the chest with his bayonet, and also wounded his horse and fought desperately. He was, however, doomed to fall by the hand of the stalwart English officer. The latter afterwards singled out a standard-bearer, and—though in the midst of his comrades—killed him and captured his standard. In the course of the fight a rebel suwar was in the act of cutting Probyn down. Probyn's orderly, a grey-haired old Sikh, perceived his officer's imminent danger, and rushing forward interposed his own arm. The blow fell, and nearly severed the limb. Two days after the battle, the brave Sikh died, a victim to his devotion. It

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was in recognition of these heroic deeds that the Victoria Cross was conferred on him.

After this he was at the first relief of Lucknow and Cawnpore, and the final siege of Lucknow, where I fancy I last met him in the field. His health then gave way, and he was obliged to go home on sick leave. When the China War broke out, Sir Hope Grant, appointed to command the force, selected Probyn to command the 1st Sikh Cavalry, a newly-raised corps, and one of the regiments told off for the China expedition; and with this corps he rode down the Tartar horsemen, who could not stand a moment before his onset. He and Fane, who commanded the only other native cavalry regiment, did excellent service in that war. I believe our allies, the French, were immensely impressed with the appearance and performances of these corps. With the Umbeyla campaign—which was a most trying and critical one—Probyn's war service terminated. It has not been my lot to attend at any Court ceremonials, excepting on rare occasions, and I have therefore seen but little of Probyn in late years; but he has always a kindly greeting for me whenever we chance to meet, and he generally accosts me by my familiar name of "Squire." I am not surprised that his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, should have so highly appreciated Probyn, and selected him for his Equerry and Controller of the Household; for, apart from his valorous deeds, he was always princely in all his thoughts and ways, and carried out all his military duties at the head of his fine regiment in quite a regal style. But as a soldier I cannot help feeling that by the withdrawal of Probyn from his military career, the Indian army has lost the services of one of the most brilliaht cavalry officers that ever led his squadron to victory.

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GENERAL SIR PETER LUMSDEN, G.C.B.

I DO not believe that there is any other instance on record in the Indian army (though there are two in the English army), of one and the same officer, who, after having completed the full term of five years as Quartermaster-General, has succeeded to the post of Adjutant-General of the army, and fulfilled the duties of that high position for another five years. This is what my old friend Sir Peter accomplished, and not only so, but he carried out his important functions in both departments with such signal success, that the two distinguished officers, Field-Marshals the late Lord Napier and Sir F. Haines, have placed on record their appreciation of his valuable services, in terms of such unqualified praise as must stamp him as an officer of exceptional ability and professional accomplishments. I have seen the handsome tribute, paid by these two experienced soldiers, on Sir Peter Lumsden's relinquishment of the offices he held respectively under them. I should like to give the expression of their opinions in full, but the limited nature of this sketch will not admit of it; but I may perhaps mention this much, that Lord Napier based his estimate of Sir Peter's character on the fact that he had been well acquainted with his high military qualities during each stage of his career, and Sir F. Haines, referring to the Afghan War of 1878—1880, says that Sir Peter Lumsden's topographical knowledge of Afghanistan, and his familiarity with the language and customs of that country, and of the Pathan border tribes, rendered him specially qualified to advise, as Adjutant-General, on all matters pertaining to the concentration, the equipment, and the provisioning of the troops destined to operate in those regions, and in the midst of those tribes. And I must gratify my inclination by including Sir F. Haines' parting testimony as to Sir Peter Lumsden's attitude towards his brother officers. He says: "With what straightforward honesty of purpose, with what judgment, uniform

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kindliness and strict impartiality, he invariably placed before the Commander-in-Chief all matters affecting the interests of officers and men, would never have been known unless recorded here."

I do not think that Sir Peter was present during either of the Sikh campaigns of 1846 and 1848-49, but he had borne, like Sir C. Brownlow, a conspicuous part in the expeditions on the Peshawur frontier. Indeed, it appears to me that there was scarcely a fight on the hills from the year 1852-56 in which he had not a share, and he was, I believe, invariably mentioned in despatches.

For instance, he was engaged in the expedition against the Ootman Khel tribe in 1852, against the Momunds the same year, against the Boree Affreedees in 1853, and the assault of the Moosah Khel heights in 1854, and against the Merranzaiee tribes in 1856. Again we find him in the Chinese War in 1860-61, and the Bhootan campaign in 1866. In the former of these he had a marvellous escape from a watery grave. I heard of the incident at the time, and I thought it very wonderful, and I have been again reading an account of it, and it seems to me now almost miraculous. I will refer to it further on.

Just before the Mutiny broke out, Sir Peter and Sir Harry his brother were sent on a mission to Afghanistan. Their escort consisted of twenty-five cavalry, and the same number of infantry, of the corps of Guides, and the well-known Dr. Bellew, an excellent Oriental linguist and diplomatist, accompanied the mission. As the despatch of this mission, and the perilous nature of it, consequent on the breaking out of the Mutiny, the effects of which extended throughout Afghanistan, are probably not generally known at the present day, I will give a brief account of the circumstances that led up to the mission. In 1854, the Ameer of Cabul, Dost Mahomud Khan, annexed Kandahar, driven to this step by the discovery that his brother, Rahimdil Khan, was intriguing with Persia to hand over Kandahar to that kingdom. It was then that the Persians advanced upon Herat, and threatened Kandahar. On March 30, 1855, the Heir Apparent to the throne of Cabul, Sirdar Gholam Hyder Khan, on the part of his father, entered into an amicable treaty with the Indian Government to be the friend of our friends, and the enemy of our enemies.

I remember my regiment was quartered at Peshawur at the time, and all the circumstances of the conference come vividly

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back to me. The Heir Apparent's retinue was composed of a very wild and ruffianly-looking lot of men, and every precaution was taken to prevent any possible collision between the British troops and the Afghans. A special order was issued, also, that no ladies were to approach the Afghan camp, a very near relative, being, like most ladies, of an inquisitive turn of mind, having ventured too far, as it was considered, into the domain of these barbarians.

The Ameer, on the threatened invasion of his country by the Persians, naturally turned to his new allies for assistance, and towards the close of 1856, Dost Mahomud Khan proceeded personally to Peshawur, to meet Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. The result of that meeting was a treaty, signed on January 6, 1857, in which the Ameer, for the consideration of a subsidy, bound himself, during the Persian War, to maintain a certain number of troops, and allow British officers to be deported to any part of Afghanistan to see that the subsidy was properly applied, and to assist the Afghans in all military matters when called on to do so.

On March 13, 1857, the present Sir Harry and Sir Peter Lumsden, and Dr. H. W. Bellew, started, as I have said above, from Peshawur, travelled and reconnoitred the Shootur Gurdin Pass, and passed by Ghuznee to Kandahar. The Persian War had now broken out, and the British troops landed at Bushire. On the conclusion of the successful British operations on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the treaty of peace with Persia, the news of which reached Kandahar some time after the arrival of the mission there, the object of that mission seemed to have come to an end. The outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, however, quite changed the aspect of affairs, and the Government of India, in reply to the request of the officers that they might return to India to join their several appointments with the troops in the field before Delhi, assured them that their presence and influence in Afghanistan was at that crisis of more importance than they possibly could be elsewhere. This was no doubt very flattering to the officers concerned, but I can hardly conceive a position less inviting than that which they then occupied. In fact, whilst they were out of sight, if not out of mind, and absolutely at the mercy of the Afghan authorities, they were, as it seems to me, in the extremity of peril. Any day, any hour, they might have been sacrificed; for as the storm thickened, and our troubles in India increased, and seemed to be overwhelming, reports of

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which, with probably much exaggeration, reached Cabul, the excitement of the people became more and more alarming. Urged by the preaching of the moollahs, and pressed on by the secret machinations of the Ameer's brother, the Afghans called on the Ameer to head the faithful, raise the standard of Islam, and sweep down on Hindostan. The commotion throughout the country became daily more threatening. Dost Mahomud, then well stricken in years, was nearly carried away by it. Think of the critical position of our countrymen during all this storm of passions, which the moollahs knew so well how to stimulate! Express after express was sent by the Heir Apparent, under Sir H. Lumsden's advice, to the Ameer, urging him to hold fast to his adherence to the British alliance. The earnest appeals of the Heir Apparent, coupled with the bold bearing of his elder brother, Sirdar Mahomud-Azim Khan, availed. But with 30,000 horses shod and ready for a start, the position was most critical, until the news arrived that Delhi had fallen. During these days the moollahs at Kandahar demanded that the British officers in the citadel should be handed over to them as infidels. They gathered in hundreds, and preached a crusade, when, besides numbers of the population, they were joined by the infantry of the garrison. The Heir Apparent, however, equal to the occasion, had in the meantime summoned his tribesmen of the Barakzaiee clan to his assistance, and with the artillery who had remained faithful, eventually overawed the ringleaders of the religious movement, and through them succeeded in breaking up the hostile gathering. The mission, which had been at Kandahar, and its vicinity, the whole time it was in Afghanistan, left for India in April or May, 1858.

It will, I think, be gathered from the above that the mission, almost from the time it entered Afghanistan to the last day of its departure, was in jeopardy, and it is a marvel to me that they did not leave their bones on the spot where they were environed by so many dangers, whilst the rebellion in India was rearing its defiant head. But when the cause of the Pandies began to show the first signs of being on the wane, the ruler of Cabul was far too astute to detain or molest the mission. His object then was to get them back safely to Hindostan without compromising himself.

Sir Peter Lumsden returned to India in time to take a part in the suppression of the Mutiny, and to share in the pursuit and capture of Tantia Topee, under Sir H. Rose, a success

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which restored tranquillity to Central India, and relieved Lord Clyde of a constant recurring difficulty.

Sir Herbert Edwardes has left an official memorandum relating to the Lumsdens' mission in Afghanistan. This is what he wrote—

"And here I would beg to record the very great services of our officers in Afghanistan during the late crisis. At Kandahar, with the Heir Apparent, were Major Harry Lumsden, Lieutenant Peter Lumsden, and Dr. Bellew. It was thought to be a service of great enterprise for the English officers, especially when they set out for Kandahar, even in time of peace, and this situation became one of decided peril when India was in a blaze with a Mahomedan struggle. But these officers, by a soldierly equanimity, by a fortitude equal to the occasion, by a calm trust in the cause of England, by the good feeling which their previous demeanour had created, and by keeping the Cabul Governor candidly and truthfully informed of real events, and thus disarming monstrous exaggerations of our disasters, preserved the confidence of the Ameer and his best counsellors, and were largely instrumental in maintaining those friendly relations which were of such vital importance to our success."

I must now hark back to the marvellous story on which I touched in the earlier part of this narrative. Sir Peter's boat was capsized during the Chinese War, and he, together with his companion, Gordon of the Engineers, with four sailors, were cast into the surging waters. How Sir Peter escaped will now be told. But before I take my final plunge into this subject, I must ask you to pause a while; for whilst my thoughts have been thus afloat, I find them somewhat mixed, the sublime rather blending with the ridiculous, for there occur to me some lines which Shakespeare intended for the Duke of Buckingham when about to lose his head, which Peter, by the way, never did! The sentiments are slightly changed to fit in with Peter's never-to-be-forgotten ducking—

> "And when you would say something grand,
> Speak how he swam,—wonderful man,—
> Quenchless, and corky, undrownable, Peter."

I ask pardon for this digression. I never intended to treat lightly such a soul-stirring incident. In all earnestness, there is not a living man who has a more profound admiration than I have for Sir Peter's astounding, and, I believe, unparalleled feat!

In July 1860, the China expedition, under the command of

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General Sir Hope Grant, rendezvoused in Talienwan Bay, in the Chinese Corea. The bay extended ten to twelve miles across, and the Divisions were encamped on both sides of it. The 1st Division, with head-quarters at Victoria Bay, the 2nd at Bustard Creek, and the cavalry at Odin Bay. On July 11, Lieutenant P. S. Lumsden, Acting Quartermaster-General, 2nd Division, proceeded on duty from Bustard Creek to army head-quarters. He, with Lieutenant Gordon of the Madras Engineers, were in a boat belonging to the *Imperatrix* transport, in charge of a mate (Groeme) with two sailors. They reached their destination without incident; several sharks followed closely, and kept continually coming up near the stern of the boat throughout the voyage. About five p.m., having completed their work, they proceeded to return. In the meantime the weather, which had been fine in the morning, had changed. It was blowing a gale now, with a heavy sea coming in from the westward. The boat had only proceeded a few miles, when, with a reefed sail, it was suddenly struck by a squall and capsized, keel upwards. It had a great quantity of metal ballast fastened in its stern, which threw her bows well out of the water, but left very little resting-place. Gordon could only swim sufficiently to keep himself up for a little, whilst neither of the sailors could swim at all. They would have been drowned if their comrades had not saved them, and put them as well as Gordon on the boat. Lumsden and the mate, Groeme, were both good swimmers, and had to hold on to the boat, with their feet on the set sail and standing mast.

After a short time, in the midst of the spray, and with every wave breaking over them, it was clear they could not maintain their position very much longer. Groeme made an attempt to strike out for the *Ringdove* gunboat, anchored, to mark a shoal, about a mile or so off, but in vain, as the tide was running in so swiftly that he could make no way.

Night began to close in, and it was evident that, whilst those on the boat were safe, and could hold on until morning, the only hope for Lumsden and Groeme was to leave and try to reach the shore some four miles off, or the shipping in Victoria Bay, about equally distant.

About eight p.m., after impressing on the men the necessity of sticking to the boat, they bid them God speed, and started off to their respective destinations, Lumsden for the shore, and Groeme for the shipping. Gordon, poor fellow, spoke of accom-

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panying them, but they persuaded him not to do so. In an hour or so Groeme was picked up by a stray boat with two men in it who had lost an oar, and in due course got back and picked up the men off the boat. They said that poor Gordon, shortly after Lumsden's departure, tried to follow him, but did not go more than a hundred yards, when he returned, but sank before he could get up on the boat.

Lumsden's record of his swim was as follows. "How can I describe the hours that ensued? Not long after starting, the sound of the nine o'clock gun came booming over the water. I gradually got rid of all my clothes, cast my watch away, and only held on to my flannel shirt. The temperature of the water was neither hot nor cold, the night boisterous with scudding clouds and occasional flashes of lightning, which illuminated the far-off shore; on which, in the distance, Sampson's Peak would stand out as a beacon to guide my way, and then a black darkness, relieved by a phosphoric light on the successive waves.

"Hour after hour I swam on my back or my side, or in any way to relieve myself. At times I simply floated, carried landwards by a rushing tide. I found, in floating, my shirt was a great assistance to rest me on the water. As I occasionally subsided in the depths of the valleys betwixt succeeding waves, the vision of those sharks which had followed the boat but a few hours before flashed across my mind, and as I struggled on and on, and felt the storm raging around me, an almost insurmountable inclination to go to sleep came over me. I would at times lose all sight of any shore, and then again recover it, and was nearly despairing, but that merciful Providence which directs all things befriended me in my hour of difficulty.

"As the moon rose, about one in the morning, and showed itself betwixt the scud, I recognized the sound of breakers on the shore, regained my hope of a successful struggle, and renewed my exertions for life. As I approached that rock-bound coast, I recognized the entrance of a small sandy bay, which but a short time before I had visited with some naval officers, and made for it.

"When I touched the shore I was so exhausted that I could not stand, and was rolled over by succeeding waves, and it was with the greatest difficulty I crawled out on to dry land. My first impulse was to thank God for my deliverance, and then I went to a spring I had seen on my last visit, and took a long

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draught, which immediately made me very sick. It was still pouring, but I lay down and went off into a sound sleep, and when I awoke the sun was well up in the heavens. The storm had passed over, the day was sultry and hot. With neither cover for my head nor my feet, and with only a flannel shirt as a garment, I started for my camp, which was along the shore, many miles off.

"I tried, in vain, from the adjacent promontory of Lootoo-shan, where it projects into the bay, to draw the attention of some vessels at anchor some two miles off. Two Chinamen were taking notes from an adjacent rock: they, on seeing me, made themselves scarce.

"I toiled on with blistered feet during the day, and towards evening reached the vicinity of a few houses on the shore of a small bay extending inland, and by crossing which I could save a long distance in reaching camp. There were two sanpans (small boats) there, with a group of people sitting near them. I determined to get possession of one, so securing a stick near the village, I approached the group, who on sight of me fled. Without molestation I got a boat, and with a loose seat, as there were no oars, I shoved off, and sculling with all my strength, in time reached the opposite shore, where, utterly exhausted, as I had had no food for two days and a night, I sank into the bottom of the boat.

"How long I remained there I know not, but suddenly I heard the discharge of double-barrelled guns, which could only be from some of our own people. I struggled up the bank and met the doctor and two officers of the 67th Foot, who, returning from shooting, had discharged their guns. They eyed the figure before them with astonishment, and it was some time, as my tongue cleaved to my mouth, before I could let them know who I was. Whilst one gave me a pipe of tobacco and some cold tea, which revived me immensely, another went off to get me assistance from camp. In the meantime, a boat manned by some Madras sappers, who had been sent out by Sir Robert Napier as a search-party for either poor Gordon or myself, came round the corner, and in it I was taken off and landed nearer the camp, where I found clothes and my own pony waiting for me."

Sir Peter's modest, unassuming account of his escape here ends. I should like to add some reflections that have crossed my mind whilst I have been reading the story.

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None but a man of extraordinary physical endurance and indomitable pluck and resolution could have outlived such an awful strain on the vital powers. But on thinking over it, I know no man of my acquaintance who was more likely to have successfully undergone such an almost superhuman ordeal than the stalwart Sir Peter Lumsden. He was in the prime of life, in robust health and strength, with a grand physique, endowed in fact with every bodily attribute calculated to overcome "a sea of troubles." But admitting all these physical advantages, who would conceive it possible that any human being could for some eight mortal hours battle for dear life in the open ocean, during a raging storm, when the "ruffian billows were curling their monstrous heads," and threatening to swallow him at every passing moment? According to all the laws of natation, Sir Peter, I think, ought to have been drowned a dozen times over that awful night, and the disappearance of the sharks which had followed their boat in the morning was another remarkable feature in that wondrous adventure. I should have imagined that the stout leg or even the brawny arm of Peter would have been a substantial meal for the voracious shark.

Moral.

In a maritime nation like ours, when so many young men "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy themselves in great waters," and when they are therefore so constantly at the mercy of the angry waves at any moment, this thrilling story should incite all those who may be threatened with a watery grave to persevere to the last, and never to despair. Manfully buoyed up by an inexhaustible determination never to say die, they cannot and shall not sink! No matter how fiercely the torrent may roar, with hearts so stout, encased with strings of steel, and with arms so strong, with lusty sinews swelled, they shall prevail and reach the distant shore.

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GENERAL SIR A. WILSON

OF this officer, who was in command during the siege of Delhi, and at its final assault, I knew very little, and I never served with or under him. I used to meet him constantly when he was quartered at Jullunder, and my regiment was stationed at Kurtarpore, a few miles distant. The only thing I can remember about him, was that he had a particular objection to being beaten at billiards, and as he was rather a proficient at the game he seldom suffered defeat. I was myself a performer above the average, but nothing more, and not nearly equal to General Wilson; but he held me in such supreme contempt that he would insist on giving me points beyond his capacity, and the result was that I oftener than otherwise used to obtain an advantage over him, and the almost childish irritability he exhibited on these occasions was most amusing, especially when he had to hand over to me the various chicks (four rupees) he had lost. I need not say that this little exhibition of temper did not extend beyond the billiard-room, and that we used to meet each day, as far as I can remember, on the most friendly terms—the billiard-table encounters having left no trace of soreness whatever; and with reference to this, I have seen many a man as good as he get his feathers ruffled under very similar circumstances. Croquet is a game that always seemed to me to be fruitful of provocation. I believe the great Lord Lawrence was inclined to be impatient under defeat when playing at croquet, and I should be a very bold man if I were to affirm that my own equanimity had never been disturbed when I have found my adversary making an example of me at billiards, or at any other trial of skill. What I think General Wilson chiefly felt, was the humiliation of being overcome by a youngster like me, as I then was, whilst he was a field-officer already grey in the service.

I have always thought the siege of Delhi one of the most

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wonderful and glorious feats in the annals of war, considering the trying circumstances connected with it, viz. the climate, for it was the very hottest season of the year, the formidable nature of the fortifications, the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and the ceaseless and harassing attacks upon our open and exposed position, for until the very last we were really the besieged. The above were my own ideas before I had seen Kaye's description of the siege; but his words are so eloquent, and so thoroughly accord with my own views, that I must repeat them. He says: "Of the wonderful heroism and consummate patience, of the gallant actions then performed, of the grievous sufferings then bravely endured, no words can speak in language of sufficient admiration. It was indeed this waiting game that tried the mettle of our people, all those long months not of inaction, but of profitless activity under burning suns, under heavy rains, under constant exposure, wasting human life only to prove that we had lost nothing of our old vitality."

Comparisons are invidious, perhaps, but if I do place Delhi and the besieged garrison of Lucknow side by side, in order to estimate their respective merits, I do not for a moment wish to disparage the magnificent performance of either. Both were crucial tests of the valour and inexhaustible endurance of the British soldier. But it is to be remembered, in the case of Lucknow, our countrymen were boxed up fighting behind walls, such as they were; there was no escape, and they had consequently no alternative but to resist to the death. Whereas at Delhi our puny army was perched on a bare rocky ridge, slightly rising from the open plain, liable to be surrounded at any moment, and though capable of falling back on a more favourable and defensible site, yet resolutely refusing to abandon their position, persisting in holding their own; and not only that, but assailing again and again a tremendously strong fortified city, armed with guns of every calibre, and alive with countless Pandies, and finally triumphing over appalling and terrific difficulties; and if the strain on Sir A. Wilson was at one critical moment almost more than he could bear, as I have heard, who can wonder at it? Many a good man has broken down under a far less pressure. I should mention that before Sir A. Wilson assumed the supreme command, on General Barnard's death, there is no doubt, according to Kaye, that the thought of a retrograde movement had been fixing itself in the minds of men who had, at one time, been eager for a bolder

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course; so Wilson did not originate the question of withdrawal. What might have been his resolution, if left to his own unaided counsel, we do not know. But the eager protests of that dauntless Engineer, Baird Smith, soon swept away, Kaye says, any doubts that General Wilson might have entertained about raising the siege. On the very first day that Wilson succeeded to the command, he sent for Baird Smith, and consulted him on the position of affairs, and that officer remonstrated so strongly against the project of withdrawal that the General was convinced, and decided to remain at all hazards. I can quite believe that Germans or Frenchmen would have successfully held Lucknow, under the same trials that beset our hard-pressed garrison; but I am bold enough to contend that no other troops in the world would have continued with such indomitable and tenacious perseverance to prosecute the siege of Delhi in the face of all the hopeless conditions and perils that environed them on every side. Honour, honour, honour to the heroes who helped to secure for old England this imperishable renown!

I had not the good fortune to share in the wondrous siege, and I have never ceased to envy those whose breasts are decorated with the Delhi medal. Never was a decoration more nobly earned; and when these Delhi warriors, who battled for existence for months and months under unheard-of hardships and dangers, against enormous odds, stand alongside of the recipients of the Egyptian rewards for their picnician campaign, I should not blame the Delhi heroes if some of them do look with a green eye at the highly-favoured conquerors of Tel-el-Kebir; and I say this without in the least under-rating the political importance of that successful victory, as I have shown in my sketches of Lord Wolseley's campaigns.

The conqueror of Delhi has passed away, and if he was not as illustrious a commander or as great a military genius as some of those who have preceded and succeeded him, yet probably not one of those of whom I have written has ever had more insuperable difficulties to overcome, or more overpowering responsibilities, than those over which Sir A. Wilson so gloriously triumphed. That the Commander-in-Chief had the highest opinion of his services is shown by the letter he wrote to him three days after the fall of Delhi. His Excellency said: "Pray accept my congratulations on your brilliant

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success. The determined character of the resistance you have encountered in the town is an unmistakable answer to the unprofessional authorities, who would have tried to hurry you to a rash attack before your military judgment was satisfied of the sufficiency of your means."

With reference to the last paragraph of the Commander-in-Chief's letter, even that dauntless soldier, Sir Neville Chamberlain, who was said to have deprecated the delay in assaulting Delhi in the first instance, seems to have modified his views when he was on the spot, and fully realized the desperate nature of the enterprise. He would not, of course, consent to any surrender or retrogression, but he was opposed to a rash assault before reinforcements arrived; and I believe it is now generally admitted that General Wilson was right in resisting the advice of the Engineers for an attack in the early part of the campaign, though it might possibly have succeeded had it been attempted directly our force arrived before Delhi. I see Kaye adopts this view, for he says that some of the bravest and the best of Wilson's officers who were inclined to condemn his reluctance to order the final assault, looking back upon those troublous days, and calmly estimating the difficulties to be encountered, and the responsibilities to be sustained, have since acknowledged that less than justice was done at that time to the commander of the Delhi field force. It is certain that all principles of warfare were on his side. In estimating Sir A. Wilson's character, it is not possible to overlook his failure at Meerut on the first breaking out of the Mutiny. There can, I suppose, be no doubt that he did display a lamentable want of decision and determination on that occasion. True, he was not in command, but that scarcely relieves him of a portion of the responsibility; for directly he, the second in command, saw how utterly incapable General Hewitt was to deal with such an emergency, he ought surely to have pushed the old fossil aside, and assumed the supreme control of affairs. And had he taken the reins into his own hand at that precious juncture, and lost not a moment in pursuing the rebels up to the walls of Delhi, the Mutiny would have been checked; but I am disposed to think that the rebellion would have smouldered, and burst forth again later on. But whether this would have been the case or not, it is certain that whatever may have been the shortcomings of Sir A. Wilson at Meerut, all has been forgiven and forgotten by

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a grateful country in the splendour of his achievement at Delhi. The remembrance of those great services will not "be interred with his bones." They were substantial things, not shadows, and although death has laid "his icy hand on him," the glories with which his name and fame are so closely linked will live for ever.

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LORD WOLSELEY

IN following the course of Lord Wolseley's successful career, I hardly wonder at his being called our only General. He certainly has failed in nothing that he has undertaken, as far as I know; and all must admit that it was a lucky day for England when Lord Wolseley was summoned from his land-surveyor's office in Dublin to don her Majesty's uniform, and fight her battles for her in all quarters of the globe. Some people are rather inclined, I think, to speak of his good fortune as if it were the result of chance; as if, having been born under a lucky star, he was bound to succeed. But I would not withhold an atom of the credit he has won for himself by his glorious achievements. It seems to me, that his unfailing triumph in all his works and ways should be fairly attributed to the admirable use he has made of the means which have been at his disposal at each particular juncture. Less capable men would probably not have done half or a quarter so well. He must have been possessed of very exceptional powers, physical and mental, peculiarly fitting him to be the leader of soldiers, and this capacity was signally displayed before he had been many months in the army, for no sooner was he gazetted, than he proceeded on service to join the 80th Regiment, then engaged in the Burmese War. After having been present and distinguishing himself at the storming of Pegu, where he first received his baptism of fire, he was severely wounded in a raid on a well-known robber-chief. He was mentioned in despatches for his bravery on this occasion, and he was then only an ensign. His next service, I see by Escott, took him to the Crimea. He had been transferred to the 90th Regiment, and he passed through all the horrors of that dreadful winter in 1854. But he was not with his regiment. He had, however, probably still harder work and exposure to endure than if on regimental duty, for officers being required to fill up gaps in the Engineers'

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department, he was appointed an assistant Engineer, and in that capacity he seems to have been ever in the front where Engineers always are to be found, setting a cheery and gallant example, showing the way wherever the fighting was hottest, whether in the trenches, in the assault upon the quarries, or in the unsuccessful attack on the Redan; and he stuck valiantly to his post throughout the siege, performing valuable and excellent service as an Engineer.

Of the many acts of personal gallantry performed by Lord Wolseley, I think the episode mentioned in Sir Evelyn Wood's graphic account of the Crimean campaign is the most interesting, and it is well worth repeating.

"On August 31, at 12.30 A.M., a small party of Russians made an attack on our extreme right advance works. The working party fell back in confusion before one-third of their numbers, in spite of repeated attempts of Captain Wolseley to rally them. The Russians destroyed about fifty yards of the sap, and then fell back two hundred yards into the ravine, whence they kept up an incessant fire. The Russian battery, on the other side of the ravine, played on the head of the sap, and in a short time there were twelve casualties out of sixty-five men. When the Russians retired, Captain Wolseley got some sappers to work to repair the damages; but this was difficult, as he had to labour under a shower of bullets, round-shot, and shells, and the work progressed only by Captain Wolseley and a sergeant of the Royal Engineers working at the head of the sap. Wolseley was on his knees, holding the front gabion, into which a sergeant, working also in a kneeling position, threw earth over his captain's shoulder. The gabion was half filled when it was struck in the centre by a round-shot from the Russian battery. Wolseley was terribly wounded, and indeed the sergeant pulled his body back without ceremony, intending to bury it in camp, when he found the life of his officer was not extinct. Besides grave injuries in the upper face, a large stone from the gabion was driven through the cheek and jaw to the neck, where it lodged; the right wrist was smashed, and a serious wound inflicted on the shin. Strange to say, he did duty, after a rapid recovery, till the armies re-embarked, the shin wound becoming more serious later, when the bone began to exfoliate. To my mind, if Wolseley had never done another day's duty, the bravery he displayed on that height, rallying his men, and working at the head of the sap, with only his Engineer sergeant to

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assist him, under a shower of missiles of all kinds, stamped him as a hero, and entitled him to lasting honour."

We next find this indefatigable soldier with his regiment, the 90th, which was one of the first employed in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. It formed a part of the force under Sir J. Outram, and shared in all Lord Clyde's operations in Oude, including the relief and final siege of Lucknow and Alum Bagh. He led, I believe, the assault on the Mess House of the 32nd Regiment with great gallantry; Outram and Hope Grant both discerned and appreciated his work. The latter selected him for his Staff in the Quartermaster-General's department, when he was appointed to command the expedition to China. On the completion of this campaign, he was sent to Canada, still in the Quartermaster-General's department, and whilst thus employed, the rebellion of the French settlers in the Red River broke out. Lord Wolseley was told off to command this expedition, and he conducted it with consummate skill; and although there was not any actual fighting, the masterly way in which he overcame every physical and administrative difficulty was fully recognized by the Government, who conferred upon him the K.C.M.G., an honour which was well deserved. The Ashantee War was his next exploit, and a very critical one it was, calling forth all the very highest tests of a skilful and resolute commander. I suspect those who were in authority at home in those days, and knew exactly the condition of things in Ashantee, felt at one time that matters looked very threatening, and trembled for the result. There was no doubt that Lord Wolseley was supported by a splendid staff of officers—Evelyn Wood, Baker Russell, Lord Gifford, Greaves, Brackenbury, and Maurice were, I believe, all there. The assistance of such able and accomplished men could not be over-rated. Lord Wolseley knew this well, and he would be the first to admit how much he was indebted to them. His march to Coomassie was, I am inclined to think, the enterprise of which he may be most proud. The climate was deadly, the country covered with dense forest, the Ashantees in myriads were swarming around on all sides, and threatening at any moment to intercept the communications. Such jungle fighting is most trying to the very best troops. Men cannot, as I think I have remarked before, keep shoulder to shoulder in such circumstances; and that reliance which soldiers feel in each other when in contact

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is necessarily weakened when the dense jungle prevents the possibility of maintaining such cohesion. A more formidable and anxious task than that which devolved on Lord Wolseley could not be conceived, at least that is the aspect in which it appeared to me. But Lord Wolseley was equal to all emergencies. He knew all the perils that environed him, had counted the cost, but he never wavered for an instant. Cool, confident, and determined to the end, he forged ahead; and overcoming every obstruction, brought the campaign to a glorious termination.

I have spoken elsewhere of the Delhi heroes possibly looking askance at the Egyptian honours, when many of the gentlemen who happily returned unscathed from that pleasant Egyptian War had their manly bosoms covered with medals at the rate of about one a week, during the period they were engaged in the Egyptian campaign. I say this without any wish to derogate from the importance rendered to the country by the triumphant result of the Egyptian War, culminating in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. I have always myself thought that Lord Wolseley deserved infinite credit for his adventurous attack, delivered on the strongest point, as it appeared to me, in the enemy's line of entrenchments. Had he made an attempt to outflank them, or to threaten their rear, the enemy would most likely have fallen back at once on Cairo, and thus prolonged the campaign indefinitely. Lord Wolseley showed a fearlessness of responsibility, an appreciation of circumstances, and a true estimate and knowledge of his enemy, in thus confronting them at the only point where they were likely to make a stand. This instinctive conviction stamped him as a far-seeing commander, who had well weighed every contingency, and provided for the same.

Since writing the above, I have read Sir J. Adye's account of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and he seems to endorse pretty nearly what I have stated regarding Lord Wolseley's plan of attack, for he says: "By a wide flank movement we might, no doubt, have turned their left with comparative ease, and have captured the position without much loss, but experience had proved that the enemy would not stand against such a manœuvre; and, as Lord Wolseley stated in his despatch after the battle, 'it would not have accomplished the object I had in view, viz. to grapple with the enemy at such close quarters that he should not be able to shake himself free from our clutches, except by a general flight of all his army. I wished

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to make the battle a final one. My desire was to fight him decisively when he was in the open desert, before he could take up fresh positions, more difficult of access in the cultivated country in the rear; all these considerations led to the decision to make a night march across the desert, to be followed by an assault on the whole line of entrenchments at dawn.' No doubt there was risk, but the object to be attained was supreme, and Wolseley relied, and with good reason, on the steadiness and courage of his troops."

With reference to the foregoing, I may mention that I have noticed that natives of India have always a fear of having their flanks turned, and are inclined to abandon their position when their rear is threatened. Scores of proofs might be produced of this tendency. I will content myself with two recent instances. The Afghans at the Peiwar Kotal evacuated their strongholds the moment our troops began to debouch from the jungle on the line of their retreat. I went all over the Peiwar Kotal after it had fallen into our hands, and according to my unscientific comprehension Lord Roberts would have had an awful task before him had the enemy resisted his assault: the fortifications in the fort looked to me quite impregnable. I believe the very same good fortune attended Sir Sam. Brown's operations in the face of the Ali Musjid. I am open to correction, but I always understood the Afghans made themselves scarce under very similar circumstances as those which obtained at the Peiwar Kotal. If I am right in my conjectures, was not Lord Wolseley's strategic design at Tel-el-Kebir admirably conceived and skilfully carried out, and is he not entitled to the gratitude of his country? This was the opinion I formed of Lord Wolseley's operations at Tel-el-Kebir, and I committed it to paper some time ago; but only recently I came across Sir W. Butler's article in the *Contemporary Review* of the present month (August 1895), and this is what he writes in regard to that campaign: "As an example of exact calculation, of a carefully thought out tactical problem of perfect appreciation of difficulty, as a very brilliant bit of generalship, it deserves to remain long in the recollection of military men."

I cannot remember whether I ever met Lord Wolseley in India, but we must have been within hail of each other occasionally during the Mutiny, for we both were at the final siege of Lucknow, and I rather think, after or before the fall of Lucknow, we must have been in the same camp, for I believe

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he was on Sir Hope Grant's Staff, and I certainly was with that officer when he was scouring the Oude country and clearing it of rebels. But as I was always with the cavalry, we might not have come across one another. I have lately been reading his life of the Duke of Marlborough, and I see he can wield his pen as skilfully as his sword, albeit I am not disposed to endorse all that he has written in defence of the Blenheim hero. I do not mean to decry his capacity as a soldier, but his moral character, judged by the standard of the present day, was simply despicable. I dare say I shall be told that we must not take the measure of men of those days by the level of the nineteenth century. Well, there may be something in this; but, making every allowance for times and circumstances, I should say that the moral character of the Duke of Marlborough would not stand much scrutiny.

I believe Lord Wolseley has had a great deal to do with the introduction of the competitive system of examination for entrance into the army. I do not know whether this innovation has proved a success. The abolition of purchase I have no difficulty in upholding, and I wonder it continued as long as it did. Consider the injustice of an officer with distinguished war service being liable to be purchased over by an officer who had none. This reminds me of the answer of the officer whose bald head attracted the attention of the Duke of York, who compared it to his own denuded pate. "We are, sir, alike in that respect, but not from the same cause. My baldness arises from the number of men you have allowed to go over my head." But I am not enamoured of competition. Let there be, I say, a standard of education as high as you like for the scientific branches and for the Staff; but for the line, I believe the education of an ordinary English gentleman, supplemented with some special requirement for the army, would be quite sufficient for every purpose. I quite admit that professional knowledge in my early days was not encouraged; even to discuss professional subjects was denounced as shop, and severely deprecated. I remember my brother telling me of some officer who never knew by name more than two men in his company—one was his sergeant and the other his servant; and he used always to call out to them to dress up, or dress back, when he was adjusting his company. We do not wish to return to those days of ignorance of and indifference to all professional qualifications, but I have never seen the necessity

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for competition; and provided young officers pass an examination, a stiffish one if you like, fitting them for the army, then I would *nominate* them for their commissions.

I have seen many splendid young fellows fail at the competitive examinations who would have made excellent regimental officers, with ample brains for all regimental work, and far better suited for the service, on account of their physical advantages, than some of the poor, weakly, undersized book-worms who have beaten them in the competition. And whilst I hold these views, I have as keen an appreciation of the value of education as Lord Wolseley himself, and I often wished that I had received a military education when I was on the Staff. As it was, I had to pick the brains of others, and this I never scrupled to do. I will give an example of my views on this subject. During the Mutiny, one part of my duty as Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General of a large Division in the field, was to submit to the authorities periodically a comprehensive sketch of the country in which we were operating, together with a detailed description. Now it unfortunately happened that, although I could hold my own in writing my report, I was no draughtsman. Eton boys in my time were not taught drawing, but happily, attached to the same Staff as myself was Brigade-Major Stevenson, 79th Highlanders, who was a very clever artist, and being a great friend of mine, he used to draw elaborate plans of our operations, and these I regularly forwarded to head-quarters, with my name, O. Wilkinson, D.A.Q.G., written very neatly in the corner, and as I was able graphically to describe these plans, I obtained credit as an artist to which I was in no way entitled.

I remember another instance in which I should have been sorely embarrassed had I not indented on the talents of a scientific comrade. I was suddenly ordered to construct a bridge of boats across a river. Now, I believe that I may flatter myself that I was really an efficient cavalry officer, and I could perhaps have swam my horse across it; though I did fail, as I have shown elsewhere, when in pursuit of a wild boar which took to the river; but how the dickens I was to throw a bridge of boats over it was beyond my capacity. However, there was happily by my side, and always ready to lend me a helping hand, one of the ablest Engineer officers, Champain, afterwards Sir John, and he very soon bridged over the difficulty; and a few weeks afterwards I proudly observed in despatches how promptly Captain Wilkinson had constructed a bridge of boats, by which the

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whole Division was successfully transported without accident or delay of any kind across the river. If the poet who wrote the following lines be alive, he will hold me in supreme contempt—

> "I hate the man who builds his name
> On ruins of another's fame."

These instances illustrate how all officers should have a military education, and, as I said before, all officers of the Staff should have high scientific attainments in these scientific days; but I repeat, this does not involve the necessity of competition for any other branch of the service. Nomination and a military education—of a higher order than at present if you like—for the line regiments, and the highest order for the Engineers, and somewhat less for the Artillery.

I dare say Lord Wolseley will hold my opinion very cheap, but he cannot flog me, so I do not mind; and if I could put back the clock a score of years, nothing would give me greater pleasure or confidence than to serve under him either in peace or war, for I believe him to be second to none of our living generals, though there is one perhaps who, in my opinion, would in the race for the professional goal run him a dead heat. Of course everybody knows to whom I point!

[NOTE.—As a proof of the confidence Lord Wolseley inspires amongst his countrywomen, I would mention the following story told me a few days ago by a clergyman. He had been, I suppose, dilating on the probability of our being engaged in hostilities with Germany or America at any moment, when an old lady, one of his congregation, came up to him, and after referring to the critical nature of the situation, expressed the great relief and comfort it afforded her to think that at such an awful juncture we had a Cardinal Wolseley at the head of our army!]

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GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART

THIS lamented officer, cut off in his prime (he was only forty-two), was a great friend of mine. We were quartered together in Umballa about 1868, when he was aide-de-camp to General Beatson, and he was in and out of our house every day. He had a harassing time of it then, for General Beatson was decidedly a peculiar man, and it was not every aide-de-camp that could have satisfied such an eccentric old warrior. But Stewart managed him admirably, with perfect tact and temper; not without, however, having to settle constant rows in the domestic establishment, the servants of which were for ever rebelling against their master, and leaving him in the lurch on most inconvenient occasions. At these times Stewart would come running over to our house, and despairingly ask us to assist him, as the principal part of the domestic establishment had struck work just as the General had invited a number of guests to dinner. We, of course, were only too glad to be able to help our friend Stewart, and our servants were placed at his disposal for the nonce: we thus rescued General Beatson and his aide-de-camp from several very awkward dilemmas. General Beatson had, I believe, the same difficulties with his Staff officers, Herbert Stewart excepted, and more than once he invited me to take the place of one of his refractory Staff. Of course I was flattered by the General's preference for me, but I was not disposed to incur the risk of offending him, as others had done before. There is no doubt that the old gentleman, though a fine old soldier, was a very ticklish and peppery fellow to deal with. And it speaks volumes for Stewart that he had succeeded in acquiring such influence over him, that his master never attempted to disagree with his aide-de-camp. His abilities were of a high order, as his course through the Staff College will testify. I am pretty certain that he came from a talented stock, for I happen to know that more than one of his family were splendid reciters.

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To his sister, Mrs. Everett, I was greatly indebted for the services which she rendered to me at an entertainment which I got up at Dorchester, for the benefit of a military charity, the Royal School for Officers' Daughters. I remember well how completely she held her audience spell-bound by her melodious voice, and the dramatic power she displayed in her beautiful recitations. I believe her sister, Mrs. Behrens, is equally gifted, but I have never had the privilege of hearing her. In the days that I have been speaking of, some twenty-five years ago and more, Stewart had not commenced his glorious war service, in which he acquired so many honours and such imperishable renown, but I am sure that every one who knew him well, considered him, notwithstanding his quiet, unassuming manner, a man of no ordinary capacity, who would turn out a dashing and daring leader, if chance should ever place him at the head of a fighting force. On the authority of one who was nearest of kin to him, and was brought up with him, I may mention that from his earliest boyhood he was bent on the military profession. This calling was not the one that his father, who was a clergyman, wished him to follow, and he discouraged his martial proclivities in every possible way; but the lad never wavered; he must and he would be a soldier, and nothing else. He did try his best to smother his military aspirations. He qualified for the Bar, and he kept all his terms. Before entering the army he went to Winchester, and there he was most popular amongst his schoolfellows, giving them a lead in all games, especially excelling in that most national of all, "cricket," and was, I think, captain of the school eleven. His fine, open, manly character and handsome, honest face, coupled with superiority in all athletic games and sports, placed him quite in the forefront of his companions; and I have been told that the head-master always gratefully acknowledged the excellent example he set to all around him, bringing his powerful influence to bear at the right time and in the right direction. It seems to me that captains of the cricket elevens at our large public schools, especially if they are athletes as well, acquire an enormous influence amongst their contemporaries.

Poor Herbert Stewart was devoted to Winchester, and declared that when telegraphic messages were pouring in congratulating him on his promotion to Major-General (this was after he had received his mortal wound), none gave him greater satisfaction than the one he received from the masters and school-fellows of

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Winchester College. Apropos of cricket, I have forgotten to mention that a singular sight was seen one day at Lord's: Herbert Stewart and his brother played against one another in a match between Winchester College and Oxford University—I am not sure that they were not both captains of their respective elevens. The match created great interest, in consequence of the antagonism of the two brothers.

Stewart was adored at home, as I can testify from what I have heard from the lips of those loved ones who doted on him. I have said that his abilities were of a high order, and I see it stated, by one who must have known him intimately, "that he was not more remarkable for his bravery and resolution than for his intelligence. He was thoroughly conversant with all the details of his profession. He possessed a very remarkable knowledge of military history, and would describe all the main events of almost any battle of importance on which he was questioned, and he was especially conversant with the battles of the Franco-Prussian War."

Besides all his professional attainments, he was an exceedingly clever and shrewd man of business. I had some slight opportunity of forming an opinion on this subject, as I consulted him about the purchase of a house in Hans Place, when he was speculating in house property in that locality, with, as I was told, considerable success; and had he been spared to work out his scheme, I believe he would have amassed a very large fortune. I did not manage to "do business" with him on that occasion. It was, however, my want of adequate means alone, and not from any unreasonable demands on his part, that our negotiations fell through; and I came away with the conviction that I had been dealing with a remarkably clear-headed and straightforward speculator.

With reference to the above, I certainly had no idea at that time that I was dealing with a man who had studied architecture, and was widely read in the literature of the art. I knew that he had turned his tastes and his acquirements to practical account, but scarcely gave him credit for being himself an expert as a designer and builder of houses. One of his comrades, to whom I have before referred, writes: "I remember how, during our voyage from Suakim to Suez, at the end of the first campaign, Sir Herbert Stewart used to describe to me how he had gradually picked up his knowledge of house architecture, and to criticize the faults of modern construction. This great

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accomplishment he acquired in the intervals of soldiering; and yet his acquaintance with the art was perhaps as great as those whose only profession it is." He was, without doubt, a man of rare versatile talent and of information of all kinds, and there was nothing he could not do to which he set his mind.

Having dwelt on Herbert Stewart's intellectual and technical attainments, I must now retrace my steps, and give some account of his professional career. He commenced soldiering as an Ensign in the 37th Regiment, of which he became Adjutant. After completing two years on General Beatson's personal Staff, as I have mentioned above, he passed on to the Quartermaster-General's department, in which he served for about another year, and then he joined the 3rd Dragoon Guards. His next service seems to have been in the Zulu War, when he acted as Brigade-Major of cavalry. Then he became first Chief of the Staff to Sir Baker Russell, and soon afterwards was transferred in the same capacity to Sir Garnet Wolseley; so he acquired his campaigning experience under admirable leaders. On the breaking out of the Boer War, Sir G. Colley applied for his services, and this involved him in the Majuba disaster, when he was taken prisoner, after having had some perilous adventures in his attempt to escape capture by the enemy. On his return home he was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Spencer, then Viceroy of Ireland, just after the murder of Lord F. Cavendish. He was on the most confidential terms with the Viceroy, and was entrusted with duties requiring great tact and judgment, and probably not without some personal danger. He left this, which I think must have been a most distasteful duty—a sort of detective I think—to take up the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General of the cavalry Division in the Egyptian campaign. He was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and accompanied Sir Drury Lowe across the desert to Cairo after that battle. When the Egyptians saw the cavalry advancing, they sent out a flag of truce to Sir Drury Lowe, who had halted at Abassaiyeh, four or five miles outside of Cairo. Sir Herbert Stewart was then ordered to proceed to the city, and demand the surrender of Arabi Pasha and of the citadel. Stewart had only one hundred troopers with him as an escort, and he had to take over charge of the fortress from a whole army of Egyptian rebels, who might any moment have massacred them all. However, they evacuated the citadel without any sign of resistance, and merely marched past their captors looking

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very sulky and sullen. For this service he was made aide-de-camp to the Queen, and a Companion of the Bath. On his return to England he again joined the Viceroy of Ireland, but only for a short time, as he was selected early in 1884 to command the cavalry attached to Sir Gerald Graham's force in the Soudan, and he was present at the actions of El Teb and Tamai, when he performed some valuable service. At the first-named action, his charge with the 10th and 19th Hussars was most opportune; and at the second, his Hussars came to the rescue when the Arabs had penetrated one of the British squares. I fancy General Davis, my old friend, who so nearly, as I have before mentioned, disposed of me one night in the Indian Mutiny, was in a very critical position on this occasion for a few minutes, but his men soon recovered from the sudden rush of the dauntless Arabs. I observe one writer, who seems to have been very intimate with Stewart, says that he, Stewart, never could understand the object of General Graham's campaign, unless he contemplated a dash upon Berber, which would have been practicable if a start had been made earlier. Stewart had been eager to undertake this, and considered that it would have been successful, and prevented all the subsequent loss and disaster.

In recognition of his services with General Graham he was made a K.C.B. The last appointment he held in England was that of Adjutant and Quartermaster-General at Dover. His tenure of this office soon came to an end. He was selected by his staunch and constant friend, Lord Wolseley, as Brigadier-General in the expedition formed for the relief of Gordon at Khartum. Herbert Stewart led the advanced column, detached from the main body at Korti, and marched across the Bayuda Desert to the banks of the Nile. At Abu Klea, on January 17, 1885, he first encountered the enemy in force, and a desperate fight ensued. "Stewart himself had a marvellous escape; one of the faces of the square was broken" (Sir C. Wilson tells the story), "and the Arabs rushed in under the camels to the front part of the square. Some of the rear rank now faced about and began firing. Herbert Stewart's horse was shot, and as he fell three Arabs ran at him. I (Wilson) was close to his horse's tail, and disposed of one nearest to me about three paces off, and the others were, I think, killed by the officers of the Mounted Infantry close by. Almost immediately afterwards the enemy retired, and loud and long cheering broke

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out from the square. Our men by this time had got somewhat out of hand, wild with excitement. It was difficult for a few moments to get them into their places, and if the enemy had charged again, as seemed likely, few of us would have escaped." One incident which Wilson calls strange occurred. "An Arab armed with a spear jumped up and charged an officer, who grasped the spear with one hand, and with the other he ran his sword through the Arab's body, and there for a few seconds they stood face to face, the officer being unable to withdraw his sword until a man ran up and shot the Arab. Considering that the rear rank faced inwards, when one side of the square was broken, and fired on friend and foe indiscriminately, it is a wonder any one escaped. There is no doubt several officers were killed by our own men. Fancy in such a fight and at such a moment, the Gardiner gun got jammed, and the cartridges in the rifles were also jammed! Awful predicament!"

I have taken this account of the battle of Abu Klea from Sir C. Wilson's most interesting book, *From Korti to Khartum.* The various services of Herbert Stewart I have collected from extracts from documents kindly sent to me by Herbert's sister, Mrs. Behrens.

Sir Charles Wilson says that Stewart's first impulse, when he realized the heavy loss the force had sustained, was to halt at Abu Klea wells, and wait for reinforcements; but on further consideration he decided to push on to the Nile. The night march seems to have been a most arduous one, and Wilson thought that as the men, who had been allowed no rest for three consecutive nights, and were utterly exhausted, and as the baggage animals were equally worn out, it would be better to halt and rest till daylight; but the indefatigable and irrepressible Stewart could not brook any check to his resolutions. Khartum was his goal, and on he would push at all hazards, hoping to reach the Nile before they were observed by the enemy. However, the column got into such inextricable confusion in the darkness, and by the obstructions that beset their pathless road, and their progress was so slow—only one mile per hour—that at last, half-an-hour before daylight, he called a halt. I suspect no one who took part in that weary march will ever forget it. So irremediable was the disorder, and so dark the night, that a couple of hundred of the enemy, knowing the ground, might, Wilson thinks, have caused alarming trouble. Under the impression that the enemy were not inclined to come

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on, Sir Herbert Stewart determined to let the men have their breakfasts. But it appeared that the Soudanees were quite alert, and had no intention of giving our men any respite. The firing began in the long grass, right and left of our position, and bullets dropped freely into the square. The enemy were invisible in the grass cover, which surrounded a great part of their position. The fire became hotter, and men kept falling; temporary redoubts were being constructed, as a protection against the fire—but all too late, for the fatal bullet had found its billet. It was eight o'clock according to one authority, and 10.30 by another, when poor Stewart fell grievously wounded, and was carried to the hospital. I will describe the scene in Wilson's own words: "The command devolved upon me as senior officer. After a short talk with Boscawen, the next senior officer, we went together to Stewart, and found him very cool and collected, and apparently not in great pain; but upon my saying I hoped he would soon be well, he at once replied that he was certain the wound was fatal, and that his soldiering days were over. I said what I could to cheer him, and I asked what he had intended doing if he had not been hit. He said he thought the best thing to be done was to make straight for Matummeh. I told Stewart that I should go out and fight as soon as possible, and if circumstances were favourable try Matummeh."

Stewart was tenderly nursed by Rhodes, his aide-de-camp, and St. Leger Herbert, till he was killed a few paces from him. Sir C. Wilson never saw him again; but he has placed on record that Stewart was a charming companion, kind and courteous to those who served under him, and beloved by all ranks. A more gallant officer never lived, and his death was mourned, as that of a personal friend, by every one in the desert column. Such were the parting thoughts that Wilson gave expression to in relation to his lost comrade. Of course it is very easy to find fault when dangers and difficulties are past and gone; but on reading over the accounts of the last scene in poor Stewart's career, I could not help asking myself why the force was not pushed on sooner when the position seemed almost untenable, the Arabs having apparently encircled our troops, and from the cover afforded by the long grass and scrub were able to keep up a continuous fire on our men, without exposing themselves at all. It was during this fusillade that the gallant leader went down.

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Poor Stewart, "when friends tried to persuade him that his wound was not mortal, he, it is said, rebuked them, asking what death could be more glorious than a soldier's, and so he faced it, as he had many times before, without flinching, and with a fearless smile in his frank eyes that won all men to him." In one of the extracts which Mrs. Behrens was kind enough to place at my disposal, I find this eloquent tribute paid to the memory of her noble brother.

That brief and brilliant career, so brilliant in performance, so rich in promise, is now closed for ever; and Stewart, buried by the men whom he so recently led to victory, now sleeps in the desert near those wells of Gakdul, whose name is associated for ever with the glory of the British arms, and the memory of as gallant a soldier as the British troops ever followed to victory. The glory is great, but the sacrifice is terrible. The loss of such men as Gordon, Earle, and Stewart would be irreparable if their example did not live for ever to stimulate their countrymen to those noble deeds which quicken the patriotism and purify the passions of a nation.

Stewart's march across the Bayuda Desert was a most remarkable one, and as far as human efforts were concerned, it was not possible that more could have been done than was done on that terrible occasion. The force, alas! failed to command success, but never was it more deserved. Lord Wolseley knew full well the risks that were to be incurred; but Gordon was in extreme peril, and the universal voice of the country demanded that he should be rescued if possible, no matter what might be the cost. Lord Wolseley selected the most capable officer in the British army to lead this almost forlorn hope. I myself believe that the task was an impossible one, even had poor Stewart been spared. I mean it was impossible, within the limit of time that was allowed, to reach Khartum; but I think, had the force started three weeks—or even less—earlier, Gordon would have been saved. His supplies were exhausted, his men were starving, and the faithful few remaining at last fell an easy prey to the Mahdi, when the hand of treachery threw open the gates to the besiegers. It is a sad, sad story, involving the sacrifice of two such heroes as Stewart and Gordon.

Lord Wolseley, in announcing the death of Sir Herbert Stewart, wrote to the Secretary of War in the following terms—

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"*Korti.*
"*February* 22.

"This event has deprived her Majesty of one of her bravest soldiers and most brilliant leaders, and has caused amongst all ranks of the army of the Soudan the most genuine and heartfelt sorrow. Few commanders have succeeded to a greater degree than Sir Herbert Stewart in winning the affection of those who served with or under him, whilst his many high military qualities rendered him a General whom England could ill afford to spare. His death is felt by all here at once as a private and a national loss. Leaders such as he was are rare in all armies. It may be long before the service or the country can fill the gap which his death has caused."

To the above I must add one or two most interesting private letters; the first one written by Sir Herbert Stewart himself to Lord Wolseley, after he (Stewart) was wounded, which shows with what fortitude he was bearing his sufferings, almost ignoring them, whilst he was keeping clearly in view all the arrangements required to be made in the prosecution of the campaign. His confidence in the ultimate success of his operations was unimpaired, but how far he felt the hopefulness for himself which his words imply, I cannot say.

"*On the Nile, two miles S. of Metemmah*, 23.1.85.

"From Herbert Stewart to Lord Wolseley.

"MY DEAR GENERAL—

"I am too much ashamed of myself. Here am I, instead of being of use to you, a horrible encumbrance on your hands. Never was such bad luck. I was walking round entreating the men to get something into their stomachs before advancing, when I was rolled over. I hope and believe we have all but carried out your orders. We have not taken Metemmah, but we are established on the Nile in a better position than Metemmah itself. I don't think many of the lot about here will come into the open again, and it is not worth a sacrifice of life to secure mud huts which are useless. Wilson goes to Khartoum. I have told Beresford to remain here to command sea forces, and Boscawen commands on land. They come and talk things over with me, and everything, I am sure, will be right. You only want the troops you proposed and some groceries by the Gakdool line, and Earle *vid* Berber, to finish the whole thing to perfection. I won't write more, but I hope to explain to you soon our movements, and how the camel perpetually

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tied one's hands. The doctors all said I was a dead one, and I was so knocked out of time by the shock, which paralyzed one side for a bit, that I was disposed to agree with them; but I am beginning to hope I may yet again have the honour of once again working under you. I won't write more now. Would you very kindly have a telegram sent to my wife from me, saying I am doing as well as possible, and hope to see Khartoum still?

"Yours very sincerely,

"HERBERT STEWART."

Who would have supposed that the above letter was written by an officer hovering between life and death?

Extract from Lord Wolseley's letter to Mrs. Behrens—

"*Camp, Korti.*
"*March* 9, 1885.

"What can I say of him to you who knew him as a brother? To me, he was a good friend, the bravest of comrades, and a leader in whom I had implicit confidence. I never expect to meet his like again, for he combined more brilliant qualities than any man I ever met. His loss has been a serious one to the army. I miss him everywhere. I miss his handsome face, his pleasant manner, and his genial comradeship; but I feel that he died as I wish to die myself, and as all happy soldiers die. I mourn his loss, but my pity and sympathy are for those he left behind.

"(Signed),

"WOLSELEY."

There is one more copy of a letter in my possession which contains sentiments in which all must heartily sympathize. It is not every one, I think, who could have given expression to the profound sorrow by which he was overwhelmed in more strikingly original, effective, and touching terms than those which Lord Wolseley used when writing to condole with Lady Stewart on the death of her noble husband. He said: "Remembering what your loss has been, how can I dwell upon my own feelings? I have lost a dear friend, and my most trusted comrade. I feel as if my right arm had been amputated; but then you were his wife, and nothing can make up to you for his loss. However, if I were a woman, I would sooner be his widow than the wife of half the men I know. May God sustain you to watch over his little boy. I can wish that boy nothing better

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than to hope he may be as brave and as able a soldier as his father was."

Such generous tributes of admiration and affection paid to the memory of his fallen comrade, by one of the first soldiers of the age, must be intensely gratifying to all his family and numerous friends.

The following are copies of two farewell notes written by Herbert Stewart in the zeriba, five minutes after being wounded. The handwriting was quite firm and natural, although he thought his last hour had come.

To his sister, Mrs. Behrens—

"Good-bye, dearest Louise. My love to Daisy, and all. I must call her Daisy now.

"HERBERT."

He always preferred the pet name of Daisy to Olive.

"DARLING MOTHER,—

"Good-bye, and God bless you, and thank you for all your great and loving kindness to me all my life. I know you are proud of my being hit like this.

"Your ever loving son,

"HERBERT."

In those few lines, written by Sir Herbert Stewart to his beloved mother, just after being grievously wounded, there is a true, genuine, Spartan ring, which must wake a sympathetic echo in every British heart. Those parting manly words surely indicate the dauntless and soldierly spirit by which he was animated to the last moments of his heroic life. Such a precious legacy, indited amidst the din of battle, and when stricken down in bodily suffering, is worthy to be engraven in letters of gold upon the national escutcheon, resplendent with the brilliant achievements won by the best and bravest of England's warrior sons.

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GENERAL CHARLES GORDON[1]

I MET General Gordon quite by accident, and our interview lasted only a few minutes. He was on his way to India as private secretary to Lord Ripon, just then appointed Governor-General of India. Lord Ripon and suite happened to arrive at Meurice Hotel, Paris, whilst I was staying there. Amongst his lordship's Staff was my old friend Sir Andrew Clarke, R.E., who asked me if I should like to be introduced to Chinese Gordon. Of course I gladly availed myself of this great honour, and I had the privilege of conversing with that remarkable man for a few brief minutes. He greeted me courteously and frankly. There was no fire, no particular energy, no swagger whatever. He was quiet, natural, and unassuming, and there was absolutely nothing in his bearing, appearance, or conversation to indicate his wonderful character; and that being so, perhaps I may here repeat that I have been more than once told that I am not unlike the picture of him that hangs on the wall of our sitting-room in the United Service Club.

I believe that his appointment of private secretary to the Viceroy took everybody by surprise, as it was not considered in his line; and he himself was not long in discovering his mistake, and soon after arriving at Bombay he resigned his post. His brother, Sir Henry, in his book, *The Events of the Life of Gordon*, says: "In a moment of weakness he took the appointment of private secretary to Lord Ripon, and repented that he had done so at once, but did not like to say so." Gordon seems to have adopted the view that Yacoob Khan, the ruler at Cabul, was free from all personal complicity in the murder of Cavagnari, and this persuasion was diametrically at variance with that of the official classes in India. Gordon advocated the restoration of Yacoob to his throne.

[1] Authors quoted, Sir H. Gordon, Sir C. Wilson Marvin, Forbes, *Life of Gordon*, A. Wilson, Coetlegon.

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An officer of high standing, and a great friend of Gordon's, whom I think I can recognize as a friend of mine also, though I am not sure that I should have quite adopted his view, agreed cordially with Gordon, for he wrote, according to Sir Henry, thus: "An unprejudiced review of the circumstances surrounding the *émeute* of September 1879 clearly indicates that the spontaneous and unpremeditated action of a discontented, undisciplined, and unpaid soldiery had not been planned, directed, or countenanced by the Ameer, his ministers, or his advisers. There is no evidence to prove, or even to suspect, that the mutiny of his soldiers was in any way not deplored by the Ameer, but was regarded by him with regret, dismay, and even terror. I entertain myself very strong convictions that we should have first permitted and encouraged the Ameer to punish the mutinous soldiers and rioters implicated in the outrage before we ourselves interfered. The omission to adopt this course inevitably led to the action forced on the Ameer, which culminated in the forced resignation of his power, and the total annihilation of the national Government." I can see the force of my old friend's arguments, but I can also see that the British Government would have been liable in the minds of the Afghans to the most dangerous suspicions of weakness, which would have been perilous for the future, had we reinstated Yacoob. At any rate, I suppose Lord Lytton and his advisers had well weighed the critical question in all its bearings, and Lord Ripon finally decided to endorse the conclusions at which his predecessor had arrived. Thus Gordon was in direct opposition to Lord Ripon, and he thought he should do him harm by staying with him. They parted the best of friends.[1]

In selecting Gordon for the secretaryship, it was thought, I believe, that Lord Ripon was influenced by the idea that Gordon would be able to render him valuable assistance in solving the Anglo-Russian frontier question, which was then under discussion, and considered to be a very delicate and difficult problem to unravel. Charles Marvin, referring to Gordon's pecu-

[1] I have since ascertained that immediately on General Roberts reaching Cabul, a court was convened to inquire into the murder of Cavagnari and his companions. The evidence clearly established the fact that if Yacoob Khan did not instigate the attack on the Residency, he did nothing to stop it. He was therefore held responsible for the massacre, and it was on the result of that investigation that Lord Lytton finally decided to deport Yacoob Khan to India. This resolution was carried into effect some six months before Lord Ripon arrived in India. Surely it was then impossible to re-open the case.

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liar fitness for this duty, says: "I may be asked to point out the Atlas who can bear this responsibility on his shoulders. We have not to go far to seek him. His name is well known. He is not the offspring of a clique; he is not the creature of a faction; he has fought well and ruled well; his Christian piety is a proverb amongst those who know him; his scorn of pelf and preferment is so remarkable, that he almost stands alone; he hardly belongs to a place-hunting, money-grabbing generation. He enjoys the admiration and love of the nation. Russia knows nothing to his detriment. I have no need to utter his name. It springs spontaneously to the ready lips—Chinese Gordon."

If there be amongst my friends those who have not read any of the memoirs of Gordon that have been written, they may be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of running over the following fragmentary pages referring to the chief features in his wonderful career, without entering into the whole connected history, which might trench too much on their limited leisure. My information has been gathered (see footnote on page 425) from several published sources. I have read that this great Christian hero belonged to a family whose ancestors were for several generations soldiers. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all in the army. The first-named, Gordon's father, is said to have been a soldier of the highest type, honourable, kindly, just, and devoted to his profession. As a boy, Charles is described by one writer as of a quick but generous temper, with plenty of energy, but not very strong physically. His brother, Sir Henry, says he gave no indication in his youth of the sort of man he proved to be. He was far from being a quiet lad, always up to fun and any kind of mischief. He was educated at Woolwich, and came out in the Engineers. But his brother writes that he would probably have been in the Artillery had he not been put back for his commission for six months as a punishment for striking a cadet over the head with a clothes-brush; and on another occasion he was very nearly dismissed from the Academy for running full tilt at, butting in the pit of the stomach, and sending headlong down the stairs leading from the dining-hall, a corporal who had been posted there to prevent the cadets crowding on the stairs, which were very narrow. How utterly one of the masters at Woolwich must have misconceived the character of Gordon, when he told him that he was incompetent, and would never make an officer, and how unmistakably the young cadet displayed his manly independence and defiant spirit,

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when with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks he tore the epaulets from his shoulders, and cast them down at his reproving master's feet in speechless disgust. He had a rare contempt for money. In fact he gave it away as fast as he received it. I have heard this from more than one officer who knew him well. On one occasion he deprecated the largeness of his salary as Governor of the Soudan, and insisted on its reduction, upon which the Khedive remarked: "What an extraordinary man! he does not want money."

The young subaltern commenced his war service in the Crimea, towards the close of the campaign; but not before he had gone through his full share of hardships and exposure in the trenches. From the Crimea he was sent to Bessarabia to assist Major Stanton, then tracing the line of boundary between Russia and Turkey, and thence he went to Armenia.

Gordon's next service was in China with Lord Elgin in 1860; and we hear of him assisting in destroying the famous Summer Palace at Pekin, a duty not apparently congenial to him, as he describes it as a wretchedly demoralizing work for an army, and others besides Gordon thought it an act of unpardonable vandalism. In this condemnation I cannot myself share, for nothing could adequately expiate the horrible cruelties inflicted on our envoys, engaged in negotiating terms of peace. Thirteen out of twenty-six British subjects captured by the Chinese died under the tortures to which they were exposed. Gordon took advantage of his leisure, after the campaign, to explore the country, and besides visiting the Great Wall of China, which is said to be 1256 miles in length, he went to several places that no European had ever seen before. The cold was so great that raw eggs were frozen as hard as if they had been boiled! It was about this time that Gordon's attention was called to the Taiping rebellion, in connection with which he was destined to do some of the most remarkable and heroic deeds of his life, and to win the name of Chinese Gordon. Andrew Wilson has written a most interesting account of this war, which I have been consulting.

It is not my intention to touch more than the fringe of the Taiping rebellion. The leader styled himself the Heavenly King, the Emperor of the Great Peace. He said he had seen God, who had called him the second Celestial Brother, and declared that his great mission was to exterminate the Manchoo race, and numbers soon flocked to his standard. When the

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rebellion had successfully defied the Imperial troops, and threatened to overrun the whole country, the Chinese authorities applied to Sir Charles Stavely to select a competent commander, and he turned to Charles Gordon, who after some demur accepted the appointment; and in doing this, he certainly was actuated by motives higher than the mere gratification of personal advancement, for in writing to his parents on this matter, he says: "I have taken this step on consideration. I think that any one who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task, and will help a great deal to open China to civilization." He lost no time in confronting the rebels, and licked them handsomely, first at Fushan, and directly afterwards at Chanzu. He had no difficulty in reforming the discipline of his army, but some of his European officers seemed to have given him much trouble. Gordon had to meet from his countrymen at home charges of atrocious cruelties, said to have been practised with his concurrence, and of course this did him great harm for a time. He could not disprove the one barbarous incident to which public attention was directed, but he could prove that he had no part in it whatever, and denounced it at the time in the severest and most indignant terms possible. The mandarins, entirely of their own accord, punished these rebels. I cannot say that I am surprised that our countrymen were up in arms when the account of the horrible tortures reached them. The story is as follows. At a place called Taitsan, in retaliation for a savage and ferocious act of treachery on the part of the rebels, the Imperialists condemned seven prisoners to suffer a slow and ignominious death. They were to be beheaded, but before this was done, they were tied up and exposed to view, with arrows sticking in them, and pieces of skin flayed from their arms.

That many held Gordon responsible for this frightful punishment only shows how utterly ignorant they were of that true and good man whom they assailed, and whose whole life was devoted to working out the principles of Christian philanthropy. Only a short time after the above hateful cruelty, I find him, when the power was in his own hands, giving orders that the prisoners taken at Quinsan were to be treated as if they had surrendered to British officers; and seven hundred of them entered into the ranks of Gordon's army. It is a notable fact that his most faithful and devoted bodyguard was composed of Taiping rebels who had surrendered to him. The intrepid way

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in which he suppressed a mutiny in his artillery is well worth recording. The story is thus told. The artillery on one occasion refused to march to an unpopular station, and they handed a proclamation to him, threatening to kill both English and Chinese officers. Gordon called the men before him, and said: "Now, my men, I want to know who is responsible for this proclamation." No one answered. There was a dead silence. "Very well, we will lose no time. One in every five will be shot." They all began to groan and cry. One of the powers which helped Gordon in his career, was his ability to read character and see into human nature. He noticed one man particularly loud in his lamentations. "That is the man who is the ringleader," he said to himself. Feeling sure he was right, with his own hand he seized the man, and gave the grim order, "Shoot that man." It was done at once. He then ordered all the non-commissioned officers into confinement for an hour, at the expiration of which every fifth of them was to be shot, if they did not give up the man who wrote the proclamation; and finally Gordon had the satisfaction of finding that he had shot the right man. The mutiny was completely quelled.

In all his fights, when he was for example's sake compelled to be well in front, he never carried any arms excepting a small cane, which was called Gordon's magic wand, and his Celestial followers thought that he owed his preservation to this little wand. It certainly is marvellous that he should have been able to maintain discipline in his army, seeing that we are told that out of his hundred and thirty officers, in one month eleven died of delirium tremens. However, they fought well and led well, and therein consisted their value.

There must have been something extraordinarily persuasive and commanding in Gordon's character, though he was so unassuming and retiring in his manner, otherwise how could he have obtained such a dominating influence and mastery over such a rowdy lot of officers, gathered from all quarters of the European world? As an illustration of the sort of officers (European) Gordon had to deal with, Andrew Wilson tells the following story. At the storming of Leeku, Gordon had a narrow escape, for one of his captains, George Perry, was shot dead at his side, under peculiar circumstances. Some days previously, Gordon found a letter in the handwriting of this officer, giving some information to the enemy of the intended movements of Gordon's force.

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Perry acknowledged he had written it, but declared he had sent it to a Taiping sympathizer at Shanghai, as a mere piece of gossip. "Very good," said Gordon, "I shall pass over your fault, on condition that you will show your loyalty by your undertaking to lead the next forlorn hope." A few days afterwards they stood together in front of the stockades at Leeku. They were both, in fact, leading a forlorn hope, and whilst standing together a ball struck Perry in the mouth, and he fell into Gordon's arms and immediately expired.

After having "broken the back" of the rebellion, so far that no further resistance could be offered, he disbanded his army. The faithful king of the Taipings, who was beheaded, in Mr. Wilson's opinion had not died without showing a certain amount of heroism and nobility in his conduct and actions. This may be so, but it seems to me, from what I have read of the ravages he caused throughout the country, and the cruelties he and his army inflicted on the defenceless victims of his rapacity, that no praise could be too much for the commander who, by his military genius, his personal valour, and his utter abnegation of self, rescued China from the untold miseries of the Taiping rebellion. "Never," said the *Times*, on his retirement from the Chinese service, "did soldier of fortune deport himself with a nicer sense of military honour, with more gallantry against the resisting, and with more mercy towards the vanquished, with more disinterested neglect of opportunities of personal advantage, or with more entire devotion to the objects and desires of his own Government, than this officer, who after all his victories has just laid down his sword."

On his return to England, Gordon resided for six years at Gravesend, where he devoted himself to objects of charity, by ministrations to the sick and dying, and by continual beneficence to the poor; so said one of the local papers on his departure, adding that "his unwearied well-doing will make his leaving a personal calamity to many."

The next duty in which Gordon was employed was as member of the Danubian Commission, and after that as Governor of the Soudan, in succession to Sir Samuel Baker, for the suppression of the slave trade. This was in February 1874, and he did not get home again till the end of 1876. I am afraid he did not succeed in abolishing slavery; and from what I have read in Sir S. Baker's memoirs, I should doubt whether he had himself made any greater impression on the hateful system.

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The fact is, the Egyptian Government gave him very little assistance, and without it his task was an impossible one. He was thwarted at every step, and he said: "Were it not for the very great comfort I have in communion with God, and the knowledge that He is Governor-General, I could not get on at all."

The story told of him about this time, when he was made prisoner by King John of Abyssinia, ought not to be omitted. It is so very characteristic of the fearless Gordon. The first thing that he said, when brought into the presence of the king, was that he met his Majesty as an equal, and he would only treat with him as such. This rather disconcerted King John, who replied: "Do you know I could kill you on the spot if I liked?" "I am perfectly aware of it, your Majesty. Do so at once; I am ready." "What, ready to be killed?" "Certainly. I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favour on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religion from doing for myself. You would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future has in store for me." His Majesty instantly collapsed!

Gordon had not long returned home when his services were again in requisition. A serious difference had arisen between Russia and the Chinese, and war was imminent. Gordon, on a direct invitation from the Chinese Government, went to Pekin, and it was chiefly through his influence hostilities were arrested. His next service was performed in South Africa, when he tried, but in vain (this was not Gordon's fault), to administer the affairs in Basutoland. He returned home, but his restless spirit could not be quiet, for next we hear of him in the Holy Land, taking up his abode near Jerusalem. Then came the greatest achievement of all, when he at last won the crown of martyrdom. The war in the Soudan, resulting in the annihilation of Hicks' army by the Mahdi, decided the Government to send Gordon to the Soudan, with the double purpose of evacuating the country by the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons, and reconstructing it, by restoring to the Sultans their ancestral powers, which had been suspended during the Egyptian occupation. This pacific scheme was announced by Mr. Gladstone. Gordon appears to have been confident of success, for he wrote home to this effect. On arrival at Khartum, at the latter end of February 1884, he was received by his old friends with every demonstra-

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tion of good-will. I have the best possible authority for the above statement regarding Gordon's reception, for it has been endorsed by Colonel de Coetlegon, who was at Khartum when Gordon arrived. He described the scene to me with his own lips, and afterwards wrote me an account of the meeting, and the impression made on his mind at the time of the intensely interesting event. He wrote as follows: "I remember well Gordon's arrival at Khartum in February 1884. Frank Power and I stood long that morning expecting his advent. At last we saw the steamer coming, flying the Pasha's flag, and shortly afterwards I went on board to greet the General, and to introduce him to Power, and to introduce myself. He received us most kindly, but his eyes and thoughts were evidently on the crowd on shore, and the Egyptian troops that formed a guard of honour. As he passed the guard, they presented arms, and he said to me: 'I don't want these poor brown-faced children to stick out their butts at me' (he meant the present); 'I will send them all back to their fields as soon as possible,' and so he did. On his way to the Mudirieh, the people threw themselves on their knees before him, and tried to kiss his feet or even to touch him. I do not think that at first, and for many months after his arrival, he quite realized the gravity of the situation. I had many and long talks with him concerning the state of the country, to which he seemed to listen with interest, and if we were interrupted, as soon as he was at leisure again he would put his arm through mine, and say, 'Go on, tell me some more;' but I could see it was of no avail, he had formed his opinion, and nothing I could say could change it. One of my most treasured relics of the General is a letter he wrote to me when he sent me back to Cairo, thanking me for my services in the Soudan. 'You may rest assured,' he said, 'that you leave a place as safe as Kensington Park.'" I have thought Colonel de Coetlegon's narrative so graphic, that I have given it word for word as that gallant officer gave it to me.

Contrasting de Coetlegon's description of Gordon's apparent confidence and hopefulness on his arrival at Khartum, at the latter end of February 1884, with the latter's telegram, dated only a few days afterwards, viz. March 11, 1884, it is difficult to understand what were Gordon's real position and feelings; and one is inclined to think that he was not free from apprehensions, notwithstanding his seeming cheerfulness, for his message ran as follows to Sir S. Baker. "March 11, 1884. We are about to

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be hemmed in here, for the Shukrieh and the tribes north of this have risen. And it is not to be wondered at, when they know we are going to evacuate the country. They will not attack Khartum, I think, but will cut off the roads, and though we have plenty of provisions, say for five or six months, we must eventually fall. With Khartum all other places must also fall. It was a petty affair, had we any forces, but we have not. The loyal tribes were driven into rebellion to save themselves." This telegram I found in Sir Samuel Baker's Life. In the same book I find another telegram (the last sent to Baker), dated April 18, 1884. "Do you think an appeal to the millionaires of America and England for the raising of, say £200,000, would be of any avail? With that you might get the permission of the Sultan for the loan of two or three thousand Nizams: with these men we could not only settle our affairs here, but also do for the Mahdi. I am sure that if it were known, the loyal way in which the Sawas people and troops here have held to me, under such difficult circumstances, and the way my lot is involved in theirs, I should be justified in making this appeal. I should be mean indeed if I neglected any steps that occur to me for their safety." Surely this telegram shows that although he was so sanguine on his first arrival, he was not long in finding out his mistake.

Gordon began his reign rather unfortunately. He issued a proclamation which seemed to sanction slavery, but Mr. Gladstone explained that the existing domestic slavery only was referred to, and not slave-hunting, which was denounced as fiercely as ever. Gordon himself said: "Would to God, by laying down my life, I could put an end to slavery."

How complacently he regarded the uncertainty of the fate awaiting him, is shown in the following message he sent home: "Now you must not be surprised at anything happening to me. Some people may avenge themselves on me. This is not impossible. You must screw yourself up to bear it; and will remember that a quick departure is better than a long and lingering one. If it is so decided, depend upon it, it is because my work is finished upon this earth."

Until I had read Sir H. Gordon's *Events of the Life of Gordon*, and Sir Charles Wilson's *From Korti to Khartum*, I was inclined to think that the Government here were absolved from all blame as regards the delay that took place in sending succour to poor Gordon. I formed my opinion from Gordon's

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apparent confidence in his success on his first arrival at Khartum, but from what I have now gathered from his message to Baker, dated April 9, a copy of which was sent to Government, and from his previous messages, coupled with the fact that the Government were urged in May to send relief, and that on July 24 Lord Wolseley wrote that no time should be lost in pushing up a small brigade to Gordon's assistance,—with, I say, all these circumstances before them, indicating clearly the urgent necessity for sending immediate relief, that the Government should have then sat with folded hands and done nothing, is inexplicable to me. This is what Lord Wolseley wrote to Sir H. Gordon on July 24: "I think, therefore, that no time should be lost in pushing up a small brigade of between three or four hundred British soldiers to Dongola. I believe that such a force would most probably settle the whole business; but you must remember that time presses. I believe that such a force could reach Dongola about October 15. Time is a most important element in this question, and it will indeed be an indelible disgrace if we allow the most generous, patriotic, and gallant of our public servants to die of want, or fall into the hands of a cruel enemy, because we would not hold out hands to save him. At any rate, I don't wish to share the responsibility of leaving Gordon to his fate, and it is for this reason that I recommend immediate and active preparation for operations that may be forced upon us by and by." But still nothing was done, and when the by and by came it was too late.

In justice to the Government, however, I must not omit to mention that so far back as November 1883, soon after Hicks' defeat, it was, I observe, proposed to the Egyptian Government, through Sir Evelyn Wood, that Gordon should be sent out. Had that offer been accepted, in all probability the Soudan, with all its terrible disasters, would have been averted. It was on January 18, 1884, that Gordon received his instructions to proceed to Khartum, which he reached that same day the next month. The main object of his mission was to carry out the evacuation of the Soudan without bloodshed, and its retrocession to a native government. As regards the advisability of reinstating the ancient families in their former government, there was no possibility of effecting this, as the country having been so long under Egyptian rule, the families had disappeared.

From this telegram of May 5, which Gordon answered on July 30, it appears to me that Government had been calculating

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on his evacuating Khartum, for they ask him to state the cause and intention in staying there, knowing that Government means to abandon the Soudan. His answer is pretty explicit: "I stay because the Arabs have shut us up and will not let us out. I will also add, that if the road were opened, the people would not let me go, unless I gave them some government or took them with me, which I could not do. No one would leave more willingly than I would, if it were possible." And by this token Government evidently did not understand how closely he was invested, for one of their officials insinuated that Gordon's prolonged silence arose, not from his inability to communicate, but from a desire to suppress information. Such a suggestion is quite inexplicable to my mind.

I cannot afford the space or time to follow the steps of the gallant men who struggled so bravely to rescue the beleaguered garrison. My poor friend, Herbert Stewart, a sketch of whose services has already been given, was one of the foremost and most eager in the enterprise, and his most valuable life was sacrificed in the cause. 'Tis now known to all that Providence had, in His inscrutable judgment, allowed the Mahdi to frustrate all our labours, and to wreak his vengeance on that helpless, lonely Englishman, one of the noblest and truest soldiers that ever drew a soldier's breath, and died a soldier's death. A universal cry of sorrow did indeed go out from his native land, when the terrible news reached England that Gordon had fallen; that the force sent to rescue this glorious, self-sacrificing, Christian soldier had arrived too late. All felt that a national calamity had befallen us. "His character stands out," Archibald Forbes said, "in its incomparable blending of masterfulness and tenderness, of strength and sweetness. His high nature is made the more chivalrous by his fervent piety. His absolute trust in God guides him serenely through the sternest difficulties. Because of that he is alone in no solitude." He is depressed in no extremity, and whilst he stood on the threshold of his last fatal enterprise, the same war correspondent wrote: "It may be that the task he has undertaken shall prove impossible for him to accomplish; but no difficulties will abate his loyal courage, no stress of adversity will daunt his gallant heart. For himself, life has no ambition, and death no terror. He will do his duty."

It is said that from the first, when in obedience to the request of the Government he started on his last perilous mission, he

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had a foreboding that he might never return; and the following letter, written to his sister soon after he had left England, seems to foreshadow some possible disaster, although no presentiment of ills to come would have had any deterrent effect upon him. He writes: "Remember our Lord did not promise success or peace in this life. He promised tribulation, so if things do not go well after the flesh, He still is faithful. He will do all in love and mercy to me. My part is to submit to His will, however dark it may be."

Sir C. Wilson writes in his book, *From Korti to Khartum*, that on Saturday, January 17, the day of the battle of Abu Klea, General Gordon made his last sortie, but it was unsuccessful. The Mahdi offered terms to General Gordon on the 22nd. A council was held on the 24th at the palace, to discuss the terms offered by the Mahdi. Some were for accepting them, but the brave Gordon declared he would hold out to the last, and never surrender. It is evident that the Mahdi had made up his mind to try and take Khartum before the arrival of the English; and as soon as he heard the steamers had left Jubat, he arranged for the assault, and in Wilson's opinion he would have attacked earlier had the steamers started sooner, with the same result. On January 26 the assault was delivered. There was little or no resistance, and the city was soon in the hands of the Arabs, and Gordon was shot dead when leading a party near the outer gate of the palace. The siege had lasted for over three hundred days, during which the wild tribes of the Soudan were kept in check by the genius, the indomitable resolution, and fertile resources of one man, and the defence of Khartum will long be looked upon as one of the most memorable of modern times.

Well, his mighty heart has ceased to beat, and he sleeps well. "He has attained a rest unspeakable, sanctified by sacrifice and devotion, and has left a name, brightest, like the setting sun, at its moment of departure, and glorified more perfectly by failure than that of other heroes has been by success." I with my whole heart and soul re-echo this eloquent tribute to the memory of the undying fame and name of Charles Gordon, whose almost marvellous achievements have stirred the admiration of the whole civilized world.

The last words in poor Gordon's journal, dated December 14, 1884, are: "Now mark this, if the expeditionary force, and I ask for no more than two hundred men, does not come in ten days, the town may fall. I have done my best for the honour

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of my country;" and in his private letters, dated the same day, he stated that the crisis might come any day after Christmas. By his letter of November 4, we know he did not expect his provisions to last beyond December 14, 1884.

Sir Charles Wilson, whose account of his ascent of the Nile in the steamer to Khartum is graphically described in his book *From Korti to Khartum*, gives touching expression to his despair when he realized the dreadful catastrophe, that Khartum had fallen, and that Gordon was dead. "There was," he says, "a heavy feeling in my heart telling of some awful disaster. For months I had been looking forward to the time when I should meet Gordon again, tell him what every one thought of his splendid defence, and now all was over. It seemed too cruel to be true."

It is, perhaps, useless to dwell upon what might have been; but having been lately engaged in studying the various works bearing on the Soudan campaign, my mind is running over with the possible contingencies, which, if promptly availed of, might have turned the current of events, and saved poor Gordon. If, for instance, Gordon had been sent out at once, in December 1883, as soon as the annihilation of Hicks' army had been reported. But Government was not, as I have stated, to blame for this. Or if arrangements had been made in May and June 1884 for despatching a British force, when the difficulties of his position had been realized. Or if sufficient carriage had been provided, to prevent any delay in the progress of the troops. Had, I say, any one of these conditions been fulfilled, all would have been well; and bitterly we must one and all regret that not one of these alternatives was adopted.

How few, how very few of us can hope to reach the level of Christian life to which Gordon so consistently attained, but all of us can strive to follow in his steps, and live nearer to the noble example he has set us. I know that great men like Gordon are thought eccentric, or even mad, and Lord Wolseley quoted wisely when he said it was a pity Gordon had not bitten more Generals, that they might be imbued with some of his madness. It was not known when his thoughts first began to take a serious turn. The seed no doubt was, as his brother says, sown in childhood through his mother's tenderness; but in regard to this matter, I may mention that I met an officer a few days ago who thought he had been to some extent instrumental in leading Gordon to a religious life. The young

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Engineer used to come to his quarters when he was a captain commanding a detachment, and read the Bible with him every day.

The letter which the Duke of Cambridge wrote to his brother on hearing of his death is well worth quoting. He said: "He died a splendid death as a soldier and a Christian in defending the honour of his Queen and country, and no one feels his loss more deeply and sympathizes with his family and friends more keenly than I do. His career has been splendid—would that success had crowned his noble efforts. I say no more, feeling assured that his goodness will have secured him his reward in another and a better world." In the memorial service that was held in Westminster Abbey, the Dean said: "The world must be poorer for his loss. Those who mourn him cannot replace him, but he will not have died in vain if we—soldiers, and men and women far removed from the soldier's life—can catch something of his simple, self-sacrificing spirit, if his example can aid us to enter into that spiritual life, that entire trust in an unseen God, that power of living in communion with Him, and with a world above, which gave such strange force and meaning to his daily work."

His brother describes the last scene of all in the following touching words: "One man whose indomitable courage, simple faith, and endless resource was the stay of the people; cheerful, vigilant for months, he had it in his power, and almost to the very last, to save his own life and leave the city to its fate, but he refused to desert his post. He elected to fall with those who had stood by him, and had been faithful to him to the last, hoping against hope, watching for relief but seeing none. At last help was at hand, though he never knew it, and then, resistance overborne, an alarm, a chance encounter, and all is over."

It is to commemorate the extraordinary, brilliant, and devoted services of this noble martyr to duty, that the Gordon Boys' Home has been instituted. This Home seems to me to possess in every feature just the very attributes of usefulness which would have satisfied and gratified the benevolent aspirations of this large-hearted soldier; and if I should have been fortunate enough to induce an appreciable number of my friends and relations who have not yet joined in this good work to become henceforth supporters of this Home, I shall consider that I have not written all in vain.

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EPILOGUE

We, Gemini Generals, venture to ask,
Our friends, who may deign to take up the task
Of wading through pages of veteran lore,
Relating to stories of peace and of war,
Of sport and of gossip and valorous deeds,
Of which in such Memoirs one constantly reads,
When told by those garrulous silly old men,
Who have weathered their "three score years and ten";
To kindly remember 'tis not in our line
As scholars profound to brilliantly shine.
We simply endeavour our friends to amuse,
Enliven their hearts, should they be in the blues.
To show their good wishes, we coax them (in verse)
To purchase our book with a smile, not a curse.
Our Memoirs we fear have a swaggery hue,
For "Ego" conspicuous, ever in view,
Struts here, and then there, with an impudent mien,
And vaunts that such Gemini never were seen;
As proudly they stalk in their arrogant way,
As if all creation acknowledged their sway.
But please to consider, were Hamlet displaced,
His Drama would be for ever effaced.
We do not presume to despise or defy
The Critic remorseless, with lynx-piercing eye.
Our object, and not our poor Memoirs to weigh,
Is the only condition we ask for to-day.
If sympathy be with our project, we know
That scales in our favour a balance will show.

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And when we go hence no more to be seen,
We Gemini feel, in our efforts so keen
Charles Gordon to honour, (that wonderful man,
The soldier, the martyr, deny it who can;)
That "the good we have done will not be interred
With our bones," for our earnings will all be transferred
To the excellent Home of the Gordon Boys;
The state of whose coffers too often destroys
The peace and the comfort of Patrons and friends
On whom its prosperity mainly depends.
Unspeakably cheeky and daring the deed,
So many old friends to ruthlessly bleed.
But if in supporting a glorious cause,
Our Memoirs should violate letters or laws,
We hope that our critics will tenderly spare
The Twins, who have tried with such infinite care
To bring out a book, in warm charity's name
(Such a plea of itself should secure us from blame).
We fully confess in the race we have run,
That very few prizes we brothers have won.
Were many fine fellows their deeds to recall
We should look, by their side, most decidedly small.
But still we suggest that a Memoir like this,
Designed for old comrades will not come amiss.
To give all our friends just a bit of our mind,
Will surely be wholesome, judicious, and kind.
We've both done our best, for indulgence we pray;
What more need the Gemini Generals say?

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